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ROBERT BURNS.

ALL lives are tragedies: and it may be that those that seem the bitterest and darkest take their intenser shades chiefly from the fact that adventitious circumstances have brought them more vividly before the eyes of the world. Such a reason might at least hold good as an explanation of the supremely tragic character of the lives of poets. Of all we have yet ventured to touch in this series, Wordsworth alone has pursued his life to a calm and ordinary conclusion, without passing through the heaviest clouds that can overshadow humanity. With the others the passage has been bitter as sorrow and suffering could make it; and not only sorrow and suffering—that which gives its deepest pang to pain, and its bitterest prostration to ruin, moral weakness and wrong-doing has woven itself in with these typical lives in an inseparable thread of darkness. The splendor of the gifts with which it is combined makes this gloomy webt only the more apparent; and

through all the brightness and nobleness of the web it runs its darkling pattern, its intricate design, impairing the beauty, diminishing the greatness, yet adding a sorrowful human meaning, which touches while it humbles every spectator. And in no life of genius has this fatal darkness been more apparent than in the life of Burns. Circumstances have set it before the world in such prominence that to many it seems the chief thing notable, the first memory attached to his name. Three parts of a century have passed since in premature gloom and lurid splendor the sun went down for him at noonday; and since then the world has never ceased to dwell upon this warp in his nature and stain on his life. The reticences with which relations and friends have surrounded the name of Coleridge, have been contemptuously thrown to the winds in the case of the ploughman-poet. Whose feelings were to be considered among a race of small farmers and tradesmen, too

much honored by incurring even the censure of the great world? Such small personages, it is well understood, must stomach the reproach as they may. Therefore every man has had his fling and said his say about Burns. The greatness of the poet has given in many cases but a reason at once and an excuse for raking up all the follies of the ploughboy, and showing the gauger in his cups. Poor devil! as it was a fine fate for him to amuse his betters at their feasts while he lived, so it was a fine fate for him when he was dead to furnish them with a moral and gratify the complaisance of his superiors. And this impertinent folly—most impudent, most foolish, despite the protests of Lockhart and Wilson and Carlyle—has survived even to this day. Perhaps no one now would venture to speak of him with the affability and condescension which all, or almost all, of his contemporaries considered themselves justified in employing. But still the facts that he was a ploughman and an exciseman, and was of dissipated habits, are much more prominent in his career to the general eye, especially out of Scotland, than are the nobler facts of his work and character. In Scotland, fortunately, thanks to the national fire which he perhaps was the first to raise again out of its embers, after all the depression and discouragement of the seventeenth century, there exists such a warmth of feeling on this subject, that he who would touch our poet rudely may well bethink himself of our national motto before he makes the venture, and remember the thistle's sharp and instant reprisals. To have re-created that national feeling, that deep and warm and unquenchable patriotism which has made Scotland, small and poor, a force in the great universe, is no small work, however accomplished. Had there been any to do it for Ireland at the same dreary crisis, when the national spirit had sunk low, and discouragement had fallen upon its heart, what issues of courage and cheerful hope and warm individual exertion might there not have been! But Ireland had neither Burns nor Scott; and the genius which might have remolded it—giving, by dint of poetry and imagination, such an impulse to all that was noble, reasonable, and resolute in the country, as no other influence could give—has flickered away in confusing lights, fantastic Will-o'-the-wisps, and eccentric gleams of contradictory guidance.

Probably the amount of genius in the two lands has not been so unequal as the world supposes; but in the one it has been frittered away in wild melodious foolishness, without plan or union, in Shan van Voghts and faction-songs; whereas in the other it has been concentrated, and done the work which one great voice better than a hundred quivering pipes of smaller singers can do. When the world comes to recognize what a wonderful agency it is which in reality makes a great part of the difference between greatness and pettiness, happiness and unhappiness, for a country, then, perhaps, yet only perhaps, it will fare better with the poet. We say only perhaps; for it is very doubtful whether the Poet bred in an intellectual hothouse and trained for a special work, would have either heart or ability for it. The chances are, according to the perversity of human nature, either that the singer chosen for such a process would turn out incapable, or that his mind would choose some other channel. The man who would touch the deepest springs of human motive, must endure the difficulties and feel the fierce contention of every struggle that he sings. A great deal too much, however, we think, has been made of the condition of life into which Burns was born. It had its disadvantages, but perhaps not more than those which belong to some other spheres. Two poets of that rich and splendid age which ushered in our own were born in exceptionally difficult circumstances. The one was a ploughman and the other a peer. Both lived and died tragically, in their youth, having had trial of cruel scourgings and woundings, bitter desertions, and still more bitter encouragements. Heaven forbid that any son of ours should emulate either fate; yet if such a terrible choice had to be made, would any man hesitate to choose for the boy most dear to him the fate of Burns rather than that of Byron? To ourselves there does not seem a moment's hesitation in the matter. Tragic and terrible as both are, there is a harmony and sweetness of life about the humble poet, a note of pathetic accordance amid all its discords with God's will and man's service, which is not in the other. It is premature to carry out the comparison, which we may resume at a later period. But the two, somehow, stand together in a sad separation from other men, in their individual places, made distinct by fortune. The one with every

thing (as people say) in his favor; the other with every thing (as people say) against him. And both failed, as men tragically and mournfully. Yet the Peasant less tragically, less awfully, than the Peer. All the gentle compensations of nature, all her tears and sweetnesses, all the flowers with which she sprinkles the too early grave, are for the lowly, the proud, the tender child of poverty—the son of the soil. Heaven and earth weep over him with an indulgence, a pitiful awe of his weakness, which is not for the other. He is footsore and weary, his dress and his hands are all scratched with briars and thorns of toil; but, heaven pardon all their straying, these feet were loyal amid their stumblings, these hands labored and pulled away the thorns out of the path of others. Never, or only by moments when the bravado of his time would seize him, did this man glory in shame. On the contrary he repented in sackcloth and ashes, standing still to note his shortcomings, struggling against them, sometimes manfully if sometimes weakly, and when he could, repairing the wrong. Whatever may be said of the disadvantages of nature, it is clear that at least in this case the exceptionally unfortunate circumstances were better than the exceptionally fortunate; and that if one extremity of the social level is to be chosen for a poet, it is better that that extremity should be low than high—a farmhouse rather than a palace.

But though it is impossible to consider him as a man, without considering these circumstances of origin and calling, we think, we repeat, that Burns's rank in life has been made a great deal too much of. It was an accident which directed his genius into a special channel; but in that direction there was certainly more good than evil. His poverty and lowliness did for him what probably no amount of training could have done. It made him the natural expositor and prophet of a certain class, and that the widest and most numerous of any in the country. It might be well a century ago to utter condescending commendations of the "short and simple annals of the poor;" but at this present time he would be a bold critic who would venture to assert that a true study of life in what we call the lower classes, is either less interesting or less noble than a study of the lives of dukes and duchesses; indeed, the balance has turned, and our predilections are

ready to go the other way. Duchesses and dukes, though sometimes admirable persons, have the lines of their life so traced out for them that, unless their characters be very exceptional indeed, there is but a very limited amount of profit to be got out of them; but the vast levels of human nature, where Sorrow and Pain, those greatest of dramatists, do their work most broadly—where the primitive emotions are less controlled by complicating cobwebs of new fangled thought—where life is more outspoken, more logical, less self-contained,—these have an interest deeper and truer than all the high life ever recorded. Nothing but the fact of being to the manner born could enable a man to elucidate to us this great silent sea of living, which without such elucidation we should know only in those periodical storms which raise it into fury, and confound all the wisdom of the wise and the conclusions of the learned. So far as this goes, the accident of birth secured for Burns a very great and real advantage—all the advantage which a man derives from an immense "backing;" and from being the representative of a very large number of other men. Neither was there any thing in his education to neutralize this advantage. For his characteristic and peculiar office, which was not that of a poet in the abstract, but that of a poet born to real and special use and service, no training could have been more perfect. He acquired letters as those do whom he had come into the world to interpret—painfully, toilsomely, at a cost which made the scanty sum of instruction dearer than the highest attainments of an education more easily acquired. Every new book was to him as an undiscovered country—a something novel and original won out of the niggardly hands of fate. The world of poetry and imagination was all the more lovely, all the more precious to him, that it lay side by side with the plainest and hardest of facts. Every intellectual step he made filled him with a delight and exultation such as a modern epicure of emotion would give worlds to taste. All that belonged to the mind and its ethereal existence—all, in short, that was not hard toil and actual struggle—was fresh and sweet, and novel and lovely, full of a beauty which surprised him, and took his heart by storm. And while he had this delightful relish of novelty in every thing intellectual, his moral training was such as the world could not

have surpassed. He was the son of a good, honest, and honorable man. He was brought up fearing God and serving his neighbor—if, perhaps, within too narrow a circle, and with too absolute a limitation of the title, yet cheerfully, unselfishly, without even the idea of separating his own interests from those of the intimate few around him. In all the events of the life of William Burns's household there is nothing that is not worthy and noble. A man was above the reach of shame who came from such a house. He had as good a setting out in the world as any prince could have given to his best-beloved son. The only drawback, indeed, that we can see in Burns's education, was its tendency to cultivate that excessive pride and sense of bitterness under obligation which was the grand stumbling-block of the peasant of those days. It can not be called the weakness of any class now; yet we feel that the misery of wounded pride which attended indebtedness in the mind of the Scotch ploughman-farmer, and the morbid, passionate terror of shame which reigned in many such humble houses, was the weak point in their life, though it proceeded from very strength of character and integrity. But surely this was a failing which leant to virtue's side. The ease with which debt sits upon most people's shoulders now, and the readiness to take from all sources which is characteristic of modern civilization, is a failing of an infinitely meaner kind; though the excess of virtue had its drawbacks too.

This, so far as we know, was the only principle in which his youth was trained which could be other than advantageous to the poet. We do not contest the advantages of academical training, but we doubt much whether, had William Burns been able to send his sons to college, and had Robert struggled into a poor Scotch student's hardly-won knowledge of classic and modern literature, it would have done him half as much good as his natural breeding in his father's cottage was calculated to do. It might, perhaps, and that is doubtful, have enriched us with some smoother epic, some tragedy of loftier plan; but the cottar's fireside would have remained voiceless, and the mouse and gowan of the Ayrshire fields would have perished like their predecessors, without one word of all that tender musing, that pathetic and most human philosophy, which

has made them live for ever. Had we the choice even of another Hamlet, we should pause ere we purchased it at such a cost. Nay, we would not pause; but with a quick decisive choice would hold out our hands toward the poet of the ploughed fields, and the wimpling burn, and the farm-steading. Shakespeare is: and praised be heaven no critic has it in his power to barter him for any classic piece of perfection observant of all the rules of art, as some critics would have gladly done little more than a century ago; but not even for a second-Shakespeare could we let go our Burns. We refuse to believe that education would have mended him, or that the poet, had he been more than a ploughman, would have been a greater poet. We are much more ready to believe that the very reverse is the truth, and that if ever man was anointed and consecrated to a special work in this world, for which all his antecedence, all his training, all his surrounding circumstances combined to fit him, Robert Burns was that man. What was to blame was not his birth or breeding, but that monstrous fiction of conventional life which ordains that one sphere and one set of circumstances are essentially nobler than another, and that all who deserve well of their fellows should be forced upon one monotonous level of good society, whether it suits them or not, whether it is really better or not. This fiction is wide as the world, and old as the ancient ages; neither is there any possibility, so far as we are aware, of shaking its hold upon men: but, notwithstanding, it is false and evil; and to its injurious influence, and not to any thing in the natural life of the poet, are his miseries, and, we believe, most of his sins, to be ascribed. What a pity, the world said, to permit such a man to remain in the inferior sphere where he was born! and accordingly every fool who wrote himself gentleman, and a hundred local nobodies, who were as mice—not only to Robert Burns, but to such men as his father and brother—"noticed" the poet, "raised" him to their level, impressed that foolish social lie, from the sway of which none of us entirely escape, upon his mind too, and spoiled the fit education, the noble training, which God and his home had given. By this he was, as a man, torn asunder, and ruined for this world; but faithful to his trust in the midst of all his misery, through heart-breaking,

through tempest and convulsions, he held firm his commission as poet to the last. He held that post, as a soldier blind with wounds, and dizzy with the tumult of the fight, might hold fast the flag, the symbol of duty and honor, of country and cause. Whatever he lost besides, that he held high to the end. Through worlds of good advice from the wise, and siren whispers from voices more prevailing, and suggestions of ambition, and hints of profit, he stood by those colors. His faithfulness to his work made him wiser than the wise. He yielded, facile as a man—but as a poet he was immovable; and as a poet, though not as a man, he is safe forever.

It seems almost needless to tell over again the old well-known tale; but it is so full of pity and wonder, of the beautiful and the tragic, that there are few histories of man more attractive. Robert Burns was born in January, 1759, on the banks of the Doon, in a cottage built of clay by his father's own hands. The "blast of Januar' wind" which "blew hansel in" upon the new-born, blew this humble little house about his baby ears at the very outset of his career. His mother was a woman of the country, peaceable, religious, and orderly; his father a man from the north, of a sterner and higher type of character. Robert was the eldest of seven children, born to toil and to spare; to live hardly and honestly by the sweat of their brow; with no pretense beyond their station, and little hope of any advance out of it,—a most lowly, high-minded race, humble as the humblest, yet proud as the proudest, combining, in a way which few people understand nowadays, the most matter-of-fact and absolute poverty with a haughty and stern independence. In external circumstances they were scarcely better off than the villagers whose claims for Christmas coals and blankets is one of the chartered rights of English country life; but in mind they were haughty as the Doges, holding charity as poison, and debt as shame. This virtue of independence was the one only point in the family character which threatened to grow morbid. All the others were sweet and wholesome as the day. Never was there a more attractive picture than that of this peasant father among his children, in the midst of the ceaseless toil and care of their beginning of life. His first little farm was sterile and profitless; his second promised better, but

even there ill-fortune overtook him in the shape of a doubtful lease and unkind landlord. His boys had to set to work as soon as their young strength permitted, and Robert had begun to do a man's work by the time he was fifteen. He and his brother Gilbert were sent to school as occasion served—for a few years regularly, and then as they grew older, "week and week about," as they could be spared from the farm-work. When there was no possibility of schooling, "my father," says Gilbert Burns, "undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings, by candle-light; and in this way my two elder sisters received all the education they ever received." Of these sisters nothing is ever told us, but the kindly mother moved but and ben while the fireside lessons were going on, and sang them songs in the gloaming; and a certain old Jenny, brimful of ghost stories and all the ballads of the countryside, frightened and charmed the lads with her endless lore. "Nothing could be more retired than our manner of living: we rarely saw any body but the members of our own family. There were no boys of our own age or near it in the neighborhood. . . . My father was for some time almost the only companion we had. He conversed familiarly on all subjects with us, as if we had been men, and was at great pains, while we accompanied him in the labors of the farm, to lead the conversation to such subjects as might tend to increase our knowledge or confirm us in virtuous habits. He borrowed Salmon's "Geographical Grammar" for us, and endeavored to make us acquainted with the situation and history of the different countries in the world; while from a book society in Ayr he procured for us the reading of Durham's "Physics and Astro-Theology," and Ray's "Wisdom of God in Creation," to give us some idea of astronomy and natural history. Robert read all these books with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equaled. Quaint and strange studies for the ploughboys in their winter evenings, gathered about the solitary candle, with the cheerful glow of the fire lighting up the one homely chamber, which was kitchen and parlor and hall—the croon of their mother's long low songs lingering in their ears, and their hearts still thrilling with old Jenny's wonders. Sometimes threatening letters would come from the factor—letters threatening roup and jail,

no doubt, the two horrors of the poor, which "used to set us all in tears." Sometimes, however—a more agreeable interruption—friends would come from Ayr, to lighten this grave life with friendly talk; and on one occasion, of which there is a distinct record, the young dominie who had taught the boys came over to spend an evening in the smoky, cheery farm kitchen, when the slates and books were no doubt laid aside. He brought with him (of all things in the world) the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus"—"and by way of passing the evening he began to read the play aloud. We were all attention for some time, till presently the whole party was dissolved in tears. A female in the play (I have but a confused remembrance of it) had her hands chopped off, and her tongue cut out, and then was insultingly desired to call for water to wash her hands. At this, in an agony of distress, we with one voice desired he would read no more. My father observed, that if we would not hear it out, it would be needless to leave it with us. Robert replied, that if it was left he would burn it." Bold critic, wise by nature! Is there not something in these scenes which the imagination lingers over more tenderly than if this boy's education had been in the hands of scholars of endless learning? And then when the books were laid aside, and the porridge supped, and the homely yet hospitable table cleared, came the family service—the "*Let us worship God*," which, in the confidential intercourse between the two brothers, Robert told Gilbert had always seemed to him the most solemn of utterances. A sketch of family life more pure, more true, or more touching, was never made.

But this existence, though so beautiful to look back upon now, was painful enough then. To the lads who were confined within these bonds of toil, it seemed hard that they should have thus to labor without ceasing, with little prospect of any outlet. "The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley-slave," says the poet, looking back upon it with a shudder from the heights of early fame, when he seemed to have got clear forever of that grinding poverty. His brother is more moderate; but still with a deep gravity relates the story of their painful youth. "To the buffetings of misfortune," he says, "we could only oppose hard labor and

the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house; while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and even beyond it, in the labors of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crops of corn; and at fifteen was the principal laborer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind that we felt at our tender years under these straits and difficulties was very great. To think of our father now growing old, (for he was above fifty,) broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances, these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress." But, nevertheless, the lads were young and capable of throwing over their deep distress whenever the factor's letter, or some other immediate pinch of misery, was a few days, or perhaps a few hours off. At fifteen, Robert fell in love for the first time, with "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie," who was his partner in the harvest-field, following him close through the golden rig, as the manner was, binding, as he cut it, the rustling poppy-mingled grain. She "sang sweetly" a song "composed by a small country laird's son on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love;" and the dark, sun-burnt, glowing boy, with the thrill of a new emotion stirring through him, ran into song too, moved by emulation and by all those dawning "thoughts, and passions, and delights," which are the ministers of love. "My Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet," sang the fifteen-year-old boy in his rapture, in the golden autumn sunshine among the golden corn. He is not much to be pitied after all. The scene is Arcadian in its tender innocence, lit up with a sweet glow of natural light and color, but no heat of premature or unnatural passion. This little scene in the harvest-field balances with its sweet delight the Rembrandt interior of the farmhouse kitchen and its copy-books. "Puirith cauld," such as "wracks the heart," and labors without ceasing; but at the same time, warm, natural, hopeful, glowing life, and love, and song.

We need not linger to tell how he read Addison and Pope, in addition to the serious works above recorded; how his boy-

ish imagination was struck by the "Vision of Mirza," and his literary ambition aroused by the accidental acquisition of "a small collection of letters by the most eminent writers," which was bought by his uncle by mistake instead of the "Complete Letter-Writer," which he had intended to buy;—for a lurking doubt afflicts us, whether Burns's letters might not have been more natural and agreeable had he never met with the compositions of these "eminent writers;" nor need we pause to say that he acquired some rudiments of French—an acquisition which his biographers rather insist upon, but which, we imagine, the readers of his correspondence will ruefully wish had never been attained. He also began the "Rudiments of the Latin Tongue," but soon laid aside that uncongenial study. What is infinitely more important is, that he lived his toilsome life in innocence, in warm friendship with some companions of his own age, and chiefly with his admirable brother; that he obeyed, and loved, and honored, keeping faithfully in the narrow but noble track of duty which his father had trod before him, often sad and anxious, yet ever lighthearted, playing with the woes of life in a sweet unconsciousness of the deep innate happiness which lay beneath them, such as is natural to youth. How fine is his own description of this boyish innocent existence:

"I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' o' the plow,
An', though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn."

What better sketch could be made of the "happy, weary" lad, "sair forfoughten," but proud and glad of his advance to his heritage, a man's work? "He is hardly to be envied," says Mr. Lockhart, "who can contemplate without emotion this exquisite picture of young nature and young genius."

This fresh and spotless youth outlasted all the early experiences of rural life, and retained its purity through all the picturesque and dangerous flirtations of the country-side. Into these flirtations it was evident he plunged with all the warmth of his impassioned nature. He "went owre the hills to Nannie," though the wastlin wind blew both rude and chill, and the day's darg had been hard and heavy. On 'the Lammass night," when—

"The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,"

he spent hours of happiness among "the rigs o' barley." Another "charmer" he invites on a clear evening, when "thick flies the skimming swallow," to stray with him upon his "gladsome way," to see the beauty of nature—

"The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature."

At another time the lady is unkind; and the little picture, fresh-breathing of dews and fields, surrounds one figure only in the fantastic depths of youthful despair:

"The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life's to me a weary dream—
The dream o' aye that never wauks."

Every one of these bursts of song reveals to us the sweet country-side, with all its woods and streams, the tender silence of nature, the "happy living things" which the poet loves with all the natural warmth of a heart that opens wide its inmost doors to every thing that lives. The lark which—

"'Tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,"

is as visible to him as the shepherd that "o'er the moorland whistles shrill;" and all nature is populous to his universal sympathy. A man with such exuberance of tender thought and winning words was, as might be expected, welcome everywhere to the rustic maidens, to whom it was as sweet as to any princess to receive such tuneful homage. And the farmer of Lochlea's son was "a strappin' youth," well fitted to take any woman's eye. Dark eyes glowing with latent passion and fire, ("I never saw such another eye in any human head," says Walter Scott, a tolerable judge,) dark hair curling about his honest, handsome forehead; a stalwart frame, not extravagant in height, but cast in the robustest mold; come of a creditable, honorable family; and endowed with a native wit which no one could deny, and a genial friendliness towards his fellow-creatures which few people could resist. Nature never set forth a more hopeful youth in the regions to which he belonged by birth and breeding. "I was generally a welcome guest wherever I visited," he says. "At the plow, scythe, or reaping-hook I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance." He was in the secret

of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, and as proud of his knowledge "as ever was statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe." A prince could not have been more free, more favored or well thought of; indeed, he was in his sphere an absolute prince, "able to set want at defiance," which was all he required for independence, and cumbered with no artificial needs.

Thus Robert Burns lived till he was twenty-three. The anxieties which sometimes overwhelmed him were not for himself, but for his family, that his father's honorable name might be kept pure, and a roof kept over his old mother's head, and the household held together, which it had been old William Burns's aim and pride to keep together. He kept free of debt, which he held in purest terror, upon £7 a year, as his brother Gilbert testifies. Towards the end of this virtuous beginning of his life he went to Irvine to learn the trade of flax-dressing, and there lived upon porridge—on the oatmeal sent him from home—as many a farmer's son has done while wearing the academic gown. To this he was moved either by a desire so far to improve his position as to be able to marry, or possibly by the more serious thoughts suggested by an illness, which seems to be referred to in a very grave, and, indeed, pathetic letter, written in the end of 1781, in which he declares himself to find great comfort in the description of heaven given in Revelation, and says that, "sometimes for an hour or two, when my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and, indeed, my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way." He despairs, he says, "of ever making a figure in life"—a curious idea, one would suppose, to have so much as entered his mind. These utterances of youthful sadness must always, however, be taken with a large allowance for the feeling of the moment, and seldom represent any thing more than temporary depression. And, poor fellow, he had been jilted, badly it would appear, from some letters in his correspondence of a high and splendid tone, "much unlike the frank and fresh nature of his love-songs." This venture at Irvine ended in a fire, which consumed flax and tools, and left the young man without a sixpence. Its consequences were, how-

ever, still worse than pecuniary loss. The society of the little town corrupted the country lad. He heard immorality spoken of with levity, and probably was introduced to scenes of dissipation such as could scarcely be found in the parish of Tarbolton among the comrades who trusted him with their love secrets. He returned home with the seeds of evil in him. But we are loth to leave this idyllic chapter, this genial and gracious youth. Amid its simple enjoyments there had been one which is curiously illustrative of the intellectual ambition which is natural to the Scotch peasant. When he was twenty-one, he, his brother, and five other young men, established a club in the village of Tarbolton for literary purposes. They were to meet once a week in the village public-house; but lest the meeting should become an occasion of dissipation, the expenditure of each member was not to exceed three-pence on any one night. Their object was "to relax themselves after toil, to promote sociality and friendship, and to improve the mind." As was natural they debated social and sentimental subjects, "toasted their mistresses," and cultivated mutual friendship. They "found themselves so happy," says the *naïve* preamble to their rules, that after this club had existed for more than a year, they resolved to give a dance in its honor. "Accordingly we did meet, each one with a partner, and spent the evening in such innocence and merriment, such cheerfulness and good-humor, that every brother will long remember it with pleasure and delight." Such were the pleasures of the young rustics when left to themselves in their own sphere, without interference from their "betters." When Burns and his family removed to Moss-giel, near Mauchline, they originated a similar club there; and though Dr. Currie, with his usual superiority, considers their choice of books to have been objectionable, as "being less calculated to increase the knowledge than to refine the taste"—a quality he evidently considered unnecessary in a peasant—yet it is probable the rural society knew better than its critic. We dwell upon these particulars not so much for their absolute importance to Burns's life, as to show how worthy and even noble were all its circumstances so long as it remained in its natural channel. The little Tarbolton club debated whether prudence or inclination should most be

considered in marriage; but not for its edification was planned the "Holy Fair." It is connected with the "Epistle to Davie," a very different production, and with all the virtuous, innocent thoughts, the simple yet lofty impulses, the cheerful young philosophy of that pleasant poem. To his fellow-rustic it was thus the rustic poet wrote, with true hope and manful content, yet sparks of that indignation which young men feel at the inequalities of fortune:

"What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year:
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing 't when we hae dune.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gi'e the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where."

These verses were repeated by the poet to his brother Gilbert in the summer of 1784, shortly after their father's death, when they were working together at Moss-giel, the new farm in which each member of the family had embarked all his or her possessions and labors, in the hope of being able to live and toil together. It was "in the interval of harder labor, when he and I were working in the garden, (kail-yard.);" "I believe," adds Gilbert, "the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion." As they stooped among the kail, the one said to the other that the verses were good—as good as Allan Ramsay, sweetest praise to the author's tingling, gratified ears, and that "they would bear being printed." The writer and receiver of the letter and the critic were all "country lads." These were the sentiments that naturally occurred to, and the style that pleased them. We shall see what was the different tone

employed when the young farmer of Moss-giel fell into the hands of his betters, and began to be petted, patronized, and taken notice of, to the great satisfaction of all his biographers and his own pleasure and pride.

The little town of Mauchline would seem then to have possessed a certain jovial society, true men of the time, such as have figured in many a reminiscence of the end of last century—men half-way between the rude and loud squires of Fielding and the jovial lawyers of Scott, with that smack of free-thinking which belonged to their special generation, as well as of the free living which was characteristic of the class up to a comparatively recent period. Even yet the character has not sufficiently died out of Scotland to require much stretch of memory to identify it. The "writer," who held one of the highest places in the little half-town half-village society, was probably a younger son of a laird, or possessed at least some family connection or standing-ground in the neighborhood. By this right of family he was set free from all the bonds which restrain men who have their character and position to make; and his education, his coarse wit, the familiarity which he was free to indulge in with the common people, aware that it would never lessen the importance which was derived not from himself but from his family—a familiarity which hid infinite, rude arrogance behind its convivial good-fellowship—earned him the superficial suffrages of the unthinking multitude. His natural inclination to rude and riotous skepticism was blown to a certain polemical heat by the events and commotions of the time, and he had it in his power to be irreligious at once and immoral, to drink and swear, and sneer and roar in boisterous merriment, at every thing that pretended to goodness or purity, without losing his right to be considered a gentleman. He united the vices of the rough-riding squire to those of the professional man of the town; and but for a certain wild cleverness and good-nature, had very few redeeming qualities about him. Such was the kind of man who was the aristocrat of the little Ayrshire burghs. Sometimes he was the doctor, sometimes the writer, sometimes even, softened down a little and put into a more respectable garb, he became the parish minister, and drank, and laughed, and made questionable jokes with the best.

It was into the hands of this fashion of man that Robert Burns, farmer at Moss-giel, who had already begun to write "Robert Burns, poet," across the pages of his scrap-books, fell. It was a "rise in life" for the ambitious ploughman. This wild, rude, boisterous society was the society of gentlemen. The young man was dazzled by the new light that thus shone upon him. Men who were the equals of all the lairds and lords in the country-side made him their equal. Their accent a little finer than his own, the mass of additional books which probably they had read, their superior power of expressing themselves, their possession of that gift of education which is the god of the poor Scotchman, made his admission to their company like entrance into Elysium. They were his betters; it was the natural reward of his superior genius to be admitted among them; his hopes could not have reached so far had not Poetry opened the tavern door, or the more difficult parlor, and admitted him to make sport for the gentlemen. And he was young, and had that glamour in his eyes which confers nobleness and beauty on all it looks on. Thus he who had lived all his life among the wholesome fields, and had begun to sing of them in soft delightful strains, fresh as the very voice of nature, was dragged into another atmosphere, an air laden with fumes of toddy, and hot with the excitement of local squabbles—squabbles which were not even confined to the ground of politics, but which raged in that field where vituperation is always the loudest, and temper the highest, and levity most profane—the field of religious contention. And when we add that our Burns, the first great, truly national, poet of Scotland, began his public career with a string of verses in which bad taste and profane meaning have not even wit or fun to veil them, or the headlong race of poetic excitement to excuse them, we say in a word all that his introduction to better society, his admission to a higher class, his contact with men of education and family, did for him. From the "Epistle to Davie" to the "Twa Herds," what an inconceivable downfall! The first full of all the tranquil sweetness of nature, the sober yet ever pleasant and cheerful light of morning, before misfortune had become personal, or individual passion or anguish had disturbed the early daylight—a poem gently intelligible to all

men, wide as humanity and poetry and all-compensating youth; the other a miserable local squib, requiring pages of explanation, filled with strange names of persons we know nothing about, bristling with allusions that are lost upon us, and possessing no zest or flavor except to those who understood all the temporary commotions of the country-side. How, with this curious contrast before them, people can still complain that Burns was not sufficiently noticed by the higher classes in his neighborhood, and that it would have been salvation to him had he shared their education and breeding, instead of that of his father's cottage, we are unable to conceive. Would to heaven that his betters had left the poet alone!—that they had left him to schoolmaster Davie and ploughman Gilbert, to his peasant society, to his musings afoot and afield, and not dragged him into their miserable and petty circles, their profane polemics, their coarse village disputes and personalities! This was what they did for the young soul coming fresh out of God's hands, (though already, God forgive him! soiled with stains of the earth.) And were it not that we have no right to judge individuals, and that the men are dead and have had their reckoning, we protest we should be disposed in good faith to indorse Holy Willie's profane petitions, so far as those "patrons" of Burns's youth—those "gentlemen" of whose friendship the ploughman was so proud—are concerned.

And to our own mind all the sad secret of the poet's life, the problem which it is so hard to read, is contained herein. He was nobly qualified, nobly trained for his true office, which lay among that class broadly and naturally entitled "the common people,"—the same who crowded the hillsides and clustered about the shores of the Lake in Galilee, listening—when their betters did not care to listen. Burns was their born exponent in his day, their minstrel, their prophet; but the moment his head appeared above the level, and those frank fervid eyes, aglow with the poet's passion of surprised delight in the newness and loveliness of all he saw, the world beheld, stared, wondered, and asked itself what to do? This strange apparition was like an unexpected visitor at the door. Of course he had to be admitted somehow. The conventional superstition which is just strong enough to keep common minds in

awe, and extort those ceremonial observances which superstition finds refuge in, of respect to genius—made it inevitable that when once the man became visible, he should be made to mount up higher, at least for the moment, and to sit down at the master's table. And the young man went up with his glowing eyes, expecting to find every thing there that imagination paints of noble and graceful and refined—and found a flutter of small-talk, the gossip of a clique, the cleverness of local malice, instead of that feast of reason and flow of soul which fancy had looked for. But fancy is strong, and would not let him believe all that in the first shock he must have felt, of bewildered disappointment and amaze. The impulse of pride and pleasure with which he had come, carried him on to a certain gratification in being thus, as it were, made one of the clique, and initiated into all their personal hatreds and jocular enmities; till at last, in his perfectly real yet fictitious enthusiasm, he lifted the clear voice, given him for so much nobler purpose, to sing to the confusion of his patrons' adversaries, adding sharp darts of his own to the vulgar gibe and coarse badinage, which was not his, poor boy, nor ever would have entered his soul. Mightily pleased, no doubt, were the patrons with this celestial slave they had gotten, this Samson whom they poked in his big ribs, and made to stretch out his muscles for their admiration—till the moment came when they had enough of him, and required no more. This natural inevitable process ruined Burns's life, and broke his heart; and it seemed for one terrible moment as if it might ruin his work too. But happily genius has better guards than those that fall to the lot of mere humanity, and the poet broke his bondage; the poet—but not the man.

When we state our conviction that this was his curse and the secret of his ruin, we do not pretend to say that we can see how it could have been avoided. It might have been avoided indeed, had the so called superior classes been really superior, greater in mind, purer in moral tone, and possessed with a fuller appreciation of real truth and beauty than their humbler neighbors. But they were not so; and we dare not assert that they are so now, or ever will be until the end of time. Equality is a miserable fiction as between man and man, but as between class and class it is a truth which no

thoughtful mind, we think, can dispute. The levels of humanity are extraordinarily like each other—as like as rivers are, or mountains, or any other species. There are differences in accent, differences in phraseology, immense differences in costume and aspect; but the biggest metropolitan society resembles the cliques of a village with a perfectly appalling likeness. Yet it is the common sentiment, the instinct of the world, that the worth which makes a man illustrious on one level should raise him to another; and hoisted up he must be accordingly, though we know he will gain nothing by it, and may lose much. We can not resist this natural impulse, this doctrine of social reward for every thing that is supremely excellent. Bad as it often is in its results, it would be worse still if the world were destitute of it, if society were so indifferent to genius as not even to gape and stare. The principle must be accepted and even encouraged for the good of the universe; but yet what pain, what terrible possibilities of ruin do we lay up for our lowly men of genius by accepting it! We lay up for them the certainty of getting tinsel for gold; of having the false so presented to them that they will accept it for a time as true; of receiving flattery which is more contemptuous than scorn, and commendation which is more insulting than insolence; and of finally dropping back into their native sphere, disgusted, disenchanted, sore, and wroth, with the beauty gone out of every thing, and no further possibility in their minds of believing in excellence or generosity. It happened in Burns's day that the humbler level from which he was raised was infinitely better and purer than, at least, the next step of the social scale—which made the process yet more fatal to him than it might have been; and still we do not see how it could have been helped. Should another Burns arise now, we do not even know how we could profit by past experience, and avoid the danger for him. Did we neglect him or allow him to be neglected, it would be a bitter wrong and shame to humanity; while in "noticing," in "elevating," we incur the awful risk of ruining. We can not even suggest how the difficulty is to be got over—but in our hearts we believe it was his friendly Gavin Hamiltons with their "takin' arts," his "glib-tongued Aikens," his good-natured, admiring, coarse, and commonplace patrons, and not his own educa-

tion or want of education, which injured Burns's life and broke his heart.

The "Twa Herds" was not the only local and polemical satire produced by the unfortunate introduction of the poet into this new sphere. The "Kirk's Alarm" and "The Ordination" followed; all of which, we are bold to say, would be gladly left out of any future edition of Burns by all who esteem him as he ought to be esteemed. They are the sort of verses which would naturally be produced by the coarse and clever poet of a village, the man whose personal satires are always received by his limited circle with "a roar of applause," until somebody who knows better happens to see them, and makes the whole gaping audience at once ashamed of itself. We know no reason why they should have been retained in print so long, for they are neither brilliant nor melodious, but petty, foolish, and vulgar to an almost incredible extent. "Holy Willie's Prayer" is quite different. It is equally, or indeed more profane, but it is pure satire, strong and trenchant, awful even in its vivid reality. This tremendous sketch wants no explanatory notes, no foolish disguise of initials. The man stands out before us in a blaze of infernal light, a being whose existence we can neither doubt nor deny. We are not sure even that we can regret the profane inspiration which turned the poet's eye upon such a figure, for its truth and power redeem its profanity. It may be laughable to the shallow reader, but it is appalling to the thoughtful; and no virtuous prejudice should be allowed to interfere with the place which it has gained by sheer vigor, power, and truth. "The Holy Fair" is not so grand; but yet in it the poet has asserted himself as a poet. The profanity is less excusable in this than in "Holy Willie," which stands altogether on higher ground; it is a kind of profanity, too, of which William Burns's son never could have been guilty in his father's lifetime, and which probably, had any true voice suggested it to him, the still ingenuous young man would have blushed for with overwhelming shame; but still it is poetry, and full of animation and melodious vigor, and that reality of rural feeling which he knew so well. We regret that he should have treated the subject in such a way: but we can not condemn.

The two years he spent at Mossgiel, however—though his habits seem to have

lost their first purity, and some real stains (stains which we have no doubt have been much exaggerated) had crept upon his name—were the richest and most poetic of his life. He wrote most of his finest poems in this chilly farmhouse, the "auld clay biggin'," where, as he sat and eyed the smoke which filled the air with a "mottie, misty" haze, the vision of Coila, blushing "sweet, like modest worth," with her "wildly witty, rustic grace" and her illuminated mantle, "stepped ben," stopping the rash vow which he was about to make, to rhyme no more. Rich and beautiful, and happy and sad, were these years. Affairs went but badly with the brothers, yet with manful modest souls they labored at their day's work, sweetening it with such communion by the common roads and laborious fields as falls to the lot of very few. We have already instanced the poem communicated to Gilbert's brotherly ears, while the two were weeding in the kail-yard. The days and the places where such communications were made to him he remembered ever after with proud and tender faithfulness. Once when the two were "going together with carts for coal to the family, (and I could yet point out the particular spot,) the author first repeated to me the "Address to the Deil." Another poem he heard of "as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me." The "Cottar's Saturday Night" was made known to him first on a Sunday afternoon walk—a pleasant moment of intercourse which the brothers often enjoyed together—and Gilbert was "electrified," as well he might be. A more effectual reply to the ordinary delusion that unbounded leisure and ease are necessary for the production of poetry could scarcely be given; for in these two years Burns was laboring not less but harder than an ordinary ploughman—as a man works on his own land, knowing that every prospect in life depends upon his exertions. He worked, and he courted, and he feasted, and yet found time, notwithstanding, for such a joyous torrent of poetry—warm, full, and strong, instinct with life, and full of the delightful ease of inspiration—as the most industrious poet by trade we have ever heard of could not have produced in the time. This stream of song included sketches of life and character which have lit up all Scotland; soft friendly outbursts of humor, and genial poetic laughter as

sweet as silver bells; and, mingled with these, such tender rural philosophies, such pathetic thoughtfulness, pity, and charity as go direct to the heart. It was his very climax of life. Every influence round him entered into his soul. Its doors stood open day and night ready to receive every thing that was weak and wanted succor, and ready to be moved by every thing that was lovely and noble. In all the world there was not a created thing which he shut out from his sympathy: from the "cowering beastie" in the fields, to auld Nickie-ben in "yon lowin' heugh"—he felt for all. He is like a god in his tender thought, in his yearning for their welfare. When he wakes by night and hears the storm shake the walls of the clay cottage, he does not hug himself upon his individual warmth and comfort like common men—

"List'ning the doors and windows rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattie,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry month o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What's come o' thee?
Where wilt thou cower thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

When morning comes, however, the young poet shakes off his coil of painful, pitiful thought, as chanticleer "shakes off the pouthery snaw." He, too, "hails the morning with a cheer." The toil and moil may sometimes swell a poetic sigh; but Burns is not afraid of them, nor moved by them. In the evening as he comes home, a tipsy neighbor, fallen by the roadside, catches his eye: and moved with whimsical indulgent humor, he sits down on the low wall of the brig, and with laughter shining in his eyes, summons up before him the devious progress of the fallen hero:

"The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty;
I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenned aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.
The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I couldna tell."

Again, another whimsy seizes him. He will sing of "Scotch Drink," traditional

vin du pays, the sadly misnamed water of life in northern lands. With ideal fervor he depicts its potency; ideal, for as yet, at least, no respectable peasant in Kyle or Carrick is more sober than "rantin', rovin' Robin." He shows us how the "brawny, bainie, ploughman chiel" makes the glowing darksome smithy ring "wi' dinsome clamour," and "Burnewin comes on like death," after the jovial dram. Even here there comes in a touch of kindly pathos—the glimmer of the incipient tear beyond the bright eye's genial laughter as he describes how the drink he celebrates "erects its head" sometimes among the gentle:

"But humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine."

The subjects are so much alike that we may almost say it is in the same poem that one of the most brilliant and animated battle-sketches ever made comes in. The Scotch reader foresees at once to what verses we refer. They are those in which the poet, in the rush and flow of his song, seizes by chance, as it were, upon a soldier on the field, and paints him full length, with the suddenness of a photograph, but in a glory of color and life which puts all such ghostly painting to shame:

"Bring a Scotsman from his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.
Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas!"

Was there ever a more splendid, animated, living picture? The "Highland gill," after all, has very little to do with it; but he whom no faint-hearted doubtings assail—whose rush of fervid valor is limited only by the thought how best to kill twa at a blow—who breathes out in the face of death his faint huzzas,—what a vision, rapid as the lightning, plucked out of the very heart of battle! In those days the British Isles was a fighting country, prompt to take offence, and ready to resent—interfering in every man's affairs; and the reader of that period knew how true was the description. Homer himself could not

be more nervous, more curtly powerful, or move us with a deeper roll and rush of heroic emotion. Thus the young ploughman sweeps on, playing upon his readers' hearts as upon a magical instrument, now rolling deep in thunderous swells of feeling, now breathing a sweetness akin to tears. It is impossible to follow him through all those manifold notes, through this flood of harmony at once exciting and soothing, without the warmest sympathy. We know these poems half by heart. Yet when we read them over again they are all as fresh as ever, as radiant with life as if they had been printed yesterday. We change, as the poet bids us, and are grave and gay, and laugh and weep like so many fools, without pause or intermission, while we turn from page to page. Where did he get this heavenly gift. But anyhow, he exercised it while ploughing and reaping, and leading coals along the country roads, and draining the clayey barren fields. Shall we say such a wonder never was? At least it has been as rare as became a miracle.

And does not the reader see how, as these poems grew and breathed into being, the veil of the unknown was lifted, and all Lowland Scotland, sweet and cheery, came to light as when the sun rises over an unseen land? Some one, we forget at this moment whom, has directed attention lately to the place Scotland held in fiction and poetry before Burns and Scott were. Even Smollett, a Scotsman, dared say very little for his country. It was a land of sour fanatics, of penurious misers, of mean bowing and scraping, of servile acts of all kinds—a country which all its sons forsook as soon as possible, to pinch and scrape a living out of English prodigality, and to promote their raw-boned countrymen over the honest Saxon, who was no match for their groveling cunning. This was the best that was said for us on the other side of the Tweed. The extraordinary revolution of sentiment since is due entirely to the two poets whose mission in very different ways was to make their country known. Burns was the first, and in some points he was very much the greatest. His revelation was deeper, stronger, more original than that of the other. It reached lower down, revealing almost more than one nationality in the warm and tender light by which it made Scotland visible—for he

made the poor visible at the same time, the common people, the universal basis of society. Hard must that man's heart have been, and opaque his intellect, who, after reading the "Cottar's Saturday Night," could have looked with unchanged eyes upon a cottage anywhere. Scotland was the first object of the revelation—but after, all the world.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree.
Th' expectant *wee things*, toddlin', statcher
through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an'
glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifflie *wifie's* smile,
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his
toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,

Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet:
Each tells the uncous that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn
air."

All this astonishing work, or at least the greater part of it, was done, as we have said, in two years; and these most laborious, most anxious years, in which the poet did no more than "set want at defiance," and in which he had to maintain a continual conflict with fate, for the sake of all those additions which the simplest civilization must add to the wants of nature. To pay their rent, to keep the roof over their heads and their mother's head, to preserve the humble independence of men who were their own masters, and not hired ser-

vants, the brothers struggled, sometimes with failing, sometimes with courageous hearts. During this period Robert met and loved and lost his Highland Mary, the most spotless of all his loves. The little that we know of her is all tender, pure, and sweet. Her lover celebrated the house in which she was a humble maid-servant, in strains as passionate and reverent as ever knight of romance sang to his lady; and one of the sweetest pathetic love-partings recorded in the national mythology is that in which these two, with tears, and thoughts too deep for tears, exchanged their troth, holding each other's hands across the burn which wimpled between them. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thy oath," the poet wrote afterwards in his Mary's Bible, that grand and simple register of all great incidents in the lives of the poor. But death met Mary on her way, and compelled her to forswear herself. There is no record as to how he bore this blow. His early biographers were all too busy finding out how he was condescended to by the gentlemen, and how many fine houses he was asked to dine at, to have eyes or ears for such humble matters. And the next incident in Burns's career which comes clearly before us is one which connects him with the name of Jean Armour—never thereafter to be separated from his.

The story of his connection with Jean is one which it is most distasteful to tell. Professor Wilson is justly indignant with the impertinent freedom of biographers who ventured to discuss in her lifetime whether her husband had loved her or not, and whether or not she was the occasion of all his misfortunes. It was fit that one of the most generous and manful of critics should have made this protest; but yet it is impossible to exonerate Mrs. Burns from blame. There can be no doubt that her facility and that easy-minded persuadableness, to use the mildest of terms, which made her give him up when not only his peace of mind, but her own honor, was concerned, procured for the man who was so faithful to her the severest trial of his life, and inflicted such pain upon him as nothing else could have done.

We need not enter into this miserable story, which is sufficiently well known, further than to say that Jean's parents de-

stroyed, with her consent, the "marriage-lines" which made her Burns's lawful wife very shortly before the birth of her first child. Why the father and mother should have thus chosen disgrace for their daughter is one of the utterly unexplainable mysteries which occur sometimes in the most ordinary life; but when one reflects that but for this piece of monstrous and unintelligible folly, Burns's wife might have taken her place in the world as a spotless matron, no one, except perhaps some keen-sighted Mauchline gossip, being any the wiser, and the poet himself have been spared the deepest affliction of his life, and a stigma which never has been quite removed from him, it is hardly possible to refrain from a certain bitterness of denunciation. The Armours destroyed the marriage-lines, thus unmarrying the pair; rejected all Burns's overtures; and then, last insult and injury, raised proceedings against him in order to compel him to give security for the maintenance of a child which he was not to be allowed to claim as legitimately his. The despair into which he was plunged by these proceedings seems to us to acquit Burns of all the oft-repeated accusations of profligacy which have been brought against him. His own design had been to go to Jamaica, (a scheme which long had hovered in his brain,) to work there for his wife's support; but he now offered to stay at home, to hire himself out as a farm-servant—a descent in the world which, though apparently small, was great at that level, but which was refused like all the rest. It is impossible that a man who was ready to put his sincerity to such a test, whose attempt to right the wrong he had done was thus voluntary and unforced, and who was capable of the sentiments expressed in the "Lament," could be a vulgar seducer, a village profligate conversant with such adventures. The *promised father's tender name* would have been terrible and not sweet to such an ordinary villain; and the chances are that such a man would have congratulated himself on the good fortune of his escape, rather than broken his heart over the failure of his hopes.

Never was there sufferer more deeply to be pitied than the unfortunate young man who had thus been suddenly brought to a stop in the fullness of his youthful career. It is as if a ship in full sail, reckless with

the security of good weather and past prosperity, had been suddenly caught by a hurricane and dashed against some unsuspected rock. Bitter mortification, wounded love and pride, the sense of a sacrifice offered in vain, and of personal rejection and contumely, mingled with all his external miseries. He was unable to give the security required. "I suppose," says Mr. Lockhart, "security for some four or five pounds a year was the utmost that could have been demanded from a person in his rank: but the man who had in his desk the immortal poems to which we have been referring, either disdained to ask, or tried in vain to find, pecuniary assistance in his time of need." Probably the former was the true state of the case, for borrowing was horrible to him. That terrible bugbear "a jail," a spectre which haunted him to his dying day with an almost childish terror, seemed now to open its gloomy doors at his very side. The only thing to save him was flight. And to fly, accordingly, he made up his mind. The prosecution raised by the Armours drove him into hiding. He "skulked from cover to cover" as he himself describes it, miserable, shame-stricken, almost in despair. Even when a situation was procured for him on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica, as under-overseer, he had not money enough (nine pounds) to pay his passage. It was in this emergency that he bethought himself of publishing his poems, or, more likely, had that expedient suggested to him by his friends. They had become tolerably known in the local world by this time; and every body who knew Burns took in hand to get subscribers. The hope of a little profit in the matter scarcely seems, we think, to have bulked very largely with Burns himself. Another idea was foremost in his mind. Had he left the country as he felt himself forced to do at that miserable crisis, he would have left it in disgrace—a man shamed, hunted away from his native shores, rejected under the most aggravating circumstances by the woman whom he loved. At such a dismal moment it was natural that there should rise in his heart a desire to redeem his name as far as was possible. "It was a delicious idea," he says, in the narrative of his early life which he addressed to Dr. Moore, not much more than a year after, and in which a certain levity of tone scarcely veils the recent wounds, "that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it

should never reach my ears." "It is just the last foolish action I intend to do," he writes in June, 1786, to a friend with whom no forced feeling was necessary, a shoemaker in Glasgow, "and then turn a wise man as soon as possible." With this motive he drew forth those homely writing-books and scraps of manuscript on which were written the verses which would at that moment have been a greater loss to the world than the Crown jewels, and took them to an obscure Kilmarnock printer. Thus humbly stole into the world the last farewell to his country of a young man ruined and wretched—a volume which made more commotion in the world of literature than perhaps any one volume has made since. Never was there a humbler entry upon any stage; and few *débutants* have been so heavy-hearted. He was still in hiding, living about in the houses of his friends, when the volume appeared. Either its immediate success must have cowed those strange enemies who were, so to speak, of his own house, or his improving prospects disarmed them; for as the book sold he seems to have lingered, making new friends, and appearing at well-known houses in a way scarcely practicable to a hunted man. Dugald Stewart, with condescension so gracious and amiable that it seems cruel to call it by that disagreeable name, but which still was condescension, though most delicately veiled, had him to his house of Catrine, where he even "dinner'd with a lord" on an occasion which he celebrates with much fun and glee. He formed the acquaintance, besides, of Mrs. Stewart of Stair, and of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, afterwards his steady friend and constant correspondent; and perhaps with some hopes raised by the very names of these great people—hopes of an excise-man's place, which already tempted him, among others—he lingered through the autumn, ever reluctant to tear himself from his home. But no help came from any of his patrons; and the poems had produced twenty pounds. With this he secured a passage in a ship from Greenock, and even sent off his chest containing all his humble possessions. It was on a gloomy autumn night that he left the manse of Loudoun, where he had gone to take leave of the minister, Dr. Laurie, a friend who was exerting himself busily though secretly on the poet's behalf; and gloomier still were his confused and melancholy thoughts. As

he strode over the dreary moorland in the cloudy gloaming, hope forsook the young man thus "abandoned, exiled, and forlorn." Tears came to his eyes, and the familiar language of song to his lips. "Farewell," he said, with all the bitterness of the parting swelling over him—

"Farewell auld Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!
My peace with these—my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare:
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!"

This was the very darkest moment before the dawn. He had scarcely gone from Loudoun Manse when a letter arrived there from Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh, a letter which the kind minister had been hoping for, which seems to have raised Burns at once from the depths of despondency to immediate and brilliant hope, though it contained nothing but warm praise and encouragement, and urgent advice that another edition of the poems should be published. So in place of going to Jamaica, the poet, no longer despairing, went off to Edinburgh, and all his life changed like the shifting of a scene in a theatre. The first portion was over, and many scenes completed; but now another fyte of the eventful history was to begin.

The next chapter in Burns's life is a very curious one; but it was not of the importance which by all rules of likelihood it ought to have been. He went among the "first circles" of Edinburgh without perturbation, without enthusiasm, with a calm which utterly and with reason perplexed all his learned and witty and refined entertainers. The secret of this calm lay, no doubt, in the fact that he had been already disenchanted. He had found out what society was from his Mauchline experiences, being "quick to learn and wise to know" as ever man was. He had found out that gentlemen were like nothing in this world so much as ploughmen—that the entertainments of the fine people, or at least those "writers' feasts" with which he was most conversant, were, with a few differences in manner, as like as two peas to the peasant carouses in alehouse kitchens. Nay, there would even seem in his utter silence about it a kind of suggestion that Burns found in the revels at Poesie Nansie's the rudimental germ from which the whole sprang, with different degrees,

no doubt, of decency and politeness, but little that was fundamentally greater. The ploughmen were like the beggars, and the writers like the ploughmen, and the lords and philosophers like the writers; and nowhere were there any demi-gods, any Society, high-seated on the topmost rank of humanity, such as Olympus might have stooped to, such as a man might be proud to rise to. For such a society a poet might have borne even to be patronized; but he had learned that it was not to be found.

Thus there was no illusion in the eyes with which he looked out, gentle but stern, upon society in Edinburgh. Already he had found that siren out, and she could no longer delude, no more excite him. This painful enlightenment is visible through all that follows. He is never enthusiastic, never carried away, always on his guard. He does not plunge into the new world with a neophyte's generous all-belief and foolish admiration, but approaches it gravely, holding his peasant head high, penetrated by the discovery that one rank is no better than another, and that one monotonous line of limitation is to be found in all. Had he been transported out of himself, dazzled by his new associations, it would have been more natural, and, perhaps, notwithstanding all that must have followed, it might have been better for him. But the wonder remarked by all was that Burns was never dazzled. He held his head perhaps even a little rigid in his sad determination not to be again deceived, seeing with clear eyes, through all the homage paid him, that delicatest insolence of wonder that the ploughman should hold his own so calmly—that softest, kindest consciousness of his inferiority which ran beneath all the sparkling stream of admiration and adulation. The Ayrshire Ploughman!—he was so distinguished in print and in talk, delicately labeled in society, so that no man might fail to perceive what special claims he had on the forbearance of the gentlefolks; but it was disappointing to them to find no need for forbearance. Never was a more curious scene. His patrons described him, discussed him, wondered at him, without quite perceiving—though some of them, we think, had an uneasy consciousness of it—that he saw through them all, and had fuller command of the position than they had. But, we repeat, it would probably have been better for him had he been without

that painful enlightenment, had he been able to throw himself into the new world with enthusiasm, to be dazzled and have his head turned. The awakening, no doubt, would have been bitter, but still he would have had the sweeter flavor of the best kind of social condescending adulation, instead of the worst kind, which he had once received with enthusiasm, and the tasting of which had made him as the gods, seeing good and evil. But that was past praying for. And Burns passed through this Edinburgh chapter without either good or harm to speak of, wondered at, gazed at, applauded, considered everywhere the first of miracles and lions; but like a man in a strange country, holding himself separate and apart, with an almost coldness quite foreign to his nature. Among women the case was otherwise. He is said to have made the somewhat curious remark, that whereas he had met with men in his own class as wise, as excellent, as thoughtful and high-minded as any he had met in the higher circles, yet that an accomplished woman was a being altogether new to him. We have doubts whether Burns ever said, or saying, meant this. But such an idea is not necessary to explain his greater enthusiasm and warmth among ladies. Notwithstanding all his rustic adventures, it is clear that a certain chivalry of feeling towards women existed in him always, and the gentle condescension of a lady had nothing unpalatable in it to so manly a man. Is not every woman every man's superior by the gentle laws of chivalry, and that visionary courtesy which is at once the root and the finest blossom of good manners? It takes nothing from a man's manhood to defer to a woman, to accept whatever grace she gives as if it came from an eminence of nature, to assume a certain noble inferiority. This it is, perhaps, which makes such a man always more at his ease, always seen to better advantage, and even almost always better understood, by the women socially superior to him than by the men.

On the whole, however, Burns made more impression on Edinburgh than Edinburgh made on Burns. The witty city, so full of intellect and so conscious of her powers, was startled by this strange apparition. She grew serious and silent, and stared with a deeper meaning than generally animates the stare even of an intellectual crowd, at this man who refused to

have his head turned. He talked with the best of her conversationalists, had opinions, extraordinary to say, about every thing, and was neither proud nor ashamed of the fact that he was an Ayrshire ploughman. Strange, unintelligible, puzzling apparition! He came and went, and disappeared and was seen no more; and Edinburgh, which had received something of a shock from this peasant Mordecai, who gazed at her pageants in silence, and would not applaud, took a little comfort in whispering stories about him—how he had friends, Ayrshire tradesfolk and the like, in humble streets, who were more congenial society for him than the wits and the gentlemen; and how he caroused in these unknown haunts, and spent his time in drinking, and was of any thing but a satisfactory character. This was a kind of comfort—though she shook her head and professed to be very sorry—to the injured complacency of the intellectual city.

The most charming reminiscence which dwells in our minds of this Edinburgh visit may be found in Dugald Stewart's description of the poet. "I recollect once he told me," says the Professor, "when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth they contained." These dozen words, falling upon us all at once, surprise the tears to our eyes. What loyalty, what tender thoughtfulness, what faithful love of his own, breathe out of them! The wise men had been praying him, almost on their knees, to write a tragedy, to abandon the Scottish tongue—a barbarous dialect, which kept him in bondage—and to become a correct and refined English poet. And Burns, one can fancy, with a smile on his lips, had played with the idea, perhaps sincerely by moments, with a touch of gratified vanity at the notion that all styles were possible to him—for we find him talking vaguely and finely of the advantage it is to a poet to be able to study life in its full tide; and he went so far as to buy a note-book (never used, Heaven be praised!) "to take down his remarks on the spot" of the different new characters he saw. But when he went out beyond the streets, with their studies of character, and saw the hills of Braid rising soft into the morning sunshine, and

the smoke floating upward from the cottages, a sudden sweet revulsion came to him. His mission and true work returned like a dove fluttering from the west, where his heart was. Heaven keep the cottage smokes, the homely firesides, the plodding, silent folk within! These were the scenes that he knew, the worth and the happiness which he alone of all Scottish men understood and could expound, so that all the world might understand. One loves to believe that at that moment, with so fair a scene before him, Burns touched ground again after his town-spent winter, and be-thought himself of the true and only life which awaited him among his pleasant holms and fields.

When he left Edinburgh he roamed through Scotland for a short time, penetrating to the edge of the Highlands with the almost temerity of a voyager in an unknown country; for the Highlands then were closed with double barriers, Walter Scott being as yet but a long-headed boy in Edinburgh, whose pulses had tingled down to the very finger-tips with gratification at a word from the older poet on their one encounter. After this he went to Moss-giel, but only for a few days, to find all the country-side wondering over him, and to feel such a visionary sentiment of disgust as was naturally to be looked for in the circumstances, at the extraordinary difference between the sentiments of that little world when he left it in disgrace and when he returned to it in honor. Then he went off again, unsettled and scarcely happy notwithstanding his fame, with some money in his pocket but little comfort in his heart. He wandered across the Border, he went back to Edinburgh, he looked wistfully about him, wondering, perhaps, how it was that none of his many admirers made any attempt to help him to a reasonable new beginning of the thread of life. There was some vague idea of a farm on the estate of Dalswinton, near Dumfries; and then came the suggestion of the Excise, a notion which had already crossed his mind. To Burns the post of an exciseman seemed in no way derogatory. It was his own idea steadily pursued for some time, and which he was very glad and thankful to succeed in at last. And perhaps it was as good a thing as could have been done for him; although, after all the assaults upon, and all the excuses that have been made for,

his fine friends, the wonder remains why no one of them tried at least to find a more worthy position for the poet. We do not desire to join in any foolish clamor on the inappropriateness of his occupation. He himself did not consider it inappropriate, which, after all, is the grand test. But how it happened that none of these well-off people had the bowels to ask what he meant to do, or to help him in doing something, is a mystery beyond our power of solving. After all, he had to *ask* for the interest which got him even his humble appointment. Edinburgh did not take so much trouble as that. And he got £500, or, as some say, £600, for his poems, a great fortune, which, with sundry other circumstances, determined his course at once. In May, 1788, he went home, married Jean Armour, and took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries. Jean seems to have made a good and true wife, and the country-side was charitable, and she was not of the class which is "called upon," or expects to receive public recognition by society. But still the circumstances of this new beginning were little likely to encourage a man who had now become sensitive to the opinions of a different class, and who had gained some knowledge of the way in which such matters are regarded elsewhere.

Burns remained in Ellisland three years, and our space requires that we should pass these years over briefly. Things went well with him at first, but notwithstanding his excellence in individual labor, it seems very doubtful whether he was ever a good farmer; and the new household was large and wasteful, and wanted regulation, which his wife, "sair hadden down by a sma' family," was not able to give. And perhaps he wearied of the monotony of his work—perhaps felt the fatal restlessness of one who has tasted ease, and is aware of the bitter difference between his own lot and that of others. He had felt this even in his youth; but now he had no longer the easy content and hopefulness of youth, though its vigor, its impatience, its thirst for happiness, still existed in full force within him. And now he was *settled*, wedded, fixed by fate, with change no longer possible—a fact which of itself has often a startling effect upon the mind. Much can be borne when it is possible to look forward even to the chance of something better. But here no change could

be. Before long he sought active work as an exciseman, and soon was galloping about the country, over a wide district, finding, no doubt, refreshment in the variety; but cutting off his last hope of success as a farmer. On the whole, probably, the life suited him very well. He had a great deal of riding—as much as two hundred miles in a week, some one says; and wherever he went, every door of rich and poor flew open to the poet. He must have had actual enjoyment of his popularity, such as falls to the lot of few writers, in these wanderings over the country. The very face of that pleasant land brightened with smiles to see him. In the farm and the cottage as well as in the hall, he was received with enthusiasm. Now and then he could do a kindness which gratified his good heart, and increased his popularity. No doubt he liked it well enough. And yet by times there would come over him a dreary thought of better things which might have been. He encouraged himself in his career with words which would seem but an ostentatious brag of his devotion to his duty if they did not mean something deeper. Thus, when he laments over his office of gauging auld wives' barrels, he ends with a recollection of its needfulness:

"Thae moving things ca'ed wife and weans
Would move the very heart of stanes."

And he repeats the sentiment so often, that it would weary and almost disgust the reader, but for something infinitely sad and sorrowful which lies below:

"To make a happy fireside chime
To bairns and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

How often does he say it!—reminding himself of what he had to think of, of what he must work for—with pathetic reiteration. No; he would not allow himself to forget them, would not permit all these substantial reasons for living and working, and holding by his existence, to fade out of his mind. But that September night, when his anxious wife followed him out to the barnyard, and found him "striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry," what thoughts of the might-have-been were those which were surging up gloomily and sadly into the poet's mind? The wife went in, hoping he would follow; but, coming out again,

fearing that his cold would get worse by this exposure, found him lying "on a heap of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, which shone like another moon." Those poet-eyes that glowed and dilated through the dew of unshed tears, what were they gazing at? A star, and the sweet image, maiden-pure, of his Mary dead; and who can tell what dead hopes, what schemes untold, what better life that might have been? Not a word of these could he say, in honor and justice, to the woman by his side, who stood and begged and importuned, no doubt, that he would not lie there and get his death of cold. He went in instead, and wrote to a confidante who would not betray him—to Mary in heaven. And how tender, how wistful and longing, are those lovely lines! How clear before him, in that winterly-autumnal night, with early frost in the air making all the stars glow and glitter, rises the never-to-be-forgotten summer day, when—

"Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;"

and flowers and birds mingled their sweet existence in the lovers' meeting! Can he ever forget that sacred hour? His heart swells, and idle tears come to his eyes, as the good housewife bustles around him; and life, with its fireside comfort and unescapable reality, embraces and binds him in a hundred chains. Perhaps the dead Mary was no wiser, no loftier, than good-humored forbearing Jean; but with her the life of dreams and imagination, the life that might have been, had departed. Where was their place of rest?

Nothing can be more touching than the silent, inexpressible pathos of this scene. Like a man of honor, he said nothing to his wife about it, nor indeed to any other mortal. And not even to his celestial confidante does he unbosom the heaviness of the dragging chain, and that sense of deadly weight and oppression which comes upon a man when fate closes round him, and he feels that nothing can better him, nothing make his future different from the past. His anguish breaks from him in the only way that was lawful and honorable to such a man, in such a way that even a jealous woman could scarcely take offence; and Jean does not seem to have been jealous, or any thing but a good, easy, sweet-tempered soul. But what worlds of suggestion breathed out of that passionate

remembrance, that sacred and unforgotten grief!

Professor Wilson treats this period of Burns's life, as his defender and champion is sufficiently justified in treating it; and with a dazzling play of special pleading almost succeeds in proving to his bewildered reader that the life of his poet, then as at all other times, was perfectly successful, spotless, and splendid. We fear, however, that this theory will not stand against the concurring evidence of all his biographers. His life was full of temptation, full of opportunity for those convivial enjoyments which were not only counted excusable by the temper of the time, but gloried in by all whose heads were strong enough to indulge in them without ruin. And to ourselves it appears little wonder that a man to whom such unbounded hopes had once opened up, and to whom such moderate realization of hope had come—who felt himself fatally distanced in the race, and whose heart had failed him along with his hopes—to us it is little wonder that he fell into greater and greater indulgence in that easy way of forgetfulness. He had failed even as a farmer, and he had failed in finding any higher standing-ground; but in every tavern, and at every uproarious table where he chanced to find himself, there was oblivion, there was honor and admiration and enthusiastic homage. He might be but a hard-riding gauger in the morning, but at night he was a king. And of all things in the world to be kept in lawful and moderate bounds, this habit is the most difficult. To "fetter flames with silken band" is an enterprise as easy. There seems no doubt that the entire country-side, great and small, abetted and encouraged Burns thus to forget his sorrows—until the moment came when the more prudent persons in it perceived that the excitement of his life was becoming too intense, and the race toward some precipice of downfall more headlong than could be encouraged any longer. Then they stopped short in their invitations "for his good," and advised him for his good, and became exhortatory and full of admonitions. It is very likely that the poet took it badly—and with reason enough. For no man had so befriended him, so helped him in his difficult way, as to have the right of exhortation. They had invited him to their houses, so long as his visit was an honor—they

had fettered him, so long as fêting Burns was a distinction to themselves; and now what right had they to stop short and advise? So he quarreled with some hotly, and with others coldly, feeling a mist of separation grow between him and many whom he had held in warm esteem: and the country-side gathered itself away from him and stood by, with that stillness and awful interest which marks the spectators of every desperate tragedy, to see how long the headlong race could last, and how soon the catastrophe would come.

The race did not last long. In 1791 he gave up his farm at Ellisland, and removed into a small house at Dumfries. There he lived five years—and died. Through all this time he was, to use a homely phrase, burning the candle at both ends. He rode fast and far, and attended diligently to all the duties of his vocation. He poured forth floods of songs—songs full of passion and fervor—and which were not mere creations of the brain, but commemorated—in warmer terms than was probably called for by one out of fifty of these relationships—an amount of agreeable intercourse with his fellow-creatures which must have occupied no small portion of his time. He wrote numerous letters; he entered warmly, sometimes too warmly, into politics; he often spent half the night after this active employment of the day in merry companies, of which he was the inspiration, and where his talk was more fascinating than the wine—or, to speak more truly, if less poetically, the toddy—which flowed freely enough all the same. And into all these multifarious occupations he rushed with the impetuosity and unity of his nature, doing nothing by halves. He threw himself into Thomson's book of Songs with zeal as great as if it had been the only work he had in hand; and withal, neither pleasure nor poetry prevented him from doing his work as an exciseman with the most punctilious exactitude. And Thomson accepted the songs, and was easily, very easily, convinced that the author wanted no remuneration; and all the gentlemen who had known him, and did know him, and to some of whom even he had told his hopes and wishes, stood by, not even helping him on to be a supervisor, the most modest bit of promotion. His hope was that he might, on securing this step, have been eligible for the post of collector,

which was well paid, and would have given him abundant leisure for literary work. We do not remember whether this easy possibility of improving his position has been much dwelt on by his biographers; but the neglect of it is a much more serious sin to be charged against the Dumfriesshire gentry than the original offence of giving him an exciseman's place, which has been thrown in their teeth so often. A little trouble, a little steady backing from one or two influential persons, might have easily raised Burns to this modest eminence, and given him all that his heart desired. But this backing no one gave. It would seem incredible were it not very far from a solitary instance of such strange carelessness. Were it to be done over again, no doubt the same would happen. The patrons were ready to give a fluctuating hospitality and good advice, and a subscription for a book, or even a little money in genteel alms, would he have accepted it; but to take the trouble to hoist him gently on in the way chosen by himself, that is what they would not do.

Meanwhile he did his humble work with less and less hope, and tried his best to get such good as was possible out of the dregs of his broken life. Much gentle and kind domestic virtue lingered about him to the end, notwithstanding all his vagaries. He would help his boys to learn their lessons, and read poetry with them, directing their childish taste; and for years there might be seen of an afternoon by any chance passer-by, in a little back street in Dumfries, through the ever-open door, one of the greatest of British poets, sitting reading, with half-a-dozen noisy children about, and their mother busy with a housewife's ordinary labor. This, we say, was visible to every body who chanced to pass that way; and the days ran on quietly, and the world grew used to the sight, and it never seems to have occurred to any one how many blockheads had comfortable libraries to maunder in, while this man—sole of his race in Scotland, and almost in the kingdom, for Wordsworth and Coleridge were still little more than boys—had neither quiet nor retirement possible. With an inconceivable passive quiet the good people went and came, and took it as the course of nature. A little later they were proud of having seen it; in the meantime it moved them not an inch. Neither would it now, were it all to be done over again.

There is one pathetic scene still, which appears to us out of the mists before death and peace come to end all. Professor Wilson rejects the story with that scornful laughter which is shrill with coming tears. But we see no reason to reject it. On the contrary, all the internal evidence is in its favor. The story is told by a young country gentleman, who rode into Dumfries on a fine summer evening to attend a ball, and saw Burns walking by himself down the side of the street, while various country people, drawn together by the evening's entertainment, were shopping or walking on the other.

"The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to him to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new,
But now he let's wear any way it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upon the corning."

Oh were we young, as we ance hae been,
We suld have been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart licht I would dee."

It seems impossible to conceive that such a story could have been invented. To show that his forlorn heart was still "licht," God help him! Burns took the young man home and made him merry. What words these are! and with what unspeakable meaning they must have fallen from the poet's lips. Sad courage, endurance, gayety, and profound untellable despair—not any great outburst, but an almost tranquil ordinary state of mind. "Werena my heart licht I would dee"—it is the sentiment of all his concluding years.

And thus he died—thirty-seven years old—worn out. His old terror of a jail came over him again like a spectre at the end, but he died owing no man any thing, stern in his independence to the last. Of course his friends in Dumfries would not have allowed him to go to jail for five or ten pounds, Mr. Lockhart says. And we answer No, of course they would not—they dared not. But nobody came forward to say, Here is my purse. Nobody even attempted to pay his poor little seaside lodging for him, as Professor Wilson remarks, or to lift a single obstacle out of his way. It was so easy to say that he was proud, and would accept help from no one;

and no one, so far as we can see, ever attempted, with generous comprehension of a generous pride, to chase these scruples away.

He died cheerfully and manfully like a Christian; though with his heart rent asunder by fears for the helpless children whom he was leaving behind him. And the moment he was dead his friends came and buried him: and red-coated splendors lined the streets, and a certain noble officer who would not in his lifetime permit the gauger to be introduced to him, played mourner to the dead poet. Strange satire, enough to tempt devils to laughter, but men to very different feelings. And while there was scarce a meal left in the penniless house, the bells tolled and the shops were closed, and a great procession swept through the streets, and volleys were fired over the grave of him who had been carried out of that home of poverty. What a change all in a moment!—because he was dead, and neglect or honor, help or desertion, could affect him nevermore.

But let us add that the true Scotland, for which he lived and sang, never slighted and never has forgotten her poet. She gave him an education such as a prince might have been glad of, and many a delightful hour by Ayr and Nith, and in the breezy wholesome fields. And so long as he was in her safe keeping he was happy, and strong, and spotless, a very model of poetic life and joy and freedom. She has given him a grave besides, and many a tear which would have kept it green, but for the senseless blocks of stone with which it has been heaped over. And wherever the common people from whom he sprang, whom he loved and understood and made known to the world—wherever they meet they sing his songs, they speak his language, they hold his name dear. It is all they ever could do for him. And the others—built his monument. It was late, but it was handsome, or so at least the taste of the time thought. And what more would a Poet have?

Contemporary Review.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

HE who pretends to have any thing new to say upon so old a subject as the immortality of the soul, must expect to arouse certainly opposition, and probably contempt. Nevertheless, this at least is certain, that the tendency of science, which has powerfully affected every domain of thought in new and unexpected ways, can not but place the old doctrine of immortality under new and, it may be, unexpected lights, abolishing old arguments, and suggesting new ones that have not yet obtained the consideration they deserve. My object in this paper is, to endeavor, by the aid of all-victorious analysis, to throw some little light upon the relations of the belief in immortality with scientific thought; and at the outset, I wish distinctly and positively to affirm, that it is not my intention to construct any argument for the belief against science, but merely to explain the conditions under which, as it seems to me, the question must be debated. Those conditions, though in themselves plain and simple, are, I believe, very imperfectly understood, and much bewildering nonsense is talked upon both sides of the question by men

who have not clearly realized the nature of evidence, the amount of proof required, or the sources from which that proof must be derived. I think it possible to lay down a series of propositions with which, in principle at any rate, most reasonable minds would agree, and which would have the effect of defining the area of debate and the true point of conflict. This may sound presumptuous, whether it be really so or not, the event alone can prove.

Now, the first demand of science is for an accurate definition of the object of discussion, that is, that both religious and scientific thinkers should be quite sure that they are discussing the same thing. Immortality is bound up in the minds of religious people with a vast amount of beautiful and endearing associations, which form no part of the hard, dry fact itself. The definition of immortality, viewed scientifically, is, I take it, something of this sort: the existence of a thinking, self-conscious personality after death, that is, after the bodily functions have ceased to operate. This personality may or may not exist forever; it may or may not be responsible for the past; it may or may not

be capable of rest, joy, and love; it may or may not be joined to its old body or to a new body. These, and a hundred similar beliefs with which religion has clothed the mere fact of existence after death, form no essential part, I must again affirm, of the fact itself. And throughout the argument, this, and no other than this, will be the sense in which I use the word immortality; because it is the only one that I have a right to expect that the scientific mind will accept.

It may be well, also, before going further, to make it clear to ourselves in what sense we use the word religion. Men who would be very much ashamed of themselves if they were detected using scientific words inaccurately, do, nevertheless, attribute meanings to the word religion, which it is difficult to hear with patience. I have heard an eminent scientific man upon a public occasion, and in a serious manner, define religion to be duty, making a mere idle play upon the original meaning of the word. Without, however, entering into verbal discussions, it will be, surely, enough to define religion as a practical belief in and consciousness of God and immortality; and, as the latter is now absolutely essential to the idea of religion as a motive moral power, and as, moreover, it includes, or at any rate necessitates the belief in the existence of God, we may fairly conclude that, for all practical purposes, and certainly for the purpose of this argument, religion is synonymous with a belief in immortality. And if, for any reason, mankind does at any time cease to believe in its own immortality, then religion will also have ceased to exist as a part of the consciousness of humanity. To clear up, therefore, the relations between immortality and science becomes a matter of the utmost importance. It will be well next to analyze briefly the effect which science has upon the nature of the proofs by which this, like all other facts, must be demonstrated. Let us, for convenience sake, regard the world as a vast jury, before which the various advocates of many truths, and of still more numerous errors, plead the cause of their respective clients. However much a man may wrap himself up in the consciousness of ascertained truth, and affirm that it makes no matter to him what the many believe, yet nature is in the long run too powerful for him, and the instinct of humanity excites him to plead the cause

of what he knows to be truth, and to mourn in his heart and be sore vexed if men reject it. Truth is ever generous and hopeful, though at the same time patient and long-suffering; she longs to make converts, but does not deny herself or turn traitress to her convictions if converts refuse to be made. There is a sense, indeed, in which it may be said that truth only becomes actual and vital by becoming subjective through receiving the assent of men. What then must the advocate for the fact of the immortality of the soul expect that science will require of him, when he pleads before the tribunal of the world for that truth which, because it is dear to himself, he wishes to enforce on others?

The alterations in the minds of men which the tendency of modern thought has effected in respect of evidence, may be summed up under two heads. First, the nature of the evidence required is altogether altered, and a great many arguments that would in former days have gone to the jury, are now summarily suppressed. Fact can only be proved by facts, that is, by events, instances, things, which are submitted to experience and observation, and are confirmed by experiment and reason. And secondly, the minds of the jury are subject to *a priori*, and, on the whole, perfectly reasonable prepossessions before the trial begins. The existence of changeless law, the regular, natural, and orderly march of life, the numerous cases in which what seemed to be the effect of chance or miracle have been brought within the limits of ascertained causation; all these things predispose the mind against pleadings for the supernatural or the divine. Most true, of course it is, that there are most powerful prepossessions on the other side as well; but the difference is, that these are as old as man himself, while the former have only been of later times imported into the debate, and if they have not been originated, have at least received their definite aim and vivid impulse from the results of scientific research.

Now, the first result which flows from these alterations is the somewhat startling one, that all the arguments for immortality derived from natural religion (so-called) are, in the estimation of science, absolutely futile. To put this point in the strongest form, all the hopes, wishes, and convictions of all the men that ever lived, could

not, and can not convince one single mind that disbelieves in its own immortality. Unless the advocates of religion clearly apprehend this truth, they are, it seems to me, quite disabled from entering into the discussion upon conditions which their opponents, by the very law of this opposition, can not but demand. It is true, indeed, that this temper of mind is confined at present to a comparatively few persons, as in the last century it belonged to the philosophers and to their immediate followers. But then it is as clear as the day that, as science is getting a more and more practical hold upon men's minds by a thousand avenues, and mastering them by a series of brilliant successes, this temper is rapidly passing from the few into the popular mind; that it is becoming part of the furniture of the human intellect, and is powerfully influencing the very conditions of human nature. Sooner or later we shall have to face a disposition in the minds of men to accept nothing as fact, but what facts can prove, or the senses bear witness to. In vain will witness after witness be called to prove the inalienable prerogative, the intuitional convictions, the universal aspirations, the sentimental longings, the moral necessity, all which have existed in the heart of man since man was. Nor will the science of religion help us in the hour of need. There can be a science of religion exactly as there can be a science of alchemy. All that men have ever thought or believed about the transmutation of metals may be brought together, classified as facts, and form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the history of the human mind, but it would not thereby prove that the transmutation had taken place, or that the desire for it was any thing more than man's child-like strivings after that which could only be really revealed by the methods of natural science. So also the science of religion can prove what men have held, and suggest what they ought to hold. It can show that they have believed certain things to be true, it is utterly powerless to prove that they are true. It can strengthen the principle of faith in those who do not require positive demonstration for their beliefs; it can not even cross swords with those, soon to be the majority of thinking men, to whom positive demonstration has become as necessary to their minds as food to their bodies. Nay, they will re-

sent rather than welcome the attempt to put a multitude of hopes and myriads of wishes in the place of one solid fact, and will soon confirm themselves in their opinions, by the obvious argument that these hopes and wishes are peculiar to the childhood of the race, and form only one out of many proofs, that man is liable to perpetual self-deception until he confronts fact and law. Not indeed that they will indulge in the equally unscientific statement that there is no such thing as immortality. The attitude of mind which they will assume will be that of knowing nothing, and of having no reasonable hope of ever discovering any thing about man's future destiny. And while they will think it good that man, or at any rate that some men should allow themselves to hope for life after death, yet they will steadily oppose any assertion that these hopes ought to guide men's conduct, influence their motives, or form their character. Now if this be true, it is difficult to overrate the importance of thoroughly and distinctly realizing it. That the evidence for the truths of natural religion is overwhelming, is one of the statements that are accepted as truisms, at the very moment that science is slowly leavening the human intellect with the conviction that all such evidence is scientifically worthless. Nevertheless the opposite idea has taken firm hold of the religious mind, and forms the basis of many an eloquent refutation of the "presumptuous assurance" and "illogical obstinacy" of modern thought. Men must have smiled to hear themselves alternately refuted and rebuked by controversialists who did not understand the tone of mind against which they were arguing, or who assumed as true the very things which their opponents resolved to know nothing about, either in the way of belief or rejection. It is very certain, however, that this error will not yield to the mere statement that it is an error, and therefore I will go on to examine a little more minutely the various arguments by which men seek to prove the doctrine of immortality. These are mainly fourfold:

- (1.) That it is an original intuition, and arising from this,
- (2.) That it is an universal belief.
- (3.) That it follows necessarily from the existence of God.
- (4.) That it is essential as a motive for human morality.

(1.) I take the statement of this argument from the words of one, than whom no man has a better right to be heard on such a subject. Professor Max Müller, in his preface to the first volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop," writes as follows: "An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life, these are the radical elements of all religions. . . . Unless they had formed part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility." Now I am not quite sure that I understand in what sense the writer means to assert that these intuitions, which, for practical purposes, may be limited to three, God, sin, and immortality, are part of the original dowry of the human soul. If it is meant that there was a special creation of the human soul, furnished from the beginning with these three intuitions, then science will resolutely refuse to admit the fact. There can be no mistake about the position held by the bulk of scientific men, and little doubt I should think as to its reasonableness. If there is any thing that is in ultimate analysis incomprehensible, or any fact that can not be accounted for by natural causes, then the possibility of special creation and original intuitions must be candidly allowed, but not otherwise. There is just a chance, for instance, that the difference between the brains of the lowest man and the highest animal may ultimately be regarded as a fact inexplicable upon any theory of evolution, more however from a lack of evidence than from any other cause. Be this as it may, the possibility of special creation finds a distinct foothold in the acknowledged fact that the connection between thought and the brain of animals as well as of man, is an ultimate incomprehensibility, a mystery which the law of man's intelligence prevents his ever even attempting or hoping to understand. The famous saying "*cogito ergo sum*," the foundation of all modern metaphysics, may come to be a formula under which religion, philosophy, and science may all take shelter, and approach each other without ever actually meeting.

But the three intuitions of God, sin, and immortality, can all be accounted for by the growth of human experience, as every one knows who has at all studied the sub-

ject. At some period of the world's history, science will answer, an ape-like creature first recognized that it or he had offended against the good of some other creature and so became conscious of sin, or was created as a moral being. Thus much Mr. Darwin has affirmed, but (speaking from memory) I do not think he has called very special attention to that still greater epoch (or was it the same?) in man's history, when this ape-like creature seeing one of its own species lying dead, recognized as a fact "I shall die." This is what we may term the creation of man as an immortal being, for in the very conflict of the two facts—one, the reflecting being, the self-conscious I, the other, death, the seeming destroyer—lies embedded all man's future spiritual cravings for eternity. And the idea of God would come in the order of nature, before either of these, to the creature which first reflected upon the source of its own existence, and recognized a "tendency in things which it could not understand." This is, in brief, the scientific account of man's creation, and of the growth of the ideas of natural religion within his mind; and we may remark in passing that it must be a singularly uncanonized and prejudiced mind, which does not recognize that the book of Genesis, which, upon any theory, contains man's earliest thoughts about himself, expresses, in allegorical fashion, exactly the same views.

The same views are also apparently expressed by Professor Max Müller, in a very beautiful passage in the article on Semitic Monotheism, in the same volume:

"The primitive intuition of God and the ineradicable feeling of dependence upon God could only have been the result of a primitive revelation in the truest sense of that word. Man, who owed his existence to God, and whose being centered and rested in God, saw and felt God as the only source of his own and all other existence. By the very act of the creation God had revealed Himself. Here He was manifested in his works in all His majesty and power before the face of those to whom He had given eyes to see and ears to hear, and into whose nostrils He had breathed the breath of life, even the Spirit of God."

The first impression made by this passage may be, that, in speaking of a "revelation in the truest sense," it affords an instance of that hateful habit of using reli-

gious words in a non-natural sense. But a little deeper consideration will show that no possible definition of a revelation, accompanied and attested by miracles, can exclude the revelation made by nature to the first man who thought. In fact, we have here a description of creation, which science with possibly a little suspiciousness at some of the phrases may accept, while, at the same time, natural religion is carried to its utmost and highest limits, and along with this a foundation is laid for a truer theory of the miraculous. But while gladly admitting all this, the fact remains that these intuitions, following upon a revelation in which nature herself was the miracle, are still plainly only the expressions of man's inward experiences, and that however old, and venerable, and exalted, they are still only hopes, wishes, and aspirations, which may or may not be true, but which are incapable of proving the actual facts towards which they soar. It is open, therefore, to any man accustomed to look for positive demonstration, to dismiss them as dreams of the infancy of man, or to relegate them into the prison-house of the incomprehensibilities, or to content himself with a purely natural theory of human life which rejects and dislikes the theological.

(2.) But when we come to inquire how far these primary intuitions have been universal, and whether they can be fairly called ineradicable, we are met by some very startling facts. The dictum *ὅτι πάντες δοκεῖ τοῦτ' εἶναι φάμεν* is so reasonable in itself that no serious attempt would be made to question a belief that even approached to being universal, even if it could not be shown to be part of the original furniture of the mind. But the real difficulty lies in finding (apart from morals) any beliefs of which this universality can be predicated, and assuredly the immortality of the soul is not one of them. The mind of man at its lowest seems incapable of grasping the idea, and the mind of man at its highest has striven to emancipate itself from it altogether. The evidence for this statement lies within the reach of all, but I will just adduce three names whose very juxtaposition, by the sense of incongruous oddity stirred up, may make their joint testimony the more important. I mean Moses, Buddha, and Julius Cæsar, all of whom, though widely separated in time, race, and character, representing ab-

solutely different types of human nature, approaching the subject from widely different points of view, do, nevertheless, agree in this, that the consciousness of immortality formed no part of the furniture of their minds.

Moses lived one of the most exalted lives, whether regarded from the religious or political side, that has ever been lived on earth, and yet, as is well known, there is not a shadow of a trace to prove that he was moved by the hope of a reward after death, or that the idea of existence after death was ever consciously presented to his mind. He may be, on the whole, claimed by modern science (the miraculous element being by it excluded) as an example of those who perform the greatest practical duties, and are content to stand before the mystery of the Unknowable without inquiry and without alarm, so far as the doctrine of man's immortality is concerned. Here is another of those strange links that unite the earliest thinker and legislator with so much of the spirit of modern thought and law. Buddha, on the contrary, (or his disciples, if it be true that this original teaching is lost to us,) can not be quoted as one who did not realize the possibility of life after death, nor is any scheme of philosophy that is practically Pantheistic inconsistent with immortality, if we limit the word to the bare idea of existing somehow after death. But I rather quote him as one of those who show that the very consciousness of undying personal life, the existence of a self-reflecting ego, which gives all its shape and force to the desire for life after death, may come to be regarded as a positive evil, and painless extinction be maintained as the ultimate hope and destiny of man. And the case of Julius Cæsar is, in some respects, stronger still. He is one of the world's crowning intellects, and he lived at a time when men such as he were the heirs of all the ages, the possessors of the treasures of thought in which, for generations past, the greatest men had elaborated doctrines concerning religion, duty, and life. And he represents the views of those whom the truest voice of science now repudiates as running into unscientific extremes. With him non-existence after death was a matter of practical belief. It colored his opinions upon politics, as really as Cromwell's religion affected his. He spoke against the infliction of the penalty of death upon the

conspirators in Catiline's case, because death was a refuge from sorrows, because it solved all mortal miseries and left place for neither care nor joy. And Cato expressly applauded his sentiments, though with a touch of reaction from popular theology, which sounds strangely modern. To this then all the original intuitions of the human mind, all the glowing aspirations enshrined in Greek poetry, legend, and art, all the natural theology contained in the works of Socrates and Plato, had come at last. Will any reasonable man affirm that an age, which breathes the very air of materialism, and whose children suck in the notions of changeless law with their mother's milk, will arrive at any thing better if it has no facts upon which to rely as proofs that its hopes are not unfounded? And how can that be called a truth of human nature, or be allowed to exercise a real influence upon men's minds, which is capable of being either entirely suppressed, or earnestly striven against, or contemptuously rejected?

(3.) The remaining two arguments need not detain us long; indeed, I should not have mentioned them were it not that very eminent divines have based the belief in immortality upon the existence of God or the necessities of man. Let it once be granted that we are the creatures of a personal, loving, and sustaining God, concerning whom it is possible to form adequate conceptions, and then doubts as to our immortality would be vain indeed. But the rejoinder from the scientific view is plain enough. This, it would be said, is a mere *obscurum per obscurius*. The belief in God is simply the working of the human mind striving to account for the beginning of its own existence, exactly as the belief in immortality is the result of the attempt to think about the end thereof. If the definition of God be a stream or tendency of things that we can not otherwise account for, then it will not help us to a belief in immortality. It is surprising indeed to see how the plain conditions of the case are evaded by enthusiastic controversialists; and I am almost ashamed of being obliged to make statements that have an inevitable air of being the baldest truisms.

(4.) The idea that immortality is essential to the moral development of man, and that therefore it is demonstrably true, seems to receive some little countenance from Professor Max Müller in the close of his

article on Buddhism, in which he thinks it improbable that—

"The reformer of India, the teacher of so perfect a code of morality, . . . should have thrown away one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of every religious teacher, the belief in a future life, and should not have seen that, if the life was sooner or later to end in nothing, it was hardly worth the trouble which he took himself, or the sacrifices which he imposed upon his disciples."

The true bearing, in all its immense importance, of man's morality upon his belief in immortality will have to be considered hereafter; but when used as a demonstration, it is at once seen to belong to the class of arguments from final causes which science resolutely rejects. A much more fatal answer, however, is found in a simple appeal to history, from which it will be found that, in Mr. Froude's words, no doctrine whatever, even of immortality, has a mere "mechanical effect" upon men's hearts and consciences, and that noble lives may be lived and exalted characters formed by those who are brave enough to disregard it. Nay, what is worse, immortality may be a powerful weapon for evil as for good, if it chime in with a perverted nature. The Pharaoh before whom Moses stood believed it, and we know with what results. Only that, once more will science retort, which can be proved to be true upon sufficient evidence, can be positively known to be useful.

To sum up, then, what has been said, we have seen that, however strong may be the wishes of man for immortality, however ennobling to his nature and true to his instincts the belief in it may be, there is nothing in natural religion to answer the demands of modern thought for actual proof, and nothing therefore to impugn the wisdom or refute the morality of that class of persons, representing, as they do, a growing tendency in the human mind, who take refuge in a suspense of thought and judgment upon matters which they declare are too high for them. Occasionally we may suspect that the garb of human weakness does but conceal the workings of human pride, never perhaps so subtle and so sweet as when human nature meekly resolves to be contented with its own imperfections, and to bow down before its own frailty; but denunciations of moral turpitude only harden the hearts of men

who ask for the bread of evidence and receive stones in the shape of insults.

We turn next to consider the effects of modern thought upon the evidence for immortality derived from Revelation. And here the difficulty of obtaining assent to what seem to me obvious truths will be transferred from the advocates of religion to those of science. Nevertheless, I maintain an invincible conviction that it is possible to state the terms of debate in propositions which commend themselves to candid minds, and which do not, as I have said, pretend to solve the controversy, but merely to define its conditions.

Now the first proposition is: That the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, if assumed to be true, does present actual scientific evidence for immortality. An illustration will make my meaning clear. Whether or not life can be evolved from non-living matter is a subject of debate; but it is admitted on all hands, that if a single living creature can be produced under conditions that exclude the presence of living germs, then the controversy is settled, and therefore Dr. Bastian sets himself to work with the necessary apparatus to prove his case. So, in the same way, if any man known to be dead and buried did rise again, (as for the moment is assumed to be the case,) and did think and act and speak in His own proper personality, then immortality (in the scientific sense of the word) is thereby proved. Accordingly, those who wish to prove their case, betake themselves to history for the required evidence, which they may or may not find, but which, such as it is, must be allowed to go to the jury. Science may refuse to listen to arguments for facts derived from men's hopes and beliefs; it ceases to be science if it refuses to listen to arguments which profess to rely upon facts also. Were there to happen now an event purporting to resemble the Resurrection, it would be necessary to examine the evidence exactly as men are commissioned to investigate any unusual occurrence, say, for instance, the supposed discovery of fertile land at the North Pole. All this is plain enough, and leads to no very important conclusions, but it is, nevertheless, necessary that it should be stated clearly and distinctly apprehended.

Two other propositions may also be laid down as to the nature of the evidence for the Resurrection, both of them once more sufficiently obvious, but still not without

their value in leading to a fair and reasonable estimation of the exact state of the case, and tending also, as we shall see presently, in one direction. It may be taken for granted, in the first place, that nothing can be alleged against the moral character of the witnesses, or against the morality which accompanied and was founded upon the preaching of the Resurrection. Mistaken they may have been, but not dishonest; enthusiasts, but not impostors. Furthermore, the deeper insight into character, which is one of the results of the modern critical spirit, enables us to see that they numbered among their ranks men of singular gifts, both moral and intellectual, who combined in a wonderful degree the faculty of receiving what was, or what they thought to be, a miraculous revelation, and the power of setting it forth in a sober and measured manner. All this is candidly admitted by the best representatives of modern thought.

Again, it may safely be asserted that, judged by the critical standards of historical science, the evidence is abundantly sufficient to prove any event not claiming to be miraculous. Let us suppose such an event as an extraordinary escape from prison related in the same way, though I admit that it requires a considerable intellectual *tour de force* to eliminate, even in imagination, the supernatural from the narrative. It is not going too far to say that no real question as to its truth would in that case ever be raised at the bar of history, even though a powerful party were interested in maintaining the contrary. A strictly scientific investigation, for instance, has brought out in our own days the absolute accuracy and consequent evidential value of the account of St. Paul's voyage to Malta. On the whole, then, we may conclude that the testimony is really evidence in the case, that it proceeds from honest and capable men, and that no one, *apart from the existence of the supernatural element*, would care to deny its truthfulness, except upon grounds that would turn all history into a mass of fables and confusion.

There remains, then, the old argument, that it is more easy to believe the witnesses to be mistaken than the fact itself to be true, and that we can not believe a miracle unless it be more miraculous to disbelieve it. To this argument I avow my deliberate conviction, after the best thought I can give the subject, that no answer can be

given regarded from a merely intellectual point of view, and subject to the conditions which modern thought not only prescribes, but is strong enough to enforce. It goes by the name of Hume, because he was the first to formulate it, but it is not so much an argument as a simple statement of common experience. All men who, from the days of St. Thomas, have disbelieved in miracles have done so practically upon this ground. And to the "doubting" Apostle may be safely attributed the first use of the now famous formula, "It is much more likely that you, my friends, should be mistaken than that he should have risen." Now, to such a state of mind, what answer short of another miracle could be given then, or can be given now? True, you may point out the moral defects in the mind of Thomas which led him to disbelieve, but these are immediately counterbalanced by a reference to the intellectual defects of Mary Magdalene, which prompted her to accept the miracle. There is no real room for weighing the evidence on both sides, and pronouncing for that which has the greatest probability, when your opponent, by a simple assertion, reduces all the evidence on one side to zero. Once more let me ask Christian apologists to realize this, and having realized it, no matter at what cost to the fears and prejudices of theology, let us then proceed the more calmly to examine what it precisely means and to what conclusions it leads us.

We observe, first, that this argument is derived not from the first of the two ways in which, as we saw, science influences belief, namely, by altering the nature of the evidence required, but from the second, namely, by predisposing the minds of men against belief upon any attainable evidence whatever. We have seen that the evidence is that of honest men, that it is scientifically to the point, and sufficient to prove ordinary historical events. More than this can not be demanded in the case of events which do not come under law or personal observation. But the minds of men are so predisposed by their experience of unchanging order to reject the miraculous, that first, they, demand more and more clear evidence than in other cases; and secondly, they have recourse at once to the many considerations which weaken the force of evidence for things supernatural, and account for men's mistakes without impugning their veracity. Any one who

reads Hume's essay will be struck at once with the, so to speak, subjectivity of the argument. Upon this very point he says, "When any one tells me he saw a dead man restored to life, I immediately *consider within myself*," etc., etc. We ask then, at once, "To whom is it more likely that evidence of a miracle should be false than that the miracle should be true?" and the answer must of course be, "Those who, rightly or wrongly, are predisposed in that direction, by their experience of a changeless law, growing ever wider and more comprehensive." Nor is Paley's answer, which assumes the existence of God, at all available as against Hume, who, in his next section, puts into the mouth of an imaginary Epicurus all the arguments against such a belief. But it is a most just and reasonable remark that this predisposition does not exist in the case of those who—again rightly or wrongly—are wishing to know God and hoping to live after death. It is at this point that natural and revealed religion, weak when divided, becomes strong by combination. The Resurrection would certainly never be believed if it did not fall like a spark upon a mass of wishes and aspirations which are immediately kindled into life. Granted a man, (and this is no supposition, but a fact,) whose whole nature craves not to die, and whose mind is occupied by the standing miracle of its own immortality, and then the Resurrection, so far from being improbable, will be the very thing which gives life to his hopes. The more he sees that natural religion can not give him facts as proofs, the more he will welcome Revelation which does, just because it will satisfy the rational desire which science is creating in the human mind. And just as there is no answer to Hume's argument for one predisposed as Hume was, so is there none to one predisposed as this supposed (but very actual) man is. The one is as incapable of disbelief as the other of assent. Hume and Paley do not really grapple with each other, but move in parallel lines that never meet. As Hume himself said of Berkeley, "His arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction," so might each of the two say of the other. On the one hand we have all the results of human experience, a severe standard of intellectual virtue, a morality which confines itself to its duties toward humanity, and the power of being able not to think about ultimate incompre-

hensibilities. On the other hand, we have intense longings after the infinite, which science, admitting, as it does, the existence of the Unknowable, can not possibly deny to be legitimate in those who feel them sincerely; also a body of evidence, sufficient to prove ordinary events, for a fact that gives certainty and power to all these longings; a morality, which has reference to a Supreme Judge, and an absolute incapacity for life and duty until some sort of conclusion has been arrived at concerning the mysteries of our being and destiny. Both of these represent tendencies of human nature with which the world could at this stage very badly dispense; both may have their use and their justification; either may be true, but *both* can not, for the Resurrection either did or did not happen.

From this account of things some very important considerations follow, a few of which I will endeavor to sum up in three heads. The scientific value of Revelation as a necessity, if there is to be any vital and practical religion at all, will, I hope, have been sufficiently indicated already.

(1.) The lines of a long and, perhaps, never-ending conflict between the spirit of Religion and what, for want of a better word, I will call the spirit of Rationalism, are here defined. Neither of the two being able by mere argument to convince the other, they must rely upon gradually leavening the minds of men with prepossessions in the direction which each respectively favors. The time may come when Rationalism will have so far prevailed that a belief in the miraculous will have disappeared; the time may also come when the Christian Revelation, historically accepted, will everywhere be adopted as God's account to man of ultimate incomprehensibilities. Surely, no man who has ever fairly examined his own consciousness can deny that elements leading to either of these two conclusions exist within his own mind. He must be a very hardened believer to whom the doubt, "Is the miraculous really possible?" never suggested itself. And he must in turn be a very unscientific Rationalist who has never caught himself wondering whether, after all, the Resurrection did not take place. Nor, so far as we may at this epoch discern the probable direction of the contest, is it possible to estimate very accurately the influence which science will exercise upon it. On the one hand, it will certainly bring

within the mental grasp of common men that view of law and causation which, in Hume's time, was confined to philosophers and their followers, and was attained rather by intellectual conceptions than by such common experiences of every-day life and thought as we have at present. On the other hand, it will purge religion of its more monstrous dogmas, and further, by calling attention to the necessity of proving fact by fact, and again, by clearing up the laws of evidence, will tend to deepen in the minds of religious people the value and meaning of Revelation; while, at the same time, by its frank admission of hopeless ignorance, it will concede to faith a place in the realm of fact. Every man will have his own views as to the issue of the conflict: for the present it is sufficient for him, if he can be fully satisfied in his own mind.

(2.) The predisposition in men's minds in favor, whether of Religion or Rationalism, will be created and sustained solely by moral means. This is the conclusion toward which I have been steadily working from the beginning of this paper to the end of it. The intellect of both Christian and Rationalist will have its part to play; but that part will consist in presenting, teaching, and enforcing its own morality upon the minds of men. I need not say that I use the word morality as expressing in the widest sense all that is proper for and worthy of humanity, and not merely in the narrower sense of individual goodness. Rationalism will approach mankind rather upon the side of the virtues of the intellect. It will uphold the need of caution in our assent, the duty of absolute conviction, the self-sufficiency of men, the beauty of law, the glory of working for posterity, and the true humility of being content to be ignorant where knowledge is impossible. Religion will appeal to man's hopes and wishes recorded in nature and in history, to his yearnings for affection, to his sense of sin, to his passion for life and duty, which death cuts short. And that one of the two which is truest to humanity, which lays down the best code of duty, and creates the strongest capacity for accomplishing it, will, in the long run, prevail; a conclusion which science, so far as it believes in man, and religion, so far as it believes in God, must adopt. Here, once more, it is well-nigh impossible, to discern the immediate di-

rection of the conflict, whatever may be our views as to its ultimate decision. Science is almost creating a new class of virtues; it is laying its finger with unerring accuracy upon the faults of the old morality; it is calling into existence a passion for intellectual truth. But then religion has always given the strongest proofs of her vitality by her power of assimilating (however slowly) new truths, and of rejecting (alas! how tardily) old falsehoods, at the demands of reason and discovery. A religious man can always say that Christians, and not Christianity, are responsible for what goes amiss. It is because religious practice never has been, and is at this moment almost less than ever, up to the standard of what religious theory exacts, that we may have confidence in gradual improvement in advance, until that standard, towards the formation of which science will have largely contributed, be attained.

(3.) Closely connected with the above, follows the proposition that all attempts on the part of religion to confute the "skeptic" by purely intellectual methods are worse than useless. There is no intellectual short cut to the Christian faith; it must be built up in the minds of men by setting forth a morality that satisfies their nature, consecrates humanity, and establishes society. It is not because men love the truth, but because they hate their enemies, that in things religious they desire to have what they can call an overwhelming preponderance of argument on their side of the question, the possession of which enables them to treat their opponents as knaves or fools or both. Religion may have been the first to have set this pernicious example; but, judging from the tone of much modern writing, Rationalism has somewhat bettered her instructions. No doubt it is a tempting thing to

mount a big pulpit, and then and there, with much intellectual pomp, to slay the absent infidel—absent no less from the preacher's argument than from his audience. Delightful it may be, but all the more dangerous, because it plunges men at once into that error, so hateful to modern thought, of affirming that intellectual mistakes are moral delinquencies. No one, least of all science, denies that men are responsible for the consequences of their belief, provided these consequences are limited to such as are capable of being recognized and foreseen, and are not extended to comprehend endless perdition in a future state—an idea which is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to lurk beneath the preacher's logical utterances, and which religion has done next to nothing to disavow. And so we come to this conclusion: to build up by precept and example a sound and sufficient morality; to share in all the hopes and aspirations of humanity; to be foremost in practical reforms; to find what the instincts of mankind blindly search for by reference to the character of God finally revealed in Christ, and to the hope of immortality which his Resurrection brought to light; to endeavor to clear religion from the reproach of credulity, narrowness, timidity, and bitter sectarian zeal;—these are, as our Master Himself assured us, the only means of engendering in the hearts of men that moral quality which we call Faith: for "HE THAT IS OF THE TRUTH HEARETH MY VOICE."

In a future paper I hope to show, by reference to the facts of man's nature, how this faith in immortality is being, and is to be, so far wrought into his mind as to form a predisposition toward a belief in the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of Christ as a proof of that which he can not help but desire to believe.

REV. T. W. FOWLE.

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Cornhill Magazine.

NAFOOSA: A STORY OF GRAND CAIRO.

It had been a glowing, scorching day. The desert was a vast glistening expanse of pitiless staring light, and the sky above it—intensely blue, and without the tiniest cloud to diversify its infinite monotony—had contemplated us, fried, shriveled, dust-blinded mortals, as we had toiled painful-

ly, yet with heroic endurance, through our duties of sightseeing.

We had spent the afternoon visiting the dilapidated, but still beautiful, "Tombs of the Caliphs," standing apart now in solemn isolation a mile or two from the city, and surrounded on every side by yellow sand—

fitting resting-places, in their deep repose, for the great dead who lie there.

Their calm sleep is seldom disturbed now. Tourists, to be sure, like ourselves, come now and then from the bleak North to stare and giddily chatter within the sacred precincts. But tourists have not as yet become the plague of these regions, and their visits are comparatively few and far between. They come and go quickly, for there is not much to tempt them to loiter, and their voices grow fainter and fainter, and their footprints are swiftly effaced from the ever-shifting sand, and all is silent as before. The swarthy Bedaween stalks majestically past next, with his dark, fierce face turned towards the West. He is returning from a hurried visit to the hated city to his roofless home in the desert; but he will not loiter within reach of even the faintest sounds of civilized life, and his grand, swift, yet never-hurried step, quickly passes by, and he is soon lost in the burning expanse. Then, perhaps, comes a dark string of heavily-laden camels, or a veiled woman, with a pitcher on her head, and a dusky naked imp on her shoulder, or a troop of laborers, or a file of donkeys. But they all, like ourselves, have come merely to go again, and, gliding by noiselessly, the dead are once more left to themselves.

The sun has set now in a tremulous golden glory, and the short southern twilight has already deepened into night. The yellow sands and silent tombs are behind us—pale ghostly shadows; and before us is the strange fantastic city, through whose narrow streets our donkeys, and we upon them, are threading our way, under the guidance of our donkey-boy, Ali Achmet. Every body who has ever been in Cairo is intimately acquainted with the tribe donkey-boy, the irrepressible, impudent, yet fascinating youth, who, chattering a dozen languages in a breath, bewilders the unexperienced traveler into the belief that he is a genius, and knows them all. Foolish supposition, indeed. Six words of each is, on an average, the extent of his knowledge. But with these six words, his bright laughing eyes, his gleaming teeth, his never-tired legs, and his inexhaustible stock of good-will, fun and impudence, he is the donkey-boy *par excellence* of all the world, and has won your heart in five minutes.

This, however, is a digression, for Ali, NEW SERIES.—VOL. XV., No. 5.

our friend, was not, strictly speaking, a donkey-boy, though he called himself one, but rather, a master donkey-boy, owner of several beasts and several boys. Ali was, in short, a man of substance, who was doing well in the world. His age, according to his own account, was about twenty; but he looked, as all Easterns do, at least ten years older. His figure was tall and slender, yet strongly made, and his dark camel-hair cloak hung upon it in fine artistic folds. His small well-shaped feet were shod in bright yellow slippers, and a spotlessly white turban was wound in soft thick coils round his head. His face—it was a face such as one never forgets, and which, even in this land of dark-eyed, passionate-visaged men, had a character and distinction of its own. A deep olive skin, a long flat nose, a thin broad mouth, which smiled now and then rather sweetly and sadly, and slow lazy oval eyes, lighting up occasionally with a sort of fierce eagerness, almost, I might say, cruelty, which took one's breath away, and somehow seemed to make one's blood creep in one's veins.

Ali and I were fast friends. From the first, he had taken my donkey and myself under his special protection, and his place was invariably by my side. From the first, too, he had been communicative, confidential even, and had readily enough let me into the mysteries of his domestic interior. One day I had chanced to ask him if he had a wife, or two, or, perhaps, even three, I had added, with an involuntary lowering of my voice, and with a wholesale gulping down of the repugnance I felt at making the odious suggestion. His answer relieved me immensely. Ali had but one wife, and Nafsoosa was her name.

"And do you love her very much?" I inquired eagerly, and with a keen sense of delight at the promising condition of Ali's morals and manners.

"Love her? Yes!" And the oval eyes flamed up suddenly. "I give her diamonds and pearls, and beautiful dresses—the best in the bazaar. My wife pretty—very pretty. Love her? Yes, I do!" he concluded, emphatically.

This was delightful. But the very next instant my feelings received a cruel shock.

"And how long have you been married? Have you any children?" I asked imprudently.

"Children? Yes. One boy, dead—of

other wife, you know; not this one," he replied, carelessly, and urging my donkey on to a quicker pace.

"Other wife!" I repeated aghast. "But, Ali, you told me——"

"She bad,—very bad. Put her away—sent her home to her father. She ugly, very ugly,—hate her!" my friend proceeded in an off-hand way.

This was unpleasant, and it took me a few minutes to recover myself. Presently, however, I had, with a facility which astonished myself, faced the position, and I was curiously inquiring into all the particulars. Not very many could I gather. The subject seemed to be of very slight interest to Ali. As far as the difficulties of language would allow me to discover, he had first married a wife of eleven, he being himself fourteen years old. She had had a temper, and probably a tongue. It was the old story of mother-in-law versus daughter-in-law, except that in this land of lightly-considered matrimonial engagements, the mother-in-law had carried the day in the end, instead of the wife. The refractory Fatimeh had, probably by mutual consent, returned to their father's house, after the death of her child, and in due time, Nafosa had become her successor. Nafosa! It was a sweet sounding name, and somehow took my fancy strangely. I caught myself repeating it over and over again with a lingering tenderness, observing which, Ali suddenly looked up at me with flashing eyes. Would I come to his house to see her? he inquired. Nafosa would be glad; his mother would be glad; every body would be glad; the coffee would be ready,—“real, Arab coffee—not the stuff they give at hotel,” with an expressive grimace: but good coffee, such as Arab drinks. Would I come?

Of course I said that I would come, some day, soon, but—— And I looked back with a smile at the gentlemen of our party. Might they come too? Were they to be allowed to see the lovely Nafosa?

Ali smiled too, but rather darkly. I had only made the proposal for a little jest, but my friend seemed to consider it a serious sort of jest, and without ceremony, gave it a flat refusal. No man but himself might look on his wife's face. Her father? Yes, that did not count. And her brother, of course. Yes. But a stranger, a Frank, a Christian! By the soul of the Prophet's mother, a thousand times, No!

And so it came to pass that to-day, on our way back from the Caliph's Tombs, Ali reminded me of my promise. Its fulfillment had been, from one cause or another, from day to day delayed, but now my friend seemed resolved to take no excuse, and though I was tired and hungry, and anxious to be at home, I did not know how to refuse his eager invitation, and after a short hesitation, said “yes” to it at last. The next minute I half regretted my complacency. Daylight had almost gone now, and the Mouski,—the Regent Street of Cairo—was brilliantly lit, and filled with a screaming motley throng. But Ali and I had left the Mouski, and my companions, (who were returning to the hotel,) and had turned sharply into a narrow passage, which led us, after a minute or two, into a dark, quiet quarter. The change was sudden, and startling. I was alone with an Arab, whom, a week ago, I had never seen, and I was in the midst of a large Eastern city, and it was late, almost night. In short, to be perfectly candid, I suddenly felt a little frightened, and rather suspicious and distrustful of my friend Ali, in whose complete power I had rashly placed myself. We had both become very silent. My silly alarms paralyzed my tongue, and while Ali was probably indulging in a pleasant dream of the home to which he was bringing me, I am ashamed to say, that my brain was busy conjuring up all sorts of imaginary horrors.

It was very foolish of me, no doubt. Yet, for my self-defence, the circumstances were, to say the least of them, slightly peculiar. On he went, through narrow lanes and winding passages, in which my feet came into continual contact with the walls. So narrow were they, that the sky above was often but a slender streak of dark, liquid blue, in which a stray star was calmly shining; so narrow, that often too, the delicately carved latticed Arabian night balconies, jutting out on either side, hid the sky and the stars altogether, and made the passage beneath completely dark. Once, I remember, we came to a sort of little “Place,” crossing which I breathed more freely. Here, too, were the tall, dark houses and the mysterious balconies, and strange dusky shadows were lying about. A white-veiled woman was gliding across it in a ghostly fashion. But above, in the deep, distant sky, there was a moon, and such a moon! So serenely, beautifully

bright, and shining down upon the little Place with such a glorious tranquil light, that it quieted my nerves all at once, and made me feel myself again. Our wanderings were moreover nearly concluded now, and presently Ali and the donkey came to a standstill.

"This is my home," he announced laconically, taking me in his arms, the Eastern fashion of dismounting one, and placing me upon my feet in front of a very low archway, behind which pitch darkness, and nothing else, was visible. But something was audible—sounds which frightened me more reasonably than the imaginary terrors of a few minutes ago—the loud barking of a crew, of the inevitable hateful, ugly curs, which are the veritable plague of all Eastern cities, and my especial aversion and terror.

It required all Ali's persuasive powers to reassure me, and to induce me to follow him into the somber regions whence the barks, or rather yells, proceeded; but at last, to make a long story short, I plucked up my courage, and, keeping close at his heels, I soon found that I had safely crossed a sort of court-yard, and that I was climbing up the very steep and rickety staircase which led to his "home." What a strange, dark place it was! How mysterious and still seemed the dim, lofty rooms, across which the lantern, which Ali had lit a few moments ago, threw all sorts of odd, shimmering glances. In the half light, it seemed to be quite a palatial abode. We passed through at least two lofty good-sized apartments before reaching the one in which Ali, with the gesture of a king, and with a courteous dignity which made me blush for my recent ridiculous fit of suspicion and distrust, pointed to the divan and requested me to be seated. It was easy to see that my friend was lord and master of his kingdom, and his coming seemed all at once to rouse it out of the sort of magic slumber in which it had been plunged. Doors opened and shut again. The shuffling of pattens made itself heard. There was a general waking up, and presently his womankind began to appear—slaves, servants, relations, children—what not? In these Eastern households it is as well not to inquire too closely into particulars, nor to attempt to fathom the mysterious depths of a Moslem's harem. Soon a faint ray of light began to dawn upon me. At all events, whatever

or whoever they were, they were not all Ali's. My friend was one of several brothers, who kept house together, and the consequence was this numerous female congregation, over which his mother reigned as queen. A hideous, disagreeable old queen she was too. I disliked her from the very first, and looking at her wrinkled, malignant, hard face, I fancied that I could fully sympathize with the wrongs and woes of the luckless Fatimeh.

"But Nafsoosa?" I inquired presently, when I had done my best to acknowledge the numerous salaams and greetings which I received from all sides, and I had become somewhat accustomed to the eager gaping and staring to which I was of course subjected. "Surely Nafsoosa is not one of these?" There were one or two tolerably pretty faces among them. But, not even the *kohl* which darkened their eyes, nor the paint which colored their cheeks, nor the gleaming whiteness of their teeth—which I believe was genuine—gave them the remotest claims to beauty. As to the rest, they were unmitigatedly ugly and awkward in their tasteless, clumsy clothes, and with their grinning, vacant smiles. "Surely Nafsoosa could not be one of these?" Ali, seated by my side on the divan—all the women, not even excepting his mother, standing in various ungraceful attitudes before us—smiled a quiet, superior sort of smile, at my question. "No, certainly. Nafsoosa was not one of these. She had been sleeping probably, and was now dressing herself. She would come in a minute."

She was coming even then; had indeed come—noiselessly, like an apparition—and was standing, white and still, in the midst of that chattering, grinning, untaking group of women. It was as if a pure white lily had suddenly sprung up in the midst of a gaudy, vulgar flower-bed. Perhaps Nafsoosa, roused abruptly from her slumbers, (Eastern women sleep, from want of any thing else to do, at all times and hours,) had not had time to deck herself, and had therefore, at the summons of her lord, hastily concealed deficiencies by wrapping herself up in the white linen garment, called *cezar*, which is the female out-of-door *toilette* in the East. At all events, from whatever cause, she wore it now. The effect of the contrast was delightful. The *cezar* was not put on after the usual hideous and ungainly fashion, which converts

its wearer into a shapeless, waddling bundle, but was carelessly thrown over the shoulders, leaving the head and neck uncovered, and if the girl had studied her appearance for a week, she could not in the end have selected a more becoming or striking costume. How beautiful she was! with those lustrous, wistful eyes, and that soft, entirely colorless skin, and that profusion of rich, dark hair; and when she smiled, as she was now smiling at me, a shy, surprised smile, so unlike the bold, gaping smiles of the other women, I felt my heart jump into my mouth, and thought that in all my life I had never seen any thing half so pretty.

And so I enthusiastically informed her husband, who received my compliments with true Eastern phlegm; and I could see well enough that he was proud and delighted, for, with an air of condescension, he rose from the divan and went over to his young wife, and pulled her hair, and, I suppose, repeated my words; for the girl blushed a little, and laughed a little, and presently, at my urgent request, Ali induced her to seat herself beside me, and to make friends—no very easy undertaking, considering my limited stock of Arabic.

However, we got along famously. Nafsoosa seemed to like me, and she was quick and intelligent, and she managed to understand most of what I tried to say to her. Before long I remembered Ali's boast of the diamonds and pearls, and, for the sake of conversation, I alluded to it. The other women were bedizened with trinkets, but Nafsoosa was unadorned, save for a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets which peeped slyly out from the folds of her white drapery. I regretted my inquiry the moment it was made, for Ali's face suddenly darkened, and he spoke to her roughly. "Why was she not properly dressed?" he asked; "and where were her ear-rings, and her brooches, and her rings?" And then he appealed to his mother; and so far as I could gather, Nafsoosa got a good scolding from both of them, for the untimely simplicity of her costume. It was in vain that I did my best to repair my mistake, and declared that I liked Nafsoosa best as she was, without ornament; and that jewels could add nothing to her beauty. All in vain. The poor girl was carried off like a child in disgrace by her mother-in-law, who chattered vehemently all the while, and Ali resuming

his seat, and calmly sipping a cup of the delicious coffee with which I had already been regaled, informed me that he had sent her to dress herself.

"She has got lazy of late," he said; "and she does not care about dressing and making herself beautiful. But she must, I tell her; and she must do it," he concluded with one of his emphatic looks.

Silently, because I felt a sudden aversion to the tyrant, and did not care to pursue the conversation, I awaited her return. Not for long. Presently she came back, tricked out with the famous ear-rings—tolerably good diamonds—and with a brooch awkwardly stuck in her hair, and another fastening her dress, and with a chain round her neck, and a few cheap rings on her fingers. All the other women burst into loud mockery and gayety, and clapped their hands, as the old hag, with a triumphant air, led the girl back to us adorned, shrinking and captive. But I did not laugh; nor would I give more than a passing glance at the jewels, to which Ali proudly called my attention, exhibiting his wife as he might have exhibited a favorite horse or dog. For my part I could only look at Nafsoosa's face and into her deep pathetic eyes, and marvel and puzzle over the great wild sadness which I suddenly saw there.

And so Ali Achmet introduced me to his young wife, and initiated me into the mysteries of his harem; and then, all at once, dropping the grand courtesy of a host, and relapsing into the obliging obsequious Ali of my acquaintance, brought me safely home, in good time for dinner. Heaven knows that I was glad enough to get back to the pleasant, well-lit, gay hotel, away from Nafsoosa's dim, quiet home, and Nafsoosa's piteous, haunting eyes. They haunted me all that night and the next day, and the next night, too—haunted me so vividly, and to such a purpose, that before many days had passed, I awoke one morning with an irresistible longing at my heart to see the girl once more. No reason why I should not. Ali, when I told him of my wish, looked the least possible shade surprised, it is true, but professed himself delighted and honored: and so I paid another visit to his "home," and not one only, but several. I grew fond of Nafsoosa, and she liked me. She interested me strangely, winding herself in some mysterious fashion round and round my heart

—drawing me to her as to a magnet—and when one day she suddenly told me, what indeed I had guessed from the very first, that she was miserably, wretchedly unhappy, so unhappy that she longed to die, I took her in my arms and kissed her, as though she were my sister. Perhaps it was this that won her heart. Poor girl! I would have done any thing I could for her. But what could I do, save listen, and make frantic efforts to progress in Arabic, so as to be able to listen to some purpose, and to speak to the unfortunate girl a few words of the warning and advice which she so badly needed.

"But Nafsoosa, it is wrong, dreadfully wrong, for a married woman to love any man but her husband," I said to her, when she had told me all about Hassan's dark, sweet eyes, and his gentleness, and his bravery, and his goodness, and how they had loved one another from childhood, and how they would continue to love one another so long as life lasted. But the girl only shook her head and smiled drearily at my meek little sermon.

"Of course it was wrong," she said, "she knew that, and she was a lost, wicked woman, and," here she shuddered and grew pale, "Ali would kill her if he knew it." And I very soon discovered that a slavish terror of her husband's jealousy and vengeance was poor Nafsoosa's standard of right and wrong.

"But how did you come to marry Ali," I inquired, "if you loved Hassan all the time?"

She laughed at my simplicity and ignorance. After the barbarous fashion of these countries, she, a girl of fifteen, had been made a wife without being asked or consulted, or even having ever seen her husband's face.

"But Ali is fond of you and good to you, is he not?" I inquired softly, when I had thought a little over her sad story.

Her face darkened, and there came another piteous outburst. Her husband's love was that of a tyrant for his slave. He was proud of her beauty, because it belonged to him. It was his pleasure, as it is the pleasure and custom of all Arabs, to invest his money as quickly as it was gained, in jewels and trinkets, with which to deck her. He caressed and petted her, much as a tiger might caress and pet a trembling white rabbit, which happened to be his plaything for the moment, and she

—she loathed and shrank from this hated affection, and lived in abject, slavish submission to his authority.

It was a terrible business. Soon she had told me all, the little all there was to tell. It was but a slender, pitiful little romance, and its incidents were tiny ones, such as would seem very flat and insignificant to the free-born strong-minded heroines of romance at home. But insignificant as they were, they were every thing to Nafsoosa—all-important, all-engrossing. A furtive glance, a hasty pressure of the hand, a loving word whispered into her ear, the gift of a flower now and then—this was the weak food upon which her guilty love so passionately lived; these were the great stirring events of her life. Once a week Nafsoosa went to the bath; now and then on a shopping expedition to the bazaars, and always with her face closely veiled, and under the watchful protection of her mother-in-law. These, and these only, were the lovers' opportunities.

"Then Hassan never comes here?" I inquired.

"Here!" Nafsoosa laughed at my ignorance, or rather, incredulity in what I had often heard, of the rigor with which a Moslem guards his harem. "No man ever does," she said. "It would cost him his life." And with blanched lips close to my ear, for the other women were constantly passing to and fro, and privacy was totally unattainable in this crowded establishment, she related to me how, a month or two ago, some trifle had aroused her mother-in-law's suspicion, which had been at once imparted to her son, and how Ali had come to her, and had sworn a terrible oath, that if ever he discovered her to be guilty of a fault, the vengeance he would take would be sure and terrible. "For myself I would not care much," she said recklessly. "The pain would be short and quickly over. But for Hassan, my Hassan!" and she shuddered and clasped her hands with a despairing gesture.

"Your Hassan!" I repeated, reproachfully. And then I asked her what had been the beginning of this unfortunate love, and how it had come to pass that, strictly guarded as Moslem women are, she had yet managed to know and to love a man.

With eyes softly lit with happy memories, Nafsoosa told me of her childhood, when her mother and Hassan's had been

close friends, and their children had played together. If the old people had but lived, all would have been well, she said, for, even in those days, she and Hassan had been called husband and wife, and plans had been made that, in due season, they should marry. But, after a while, both Nafsoosa's parents died, and Ali's father, who was a distant relation, had become her guardian.

The law gave him a right to marry her, but he, being an old man, had transferred this right to his son, who, inflamed by the accounts he heard of her wonderful beauty, had refused to relinquish his claims. "If Hassan had been rich, and had been able to offer a good price for me," Nafsoosa concluded, a little scornfully, "Ali would probably have given me to him, for he loves money; but Hassan is poor, and could give little but his love."

That was all. Poor, poor child! I had not it in me to chide her—hardly even to think her sinful and guilty, now that I knew all.

And had she no confidante, no consoler? I inquired, with wondering pity. No safe friend with whom to share her dreadful secret?

Then, for the first time, Nafsoosa burst into tears. Before, all had been excitement and smoldering passion, and resentment and rebellion; but now, I had unwittingly touched another and a softer chord, and had awakened the memory of a gentler and more heart-piercing grief. She had had a sister, a twin-sister, who had known all. While she lived, life was endurable, for they loved one another passionately. But, three months ago, she and her baby had died, and Nafsoosa was alone.

"And can none of these other women help you?" I asked presently, when her piteous sobs had somewhat subsided, and her tears were flowing more gently.

The girl shook her head wearily and sadly. Yet some of them looked good-natured and kindly, and the sight of Nafsoosa's tears seemed to distress and concern them.

"They would talk," she whispered, with a frightened glance. And, observing their vacant, silly faces, and the ceaseless, giddy chatter which they kept up, I could not feel surprised at her reserve and caution.

Just then, Ali's mother appeared, and I rose to depart. The old dame liked neither me nor my visits, and I could very

well see that she looked with distrust upon my friendship for her daughter-in-law. But I did not care a rush for her disfavor, feeling perfectly sure that, so long as Ali found it profitable to remain in our service, not one of his household would venture to show the English *Sitt* the smallest sign of discourtesy. And so, though, upon that occasion, the old lady's coming was the signal for my departure, I often returned again, generally seizing the opportunities when I knew that Ali's engagements with one or another of our party secured his absence from home.

One day, a little while after this, I chanced to meet Nafsoosa in the bazaar. My companions and myself were spending an idle hour in poking about and making purchases, and I, wearied of one of the inevitable and interminable bargaining-wranglings, which are an indispensable part of the business of buying and selling in these countries, had wandered a little apart, into a quiet, dim place, where a few cross-legged, gray-bearded merchants held stately watch over their stalls.

At the further end two women were engaged in a loud altercation over a pair of slippers with a picturesque and venerable gentleman, whose superb appearance would have led one to suppose him quite superior to the weakness of wishing to drive a good bargain. At least, one of the women was fighting valiantly for the slippers; the other was standing by listlessly, apparently a mere spectator of the dispute. To my amazement, she all at once rushed to meet me, and seized my hand. It was Nafsoosa, but Nafsoosa enveloped from head to foot in her white *eezar*; and with such a thick, impenetrable *yashmah*, that she was quite unrecognizable. Her mother-in-law, who was her companion, was as closely veiled as herself. The charms of sixteen and sixty required, it seemed, the same protection. While the old lady was wrangling over her slippers, Nafsoosa and I enjoyed a quiet little chat. Only for a few minutes, however. Suddenly I felt the girl's hand, which I held in mine, tremble, and she plucked it away brusquely. "It is he—Hassan!" she whispered, in a choked voice, and with a quick, sudden movement she changed her position, so as to place my figure between her own and that of her mother-in-law, whose attention was still, luckily absorbed by the obstinacy of the slipper merchant. I looked around. A fine, handsome

young man, in chocolate-colored petticoat trousers, and an embroidered jacket, was slowly, and with an air of studied unconcern, approaching us. When he was quite close to Nafsoosa, after a cautious glance towards her mother-in-law, he paused. I saw their hands meet in a convulsive clasp. I saw more—that which, if the eyes of any of the cross-legged, solemn sons of the Prophet had seen from their stalls, would probably have then and there exposed Nafsoosa to the direct consequences. I saw her, quick as lightning, raise her hand, and draw aside her veil for an instant, showing him her white, beautiful face, and smiling upon him the saddest and sweetest smile that ever made a man's heart beat.

Lucky Hassan! It was all very wrong and dreadful, and I, a mere spectator, felt, somehow, horribly guilty myself; but all the same, I could not, for the life of me, help liking the young man on the spot. He looked so much in earnest and so grateful, and—rare sign of emotion in an Eastern—he actually colored violently; and he really was extremely handsome, and his refined, thoughtful face betrayed no symptom of conceit or vanity, but only deep, passionate, eager affection. It was all over in a minute; indeed so quickly over, that none but a close observer could have detected the lovers' little pantomime; and then the young man, having given me a courteous salutation, passed on his way, and had in another instant disappeared.

"Hassan knows you. I have told him about you," Nafsoosa explained to me, after a minute or two of breathless silence. And I knew by the altered tone of her voice, that a ray of sunshine which would gladden her life for some time to come had stolen into the girl's heart, and was making sweet melody there.

It chanced that soon after this little adventure I caught a cold which kept me a prisoner at home, and thus a longer time than usual elapsed without my having seen Nafsoosa. When I did next see her a change seemed to have taken place in her which frightened me. She was looking ill—wretchedly ill—and there was a recklessness in her manner and a despair in her eye, which told me clearer than words could tell, that the yoke was becoming too galling and difficult to bear. Her husband too had altered. Ali had grown silent and morose. Now he never jested nor

smiled, and his glistening, snake-like eyes were generally moodily bent upon the ground. Now and then, however, I caught them fixed upon me with a dark look of suspicion, which, whenever I perceived it, used to make my heart jump into my mouth, and my thoughts fly with cruel anxiety to his wife. Once, as indifferently and innocently as I could, I ventured to ask him what the cause of his unwonted gravity was—whether he was ill, or in trouble, or unhappy. But I was repulsed with such a short answer that I understood at once that no further confidences were to be made me about his domestic concerns, and that the dark grief over which he was brooding was too sacred and terrible to be approached.

The end of my story is coming now; and the end is such a sad one that I must hurry over it as quickly as possible. It was about six weeks since the evening that I had paid my first and memorable visit to Ali's house. We were soon to leave Cairo, and we had, during the last days of our stay, made a little expedition to see the Pyramids of Sakkara. Ali accompanied us as usual, for though, by this time, I had grown both to dislike and fear him, for the sake of keeping up my intercourse with his wife to the last, I was careful to conceal my sentiments, and to retain him in our service. We were to have been two nights absent, but on the second day one of our party got ill, which obliged us to alter our plans and return at once to Cairo. It was late when we reached the hotel, and I remember the pale smile with which Ali listened to me, as, when I bade him good-night, I promised to go to see Nafsoosa on the following day—resolved in my heart to make the girl a final entreaty to submit to her fate, hard as it was, and to implore of her, if, from no other motive than the dread of her husband's vengeance, to be faithful to him to the last. Ali heard my promise with cold politeness. A little while ago, he would have expressed himself delighted, and would have bidden me a glad welcome. But times had changed now, and I could see that jealousy had awakened distrust even of me, and that he now repented of the foolish indiscretion he had been guilty of, in allowing a "dog of a Christian" to penetrate into the privacy of his harem. That night I could not sleep. The slow hours went wearily by, and I counted them all. At last, when it was

broad daylight, I fell into a disturbed slumber, which was worse than wakefulness, for it was haunted by a wretched dream. What it was I could not at once recall, but I awoke screaming, and frightened out of my life. To sleep again was of course impossible, and I was soon up and dressed. It was early still, but I longed for a breath of fresh air, and I resolved to go out and get it. It was not till I found myself out of the house, inhaling the delicious morning air, and looking with delight at the beautiful sky, still tinged with countless delicate dawn colors, that I all at once remembered that I had dreamt of Nafsoosa. It was one of those rare moments in one's life when the perfect loveliness of heaven and earth brings home to one's heart a sudden, swift conviction that existence is a blessed thing. Yet in the midst of it, like a dark, chill shadow, the memory of my dream crept across the brightness and extinguished it. I hurried on my way. Instinctively, and half unconsciously, I had taken the now very familiar direction of Ali's house. It was a tolerably long walk, but I had soon accomplished it, and was in the dusky courtyard from which, on the first evening of my coming, the dogs had barked such an uncereimonious welcome. Now they were quiet enough. Every thing was still, strangely still—for, early as it was, there were a few people about—dark Moslems, with grave, stern faces, and, here and there, a woman rocking herself to and fro, beneath her white *eesar*, and uttering harsh, wailing sounds. At once I knew that something had happened. What it was I could not summon courage to inquire. My appearance was well known in the place by this time, and I was allowed, without question, or comment, to climb the dark, steep staircase. The door at the top of it was half open—an unusual circumstance in a Moslem house. I entered. In the first room there was a small group of turbaned heads and petticoated figures, speaking in subdued tones. One of them approached me as I went by. I believe that it was Ali's brother; but I hardly saw him or heard the words which he addressed to me. The next door was closed. It was that of the women's apartment, and, after a little pause, it was opened for me, and when I passed through quickly closed be-

hind me. I made one step forward, calling Nafsoosa. Then I paused, motionless. Nafsoosa was there, close to me, on the low divan at my feet. But she never stirred when I called her. Oh, God! she was dead—dead! her white face whiter than I had ever seen it before, her wistful smile smiling up at me more wistfully than it had ever done, and—but I turned away, and could look no more. I had seen a spot of dark crimson blood upon her dress.

Not then, but afterwards, I heard the particulars. As he had threatened, Ali's vengeance had been swift and sure. Nafsoosa's young life had been cut off quickly, too quickly, please God, for much pain. It appeared that of late his wife's rebelliousness and open unhappiness had increased the suspicion that he had, for a long time, secretly harbored. Hassan, counting upon his absence with us, had chosen the previous evening to make an attempt to carry off Nafsoosa. But for Ali's unexpected return, he might possibly have succeeded; but, as it was, Ali was behind him, dogging his footsteps, when, at the appointed hour, eight o'clock, he was waiting for Nafsoosa's coming. She came, poor girl, she came. But, if her lover was waiting for her, so also was her husband, armed with a sharp weapon with which he had sworn to revenge himself. Nafsoosa had fallen at his feet without a struggle; but Hassan and he had had a terrible one. Fortunately, interference had come in time to prevent a second death, and both the combatants were secured. Ali's punishment was slight—almost, indeed, nominal. In the East, a wife's infidelity is the justification of any crime; and I believe that he very soon consoled himself with another one. As to Hassan, I heard afterwards that he had disappeared from Cairo, and that even his friends knew nothing of him. Some said that he had committed suicide; others, that, to expiate his sin, he had undertaken a pilgrimage to Mecca; others, that he had lost his reason, and had wandered away purposely to distant countries. I could never discover the truth. Time has passed—all the actors in the little tragedy have faded in the dim past; but Nafsoosa's memory ever remains vivid and clear, and her sad, beautiful eyes haunt me still.

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A VOYAGE TO THE SUN.

[ALTHOUGH the following narrative is related in the first person, it is not to be understood that the account was actually written by a voyager. The writer of these introductory lines does not deem it desirable to particularize the manner in which this account has reached him. For the present, at least, he prefers to leave the reader to guess whether (like Cardan) the voyager who is responsible for the principal facts, saw, in a vision, what is here described; or whether, "the interiors of the spirit" were "opened in him," as chanced to Swedenborg, so that he could "converse with spirits, not only those near our earth, but with those also who are near other orbs;" or whether, like the author of the "*Neue Reisen in den Mond, in die Sonne, etc.*," he obtained his information through the agency of *clairvoyance*; or, lastly, whether spiritualistic communications from departed astronomers are here in question. According to the ideas which the readers of these lines may severally entertain respecting the manner in which such facts as are here described may have come to our knowledge, they will doubtless decide for themselves among these explanations, and others which may, for aught we know, be available. Nay, there may even be some who may be disposed to regard the whole of what follows as a mere effort of imagination. For our own part we must be content to present, without comment or explanation, the information which has reached us; there are, indeed, some circumstances in the account which we could not explain if we would. It will be noticed that from time to time the narrator refers to explanatory communications having reference to the real nature of the voyage. These communications belong to the details which we do not desire to enter upon at present.]

Our voyage commenced shortly before noon on January 9, of the year 1872. As we started from the central part of London—or, to be more particular, from the rooms of the Astronomical Society in Somerset House—our course was directed, in the first instance, towards a part of the sky lying southwards, and some sixteen degrees above the horizon. From what I have already told you, you will

understand that the earth's attraction did not in the least interfere with our progress. But atmospheric resistance was not altogether so imperceptible; and from time to time, notwithstanding our familiarity with all the astronomical details of our journey—and X.'s special mastery of the laws to which we were to trust—we found considerable inconvenience from the loaded state of the lower atmospheric strata. Although we were no longer subject to any physical inconveniences, (indeed, our enterprise would otherwise have been impracticable,) and although our powers of perception were greatly enhanced, yet the very circumstances which enabled us to exercise powers corresponding to those of the common senses, rendered the veil of mist and fog which surrounded us on all sides, as impenetrable to our vision (to use this word for want of a better) as to the eyesight of the Londoner.

Presently, however, we rose into a purer atmosphere. The sun—the end and aim of our journey—was seen in a clear sky, while below us the vast mass of cloud and fog which hung over London appeared like a wide sea, shining brilliantly under the sun's rays, and effectually concealing the great city from our view.

Our flight was now very rapid, and each moment becoming more so, as we reached rarer and rarer regions of the upper air. We noticed that the noise and hubbub of London seemed rapidly to subside into what appeared to us at the time as almost perfect stillness. And in passing I may confirm what Glaisher has said respecting the voices which are heard to the greatest distance. For the shrill tones of women and children were heard from time to time, when the loudest tones of the male voice were altogether beyond our hearing. The sounds which we heard latest of all, however, were the occasional shrieks of railway-whistles, and (quite unexpectedly) a peculiarly shrill note produced by the beating of the sea-waves on the shore, which I do not remember to have observed under other circumstances. We noticed this as our onward course carried us past (though far above) the waters of the British Channel.

I forbear to speak of the aspect present-

ed by the earth as our distance gradually increased; though, for my own part, my attention (at this part of our progress) was directed far more closely to the planet we were leaving than to the orb which we proposed to visit. X., on the other hand, absorbed (as you will readily believe) in the anticipation of the revelations about to be made respecting the sun, directed his sole attention to the contemplation of that luminary. Y., who accompanied us, (as I have already informed you,) rather *en amateur* than because of any profound interest which he takes in scientific investigations, appeared to be too much perplexed by the unexpected appearance of all the objects now in view to attend to any special features of the scene. He was in particular surprised at the rapidly increasing darkness of the sky in all directions, except where the sun's intense lustre still lit up a small circle of air all round his orb. Long before we had reached the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere the stars began to shine at least as brilliantly as in ordinary moonlight; and when certain signs recognized by X. showed that we were very near the limits of the air, the stars were shining as splendidly all around as on the darkest and clearest night. At this time X. asked us to turn our attention to those parts of the sky which were most remote from the sun, in order that when we were actually beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, we might see at once the full glory of a scene which he had been contemplating for some time with unutterable wonder. I am, therefore, unable from my own experience to describe how the effects of atmospheric illumination in concealing the real splendor of the regions closely surrounding the sun had gradually diminished as we rose into rarer and yet rarer strata.

But while we were preparing for the surprise which X. had promised, a surprise of another kind awaited all of us. It had become clear that although the tenuity of the air through which we were now passing was almost infinitely greater than the gaseous rarity produced in any experimental researches undertaken by men, we were yet approaching a definite boundary of the terrestrial atmosphere. None of us were prepared for the effects which were produced when that boundary was crossed. On a sudden the darkness of the heavens all-round us increased a myriadfold,

insomuch that the darkness of the blackest night seemed like midday by comparison. Yet I speak here only of the blackness of the background on which the stars were shown; for the light of the stars as suddenly increased in an equal degree, while thousands of thousands of stars not before seen in a moment leapt into view, (I can use no other expression.) The familiar constellations were there, but they seemed lost in the splendor of a thousand more wonderful constellations hitherto unrevealed, except ("as through a glass and darkly") to the telescopic. Each star of all these unnumbered thousands shone with its proper splendor, and yet each, as respects size, seemed to be the merest point of light. It would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the amazing beauty of the spectacle thus presented, or the infinite complexity of structure seen amidst the star-depths. We stayed for a while entranced by the sublime picture suddenly disclosed to us; and it was with difficulty that X. (even more enthusiastic, you remember, as a student of the stars than as one of our modern sun-worshippers) could be withdrawn from the contemplation of the wonderful display.

One other circumstance I must mention before describing the scene which we witnessed when the sun and sun-surrounding regions became the object of our study. I have spoken above of the silence which prevailed around us after we had reached a certain height above the earth. To our infinite amazement, we found, as we passed the limit of the atmosphere, that what we had regarded as silence—nay, as an almost oppressive silence—was only silence by comparison with the noise and tumult lower down. A sudden change from the uproar of the fiercest battle to the stillness of the desert could not surpass in its effects the change which we experienced as we passed through the impalpable boundary of the earth's atmospheric envelope. What had seemed to us like an oppressive silence appeared now by contrast, as the roar of a storm-beaten sea. We experienced for the first time the effects of absolute stillness. It is certain that Pythagoras was right when he spoke of the tumult which, in reality, surrounds us, though,

Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we can not hear it.

Yet, as to the harmony of the spheres, he

was mistaken; for, even when the unnoticed but ever present mundane noises suddenly ceased, as we passed the limit of the earth's airy vesture, no sound betrayed the swift rush of the planets on their course around the sun. We were still close to the earth, the desert of Sahara lying now vertically beneath us at a distance of rather more than 500 miles, yet her onward rush at the rate of more than eighteen miles per second produced no sound which could be perceived, even amid the intense silence—the *black* silence, as X. called it—of interplanetary space.

And now, how shall I fitly describe the scene which was revealed to us as we directed our attention towards the sun. He was scarcely nearer to us—at least, not perceptibly nearer—than as commonly seen, and yet his aspect was altogether new. His orb was more brilliantly white than it appears when seen through the air, but a close scrutiny revealed a diminution of brilliancy towards the edge of his disk, which, when fully recognized, presented him at once as the globe he really is. On this globe we could already distinguish the spots and those bright streaks which astronomers call *facule*. But it was not the aspect of his globe which attracted our wondering attention. We saw that globe surrounded with the most amazingly complex halo of glory. Close around the bright whiteness of the disk—and shining far more beautiful, by contrast with that whiteness, than as seen against the black disk of the moon in total eclipses—stood the colored region called the chromosphere; *not red*, as we had expected to see it, but gleaming with a mixed lustre of pink and green, through which, from time to time, passed the most startlingly brilliant coruscations of orange and golden yellow light. Above this delicate circle of color towered three tall prominences and upwards of thirty smaller ones. These, like the chromosphere, were not red, but beautifully variegated. We observed, however, that in parts of the prominences colors appeared which were not seen in the chromosphere—more particularly certain blue and purple points of light, which were charmingly contrasted with the orange and yellow flashes continually passing along the whole length of even the loftiest of these amazing objects. It was, however, worthy of notice that the prominences round different parts of the sun's orb pre-

sented very different appearances; for those near the sun's equatorial zone and opposite his polar regions differed very little in their color and degree of light from the chromosphere. They also presented shapes reminding us rather of clouds moving in a perturbed atmosphere, than of those tremendous processes of disturbance which astronomers have lately shown to be in progress in the sun. But opposite the spot zones, which were already unmistakably recognizable, the prominences presented a totally different appearance. They resembled jets of molten matter, intensely bright, and seemingly moving with immense velocity. One or two formed and vanished with amazing rapidity, as when in terrestrial conflagrations a flame leaps suddenly to a great height and presently disappears. Indeed, the whole extent of the two spot zones, so far as we could judge from our view of the region outside the bright solar disk, seemed to be in a state of intense electrical disturbance, since the illumination of the solar atmosphere above and around these zones appeared not only brighter than elsewhere, but was here subject also to continual changes of brightness. These changes, viewed from our great distance, did not, indeed, seem very rapid, yet, remembering the real vastness of the atmospheric regions, it was impossible not to recognize the fact that they implied the most intense activity in the solar regions beneath.

It was clear, even at the great distance at which we still were, that the solar atmosphere extends far above the loftiest of the colored prominences. We could not yet distinguish the actual boundary of the atmosphere, though we entertained little question, after what we had discovered in the case of the earth's atmosphere, that a real boundary exists to the gaseous envelope surrounding the sun. But we could perceive that a brightly luminous envelope extended to about twice the height of any prominence visible at the moment, and that the solar atmosphere extends and remains luminous to a far greater height than this more brilliant region. But the most amazing circumstance of all was this, that above even the faintest signs of an atmosphere, as well as through and amidst both the inner bright envelope and the fainter light surrounding it, there were the most complex sprays and streams and filaments of whitish light, here appearing as

streamers, elsewhere as a network of bright streaks, and yet elsewhere clustered into aggregations, which I can compare to nothing so fitly (though the comparison may seem commonplace) as to hanks of glittering thread. All these streaks and sprays of light appeared to be perfectly white, and they only differed among themselves in this respect, that, whereas some appeared like fine streaks of a uniform silvery lustre, others seemed to shine with a curdled light. The faint light outside the glowing atmosphere surrounding the prominences was also whitish; but the glowing atmosphere itself shone with a light resembling that of the chromosphere, only not so brilliant. The pink and green lustre—continually shifting, as it appeared to us, so that a region which had appeared pink at one time, would shine a short time after with a greenish light—caused us to compare the appearance of this bright region to that of mother-of-pearl. I suppose that, at a moderate computation, this glowing envelope must extend to a height of about a quarter of a million of miles from the sun; while from where we were we could trace the fainter light of the surrounding atmosphere to a distance of about half a million miles from the sun's surface. As for the white streaks and streamers, they were too irregularly spread and too complicated in their structure for us to form a clear opinion as to their extension. Moreover, it was obvious that their real extension was greater than we could at present perceive, for they gradually became less and less distinct at a greater and greater distance from the sun, and finally became imperceptible, though obviously extending farther than we could trace them.

We had passed more than two million miles beyond the moon's orbit—our progress being now exceedingly rapid—when we encountered a meteor-stream, which appeared to be of great extent. We had already noticed the passage past us of many single meteors, which seemed to cross our path in all directions. But the members of the meteor-system now encountered were all traveling nearly in the same direction, coming from below (if we may so describe the portion of space lying south of the general level in which the planets travel) slantingly upwards, and nearing the sun, though not on a course which would carry them within several

millions of miles of his globe. This meteor-system is not one of those which our earth encounters; nor could X.—who, as you know, has closely studied the subject—recall the path of any comet which travels along the course which the meteors of this system were pursuing.

We paused to study, with not a little interest, a system which belongs to a class of cosmical objects playing, as would appear, a most important part in the economy of the universe. The members of this meteor family were small—few of them exceeding a few inches in diameter—and separated by relatively enormous distances. Except in the case of a few sets of two or three or more of these bodies, which evidently formed subordinate schemes, I could not perceive any instances in which any meteor was separated by less than a hundred miles from the nearest of its fellows, insomuch that it was impossible for us to perceive more than a very few of these objects at a time. More commonly, indeed, two or three thousand miles separated each meteor from its immediate neighbors. Yet the actual number of the bodies forming this system must be enormous, for we found that the system extended in the direction in which we were traveling for no less than a million and a half of miles, and its longitudinal extension—that is, its extension measured along the orbit of the system—must be far more enormous, even if the system does not form a closed ring, as in other cases known to terrestrial astronomers. It is, however, somewhat unlikely that this can be the case; for we observed that the meteors were traveling at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second, which implies (so, at least X. asserted) that the path of these meteors is a very eccentric one, extending farther into space than the paths of the most distant known members of the solar system.

Most of the meteors were rounded, though few were perfectly globular; some, however, appeared to be quite irregular in shape. We were interested (and Y. was not a little amused) to observe that most of the meteors were rotating, as steadily as though they were of planetary importance: the sets of meteors, also, which I have already referred to, were circling round each other with exemplary gravity. A strange circumstance, truly, that those peculiarities of planetary motion, which we are accustomed to associate with the existence of

living creatures (whose requirements these movements so importantly subserve) should thus be simulated by the minute orbs which wander to all appearance uselessly through space!

After passing this interesting region, and traveling more than three million miles further on our course towards the sun, we noticed for the first time that a change had passed over the appearance of the sun's atmosphere and the surrounding regions. The radial streamers respecting which astronomers have so long been in doubt had come into view in the most unmistakable manner. We could trace them from the very border of the sun's globe; across the inner glowing atmosphere as well as the outer and more faintly illuminated region; and beyond that region to distances which we judge to vary from some seven or eight millions of miles opposite the solar spot zones to about two millions and a half opposite the polar and equatorial regions of his globe. Yet it must not be inferred that the radiated glory now visible round the sun was, strictly speaking, four-cornered. There was a general tendency to the four-cornered or trapezoidal form, but the apparent figure of the light was gapped and striated in an irregular manner, suggesting that the real shape of the portion of space through which these radial gleams extended was far from simple. We could not trace any actual outline of the coronal glory; so far as we could judge, it merged itself gradually into a faintly illuminated background of light, which, as we could now perceive, surrounded the sun to a vast distance on all sides, but with an obviously increased extension opposite the sun's equatorial regions.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, in the radial aspect now presented by the outer corona, was the fact that it had undoubtedly not been so well marked—even if it had existed at all—only a short time before. There could, indeed, be no mistake about the matter; some strange process of change had taken place whereby the coronal region had become thus marvelously striated. The same process of change had caused all parts of the solar atmosphere, excepting only the chromosphere, to glow more resplendently. But the streaks and sprays of faint white light remained unchanged, as well in shape as in lustre and color. They appeared now by contrast somewhat fainter than they had

been; and, of course, owing to our having drawn nearer to them, they appeared somewhat larger: but we agreed that, in reality, no appreciable change whatever had affected these mysterious objects.

As it seemed not unlikely that we should shortly witness farther changes in the radiated glory, which we could not but regard as probably auroral in its nature, it appeared desirable to X. that we should endeavor to time the continuance of the aspect now presented. A sufficiently accurate measurement of time seemed likely to be obtained by noting the moon's motion. The earth and moon were now far behind us, appearing as two planets of great splendor and close together. The apparent diameter of the earth was about a sixth of that commonly presented by the moon; while the moon, which was approaching the earth (in appearance) from the left, showed a diameter equal to about a fourth of the earth's. Both seemed appreciably "full," that is, shown with full circular disks, the moon seeming to shine with a somewhat fainter degree of luminosity. This was, no doubt, due to the inferior reflective qualities of her surface, or rather, to the superior reflective power of clouds in the earth's atmosphere. For we could distinctly perceive that the middle part of the earth's disk, occupied at the time by the Atlantic Ocean, showed a band of whitish light, north and south of which the ocean presented a purplish color much darker than we should have expected, and certainly not shining with more light than the general surface of the moon. The ice-covered regions round the southern pole could be plainly recognized by the brilliant whiteness of the light they reflected; and all the appearances suggested that this part of the earth is occupied by an ice-covered continent.

Not to digress further, however, I return to the consideration of the method by which X. proposed to time any solar changes. The moon was now, as I have said, very close to the earth in appearance, and slightly below or south of the earth, speaking always with reference to the general level of the paths on which the planets travel—on which level, as I have said, we judged it well to pursue our course. At the moment we could see that the distance separating the moon and earth was equal (in appearance) to about six times the apparent diameter of the earth; and X.'s

long experience enabled him to form an exact estimate on this point. It was only necessary, therefore, to compare this distance with that noted subsequently, as occasion might arise, to form a tolerably exact estimate of the time which should then have elapsed. For it will be understood that, placed as we were, we could quite readily recognize the relatively rapid motions of the moon on her course round the earth. And in passing, I may mention how strange it appeared to us to see the earth, so long known to us as a body to be contrasted with the celestial orbs, now taking her place as a planet among the stars. There, not far from Jupiter, (whom she very much outshone at the time,) among the familiar though now enhanced splendors of the constellation Gemini, shone our earth and her satellite,—a double planet, and next to the sun himself the most beautiful object in the heavens.

During the next ten million miles of our progress we passed the neighborhood of several meteor systems, actually traversing three, whereof two were far more important, so far as we could judge, than the one already described. It was worthy of notice also that the members of all those systems traveled much more swiftly than the meteors formerly seen.

But what appeared to us a most remarkable circumstance was this, that as we drew nearer towards the sun, these meteor systems became more numerous and more important, while we could recognize many objects resembling comets in their general structure, (only they had no tails,) but much smaller, inasmuch that many of them appeared to be only a few hundred miles in diameter. They were in a general sense round, and became more numerous as we proceeded; while in several instances we observed that they appeared in groups. It would seem from this that multitudes of comets, too small to be discerned by any telescopes yet made, exist within the confines of the solar system; but whether these are the remains of larger comets, or have an independent cosmical existence, it is difficult to determine. Before we reached the orbit of Venus (now shining very brilliantly on the left of the sun, and through our own motion passing rapidly from Aquarius to Pisces) these objects began to appear in countless numbers, with obvious signs of an increased condensation in the sun's neighborhood. We could perceive

that for the most part they were followed by flights of meteors, individually minute, but more closely packed (so to speak) than the meteor systems near our own earth. We began to suspect that this unexpected wealth of cosmical matter in the sun's neighborhood, might supply the explanation of those interlacing streaks and sprays and hanks of whitish light to which reference has already been made.

When we were about half way between the paths of Venus and Mercury, we for the first time noticed a diminution in the distinctness of these auroral radiations which had first made their appearance when we were but some six millions of miles from the earth. It seemed as though the glowing streamers were slowly fading from view, in the same way that streamers of an auroral display wane in splendor even as we watch them. In a short time we could no longer distinguish the radiations, the solar atmosphere resuming the appearance it had presented when we first observed it. Unfortunately we were unable to estimate the length of time during which the radiated appearance had continued visible, for we were now much too far from the earth to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount by which the moon had advanced on her course. But although X.'s ingenious plan had thus failed to supply an exact estimate, we could still infer from the aspect of the earth and moon, that some three hours of common time had passed since the radial streamers appeared.

It seems difficult to understand how the phenomenon we had witnessed could be otherwise regarded than as a solar aurora. How the electrical action causing such an aurora is excited, seems open to question; though the facts to be presently described suggest a probable cause. But after what we had now seen, I had myself very little doubt that electricity is the main cause of the phenomenon.

Passing Mercury (some twenty millions of miles on our right as we crossed his orbit) we began to draw so close towards the sun, that many of the features shown by good telescopes could be clearly recognized. His spots already presented a striking appearance; but we were most interested at this stage of our progress by the aspect of the colored prominences and chromosphere. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the fringe of colored light surrounding the intensely white orb of

the sun. The varieties of color mentioned above seemed now to be multiplied fifty-fold. There are no terms by which the beauty of the scene can be described. To say that the sun appeared like a shield of glowing silver set round by myriads of sparkling jewels of all the colors of the rainbow, is as far from the truth as though one should compare the hues of the most brilliant fireworks with the somber tints of autumn foliage.

The glowing inner atmosphere amidst which these prominences displayed their splendors, had now, owing to our near approach, increased very largely in apparent extent. We could distinguish many varieties of color and brightness within its limits, and from time to time radial striations appeared, over the solar spot zones, though they showed but faintly compared with those we had seen earlier, and remained visible but a short time. When they were most clearly seen they could be traced outwards into the less luminous atmosphere, which we could now distinguish to a vast distance from the sun's surface. This outer atmosphere was not irregular, as we might have judged from the earlier appearance of the radiations; for we could now see that those radiations had been wholly within the limits of this exceedingly rare atmosphere. We could trace the envelope to the distance of about eight millions of miles from the sun on all sides; at which distance it appeared to have a definite boundary. But outside, as well as within its limits, the irregular streams and sprays of whitish light could now be seen with greatly enhanced distinctness, and could be traced to a much greater distance from the sun. It had become perfectly obvious to us that these whitish streaks were due to myriads of meteor systems existing in the sun's neighborhood. We had long since observed how much more richly these systems were congregated close by the sun; and the nearer we ourselves approached his orb, the more surprising was the richness of meteoric aggregation. We now encountered, not systems of meteors, but systems of meteor systems; while amidst these systems, and seemingly associated with them, were countless thousands of those relatively minute comets which have been already referred to. That these comets glowed chiefly with their own inherent luster, we could not doubt; but the meteor sys-

tems shine by reflecting the sun's light; and we could already perceive how much more brilliantly they are illuminated than the meteors which pass close by the earth. For the sun presented a disk many times larger than as he appears to the terrestrial astronomer. So that the meteor systems, infinitely more numerous as well as severally richer in the sun's neighborhood, and illuminated many times more brightly, formed a conspicuous but irregular halo around the sun. We could perceive also that as their motions (far more rapid than those of the meteors first encountered) carried groups and clusters of them into the solar atmosphere, they began to glow with inherent light, partly, no doubt, because of the increased heat to which they became exposed, but chiefly, as I judge, because the sun's electrical action was then more freely communicated to them. We can not suppose that atmospheric resistance can have been in question, since even such tenuous bodies as comets pass far nearer to the sun without being appreciably affected by this cause.

It was the sudden access of brilliancy in meteor systems close by us, which gave us the first intimation that we were about to cross the boundary of the solar atmosphere. We were all prepared, as we thought, to experience in some striking manner the effects produced as we passed from the ether of interplanetary space into the sun's atmosphere—infinately rare though it might be at this distance from his surface. But we were in no sense prepared for the surprise which actually awaited us. Of a sudden we passed from absolute silence to an uproar infinitely surpassing the tumult of the fiercest terrestrial storms. We were still some eight millions of miles from the sun, yet the tremendous processes at work within his domain produced the most stupendous reverberations even at that enormous distance, and in an atmosphere rarer than the so-called vacuum of the experimentalist. Nothing in all our progress thus far had given us so startling an insight into the mighty energy of the sun, as this amazing circumstance. Somehow we had always associated the idea of perfect silence with the solar activity; and perhaps it had been on this account that we had hitherto experienced a sense of unreality when considering the mighty processes at work, as telescopic research had shown, in the

solar orb. But now that we could, as it were, hear the working of the mighty machine which governs our scheme of worlds—now that we could feel the pulsations of the great heart of the planetary system—the sense of the sun's amazing vitality was brought home to us, so far at least as so stupendous a reality can be brought home to the feeble conceptions of the human mind.

Amidst a continually increasing uproar, and through an atmosphere so intensely heated that no creature living on the earth could for an instant have endured its fiery breath, we passed onwards to the glowing inner atmosphere, and still onwards to the very limits of the chromosphere—where it seemed fit that our course should be stayed in order that we might contemplate the wonders that surrounded us. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe all that we had witnessed during this last stage of our voyage to the sun; wonders had surpassed wonders, glories that had seemed incredible had become lost in yet more amazing glories, each moment had seemed to bring the climax of splendor, of fierce energy, of inconceivable uproar, and yet at each moment we seemed as though we should forget the wonders we had witnessed in those which were being newly revealed.

We were now within twenty thousand miles of the sun's surface. All round us were waves of flaming hydrogen into which uprose continually vast masses of glowing vapor resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow, if a rainbow can be conceived of intensest fire. Some thirty thousand miles from where we were, a mighty prominence towered aloft to the height of at least seventy thousand miles. We had arrived close by the spot zone, and between us and the prominence the surface of the intensely bright photosphere was tossed into what appeared as the immense waves of a white-hot sea. We could perceive that along the whole length of the prominence, even to its very summit, which seemed to be almost vertically above us, a rush of fiery vapor was passing continually upward with incredible velocity. From time to time masses of matter which resembled molten metal were expelled as if from a vent far beneath the lowest visible part of the fiery column. After each such outburst, the prominence seemed to glow with increased brilliancy,

its shape also changing, as though the surrounding atmosphere were agitated by tremendous hurricanes. But even as we watched, the explosions grew less fierce and presently ceased; after which, the whole prominence, vast as was its extent, seemed to dissolve, until in an incredibly brief space no trace of it could be perceived.

But a circumstance which surprised us greatly was this. Although the uproar and tumult which prevailed were inconceivably great, yet during the whole progress of the solar eruption which we had been witnessing, there were no sounds which we could associate with the tremendous outbursts which must in reality have taken place. Accustomed to associate terrestrial volcanic explosions with sounds of exceptional loudness, we were amazed to perceive no distinctive sounds during the infinitely mightier eruption we had just watched.

But as we passed toward the scene of the eruption—eager to contemplate the effects of an outburst competent to destroy the whole frame of a globe like the earth—the mystery was explained. While we were still far from the place of explosion, and intent on the study of the great facular waves which were passing swiftly beneath us, we suddenly heard a series of explosions so tremendous that we imagined a new eruption was commencing close by. Yet we could perceive no signs of unusual solar activity. All round our horizon, indeed, we could discern prominences of greater or less dimensions; but these we had observed before. Whence then came the tremendous noises now reverberating through the solar atmosphere?—noises so tremendous, that the unutterable uproar which had prevailed unceasingly all round us, seemed hushed, by comparison, into perfect stillness. X. was the first to see the meaning of the phenomenon. These sounds were those produced during the explosion which had ceased some time before; the interval which had elapsed corresponding to the vast distance which still separated us from the scene of the outburst. Just as a perceptible interval elapses between the flash of a gun and the moment when the noise of the discharge reaches the ear of a distant observer—so in the present case a comparatively long interval elapsed before the sound-waves traversed the distance which light had traversed in less than a second.

As we approached the scene of the outburst, we perceived that we were nearing the borders of an enormous region which seemed dark by comparison with the intense brilliancy of the rest of the photosphere. The faculae, forming here immense ridge-like waves, prevented us for a time from fully discerning the nature of this region; but after we had passed some of the loftiest of these seeming waves, we could perceive that the dark region formed a sort of lagoon, though of an extent exceeding the whole surface of the earth. We had, in fact, approached one of those regions which terrestrial observers call spots. We could readily infer that the spot was not one of the very largest; in fact it was little more than twenty thousand miles in width. We found that (as astronomers have inferred) the dark region lay below the general level of the photosphere. But terrestrial observers have wholly underrated the extent of the depression of these regions. The reason of this X. considered to be the refractive power of the dense atmosphere within these depressions, which causes them to appear shallower than they really are, much as a basin when filled with water appears shallower than it really is. We judged the depth of the depression in the case of this particular spot to be fully ten thousand miles.

Placed as we were now at the borders of an enormous sun-spot, we could understand the real meaning of some of those appearances which had seemed perplexing during the telescopic scrutiny of the sun. In the first place, we could perceive that, throughout the whole extent of the depression before us, there was the most intense activity; but the most violent action took place all round the borders of the spot. We could see, in fact, that several of the prominences we had observed during our progress sprang from the borders of the relatively dark depression; and though scarcely a trace remained (to our great amazement) of the mighty eruption we had so lately witnessed, we could judge from the aspect of the region we had reached, that *here* (on the nearer border of the spot) that tremendous outburst had taken place. All round the spot immense waves of *faculae* raised their glowing crests above the general solar level; and we could see that this was due to the action of some cause by which the matter of the photosphere had been driven outwards

from the region of the spot, and had so become heaped up in great ridges all round. Descending to a lower level, we found that this photospheric matter was actually of the nature of cloud or fog, and that it was, in fact, formed by the condensation of the glowing vapors of many metallic elements into innumerable globules or vesicles resembling the water-vesicles of our clouds. From the inner surface of some of these clouds, we could perceive that metallic rain was falling. The metallic showers were particularly heavy on the borders of the spot, though whether this was due to the cooling to which the region of the spot appeared to have been exposed, or to electrical action caused by the intense activity all round the spot, we could not satisfactorily determine. And though we visited several other spots—one of them remarkably large—we could perceive nothing explanatory of these localized showers.

In passing over the general photosphere—that is, over regions where there were no spots—we saw no signs of the objects which have been called willow-leaves. The photosphere presents a curdled aspect, as though the metallic clouds which produce the greater part of its light had been agitated into somewhat uniformly-disposed waves—not rollers, but such waves as are seen when two seas meet—but there was nothing suggestive of interlacing. In the neighborhood of the great dark depressions, however, the rounded clouds seemed to be lengthened by the effects of atmospheric disturbance, an effect which was enhanced by the downfall of metallic showers from these clouds. X., who had been inclined to entertain the belief that the bright solar willow-leaves are in some sense organized beings, admitted at once that nothing in their aspect on a nearer view encourages such a conception of their nature.

We visited both spot zones, and examined many spot depressions in several stages of development. From what we saw, we were led to the conclusion that spots are caused, in the first instance, by the arrival of matter from without, under such circumstances as to cause a large portion of the solar atmosphere to be cooled. It was clear, indeed, that much of the matter which continued to arrive from without caused a local increase of the sun's heat. This was especially the case with matter

which arrived nearly on a vertical course. But other matter, which descended less rapidly to the surface, produced a precisely contrary effect, and as it settled down in the solar atmosphere, displacing and driving outwards the intensely bright solar clouds, it appeared to cool the underlying matter in such sort as to cause it to shine less resplendently than elsewhere. But all round a region thus cooled, intense eruptive action was invariably excited, every spot we visited being literally circled about by prominences of greater or less size. Some of these eruptions were so amazingly active that the ejected matter (which seemed to come from an immeasurable depth) was propelled with a velocity even exceeding that of any of the matter which arrived from without; so that we could not but conclude that the matter thus disgorged was driven wholly and for ever away from the sun. There were signs which led us to believe that intense electrical action was excited during these eruptions, and it does not seem unlikely that such action may afford the true explanation of the radiations seen in the outer solar envelopes.

Although not liable to any sense of fatigue, and impervious to any of those risks which seemed to multiply around us, we began to be bewildered by the succession of wonders which had been revealed to us. Y., in particular, wished to escape from the

fierce light and the dazzling colors, as well as from the inconceivable uproar and tumult, which we had now experienced, for some hours in reality, but for an age to our perceptions. X. was desirous of penetrating deeply beneath the photosphere, in order to obtain an answer to some of those questions which have lately arisen respecting the condition of the sun's interior. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled, though exacting from us a promise that this, our first voyage to the sun, should not be the last.

Shall I tell you the thought that chiefly occupied us as we returned to the earth? On all sides were countless myriads of stars; in front, the mighty convolution of the galaxy, infinitely complex in star-texture; directly below, the great Magellanic cloud, full of stars and star-clusters; suns every where, of every order of magnitude and splendor. We had wondered at the beautiful spectacle presented by the sun of our own system; but now that we had visited that sun, and had learned something of its amazing might and activity, the thought seemed awful, nay, almost appalling, that all those suns, as well as the unnumbered millions which we could not perceive, were of like nature—that the infinitely wonderful scene we had just beheld was thus infinitely multiplied throughout the infinite universe of the Almighty.

St. Paul's.

TO "LYDIA LANGUISH."

You ask me, Lydia, "whether I,
If you refuse my suit, shall die."

(Now pray don't be offended;)

Although the time be out of joint,
I should not to a bodkin's point

Resort, at once, to mend it;

Nor, if your doubtful mood endure,
Attempt a final Water-cure

Except against my wishes;

For I respectfully decline

To dignify the Serpentine

And make *hors-d'œuvres* for fishes.

But, if you ask me whether I

Composedly can go,

Without a look, without a sigh,

Why, then I answer—No.

"You are assured," you sadly say,
(If in this most considerate way
To treat my suit your will is.)
That I shall "quickly find as fair
Some new Neera's tangled hair—
Some easier Amaryllis."

I can not promise to be cold
If smiles are kind as yours of old
On lips of later beauties;
Not can I hope to quite forget
The homage that is Nature's debt,
While man has social duties;
But, if you ask, do I prefer
To you I honor so
This highly hypothetic Her,
I answer plainly—No.

You fear, you frankly add, "to find
In me too late the altered mind
That altering Time estranges."
To this I make response that we,
As physiologists agree,

Must have septennial changes;
This is a thing beyond control,
And it were best upon the whole
To try and find out whether

We could not, by some means, arrange
This not-to-be-avoided change
So as to change together:
But, had you asked me to allow
That you could ever grow
Less amiable than you are now,—
Emphatically—No.

But—to be serious—if you care
To know how I shall really bear
This much-discussed rejection,
I answer you. As feeling men
Behave, in best romances, when
You outrage their affection;
With all the ecstasy of woe,
By which, as melodramas show,
Despair is simulated;
Enforced by all the watery grief
Which hughest pocket-handkerchief
Has ever indicated;
And when, arrived so far, you say
In tragic accents "Go,"
Then, Lydia, then—I still shall stay,
And firmly answer—No.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

GENERAL LEE.

MORE than a year has passed away since the death of General Lee. In ordinary times such an event could hardly have happened without reviving, if only for a moment, much of the eager interest with which, between 1861 and 1865, the Old World watched the Titanic Civil War of the New. But during the October of 1870, when General Lee breathed his last, the siege of Paris absorbed the thoughts and engrossed the attention of civilized mankind. Little or no notice has therefore been taken in England of the death of one who, when his career, character, and military genius are better known and understood, will, in spite of his defeat, be pronounced the greatest soldier, with two exceptions, that any English-speaking nation has ever produced. Upon the other side of the Atlantic circumstances have conspired to obscure the great deeds and spotless purity of the noblest son to whom the North-American continent has hitherto given birth. A "Life of General Robert E. Lee" has indeed appeared, from the pen of Mr. John Esten Cooke, upon which we propose to make a few comments; but it can in no sense be regarded as more than an adumbration of the man whom it professes to delineate. Public expectation on the other side of the Atlantic anticipates much from a biography, already too long delayed, of which Colonel Marshall, who for four years served at General Lee's right hand in the position which corresponds in European armies to our Chief of Staff, is to be the author. But in both sections of the reconstructed Union the passions and animosities of the American War are still so much alive that it is a political necessity for General Lee's conquerors to darken his fame and sneer at his achievements.

Nothing can be fairer than the reasons by which General Badeau explains the secession of General Lee and his Southern fellow-officers. To many of them the struggle to decide whether their State or the Union claimed priority of allegiance was no less painful than the struggle—so beautifully described in Clarendon's "History of the English Rebellion"—which raged in the breast of Falkland. "When there was any overture or hope of peace,"

says Lord Clarendon, "Falkland would be exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." No one who served by General Lee's side during the war, or who had occasional opportunities of conversing with him during the five years of life which remained after his surrender at Appomattox Court-House, can entertain any doubt that he suffered no less agony of heart than the young and accomplished Royalist who died on the field of Newbury. But to brand him with infamy, and call him a traitor and a recreant because he deemed it his duty to fight for the State which sent him to West Point and paid for his education, is unworthy of so brave and sensible a man as General Schenck. Even in the report of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant upon the armies of the United States in 1864 and 1865, he has but one faint word of approbation to bestow upon the adversary who, having fought with unshaken fortitude and self-denial throughout the war, became the most patient and loyal of citizens when his sword was surrendered. "General Lee's great influence throughout the whole South," says his conqueror, "caused his example to be followed; and to-day the result is, that the armies lately under his leadership are at their homes, desiring peace and quiet, and their arms are in the hands of our ordnance officers." The patience, humility, and moderation of General Lee during the five closing years of his life extorted frequent admiration from his late antagonists, but have hitherto won from them no concessions to his crushed and oppressed brethren and sisters in the South. The remnant of the armies over which he was supreme "desired peace and quiet" as intensely as their Northern conquerors; but after they had for three years been ruled by the sword, and despoiled by "carpet-baggers" and negroes, it was natural that

the discontent of a brave and proud people should here and there break out in a few spasmodic flutterings of disaffection. In one of his speeches to his constituents, Mr. Grant Duff, himself an ardent Northerner, told them that

"Reconstruction is the readmission of the seceding States to political communion with the States which remained true to the Union, and the restoration to them of those powers of self-government which, forfeited by the war, had been replaced since their defeat by military rule. But how was this to be done? The majority of the United States Legislature decided, that each of the States should choose a new constitution for itself, and that in choosing it the old planters, 'the mean whites,' and the ex-slaves should all have an equal voice; but that all the principal rebels, and the whites who would not take a test-oath, should be excluded. The effect of this has been, that constitutions for the Southern States have been prepared in the North, and voted at the South over the heads of white men by negro majorities."

Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose Northern proclivities during the war were not less pronounced than those of Mr. Grant Duff or Professor Goldwin Smith, calls reconstruction, as understood and practiced by the Republican party—

"A provision for a war of races, with the express object of keeping down a people, in order that that people may be debarred from all political power in the empire. In Georgia, the black men, on those lines of reconstruction, would have the power of making all laws for the restraint of the white. But it has never been intended to intrust this power to the negroes; the intention is that, through the negroes, all political power, both State and Federal, shall be in the hands of members of Congress from the North—that the North shall have its heel upon the South, and that the conquered shall be subject to the conquerors. *Never has there been a more terrible condition imposed upon a fallen people.* For an Italian to feel an Austrian over him, for a Pole to feel a Russian over him, has been bad indeed; but it has been left for the political animosity of a Republican from the North—a man who himself rejects all contact with the negro—to subject the late Southern slave-owner to dominion from the African who was yesterday his slave."

The oppression of the South, which is to-day far worse than when these words of Mr. Trollope were written, wrung General Lee's affectionate heart as the loss of Calais weighed upon the spirits of our own Queen Mary. Lord Macaulay tells us that "no creature is so revengeful as a proud man who has humbled himself in vain;" but during the concluding years of General Lee's life, no symptoms of passion or vindictiveness were discernible in his daily bearing. He mourned over the abject and oppressed condition of South-Carolina until death freed his soul from the suffering which crushed him. Mr. John Esten Cooke makes it abundantly evident that he died from a broken heart. But in order that the virtues of a singularly pure and noble character may not be unrecorded in England, we desire to follow Mr. Cooke through some of the most notable passages of his hero's life, and to do what in us lies to make Robert E. Lee's memory a precious possession wherever the English tongue is spoken.

"The Lees of Virginia," says the volume before us, "spring from an ancient and respectable family of Essex in England," whose ancestor came over to the fast-anchored isle with William the Conqueror. One member of this family, Lionel Lee, accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, and displayed special gallantry at the siege of Acre. The first of the Virginian Lees, Richard by name, was an ardent monarchist, and left the old country in the troubled times of King Charles the First. "It is not certainly known," says Mr. Cooke, "whether he sought refuge in Virginia after the failure of the King's cause, or was tempted to emigrate with a view to better his fortunes in the New World." Whatever may have been his motive in repairing to Virginia, Richard Lee undoubtedly brought with him from England a number of followers and servants, and took up extensive tracts of land in the Old Dominion. Among the manor-houses which he there built or commenced, was one at Stratford, in the Virginian county of Westmoreland—within which county George Washington himself was born. This house having subsequently been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt—Queen Anne herself having been a contributor to the fund subscribed in England and in the colony for its re-erection—and became at a later date the birthplace of

Richard Henry Lee, and of his distinguished son, Robert Edward. Richard Henry Lee, the father of the great Confederate general, was one of Washington's best subordinates; and under the *sobriquet* of "Light-Horse Harry," gained conspicuous fame as a cavalry general in the revolutionary war of the American colonies against England. In a letter written in 1789, George Washington conveys his "love and thanks" to Light-Horse Harry, whose admirable qualities as a soldier were always recapitulated with modest pride by his still greater son. In 1869 General R. E. Lee published a new edition of his father's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," to which he prefixed an unostentatious life of its author. Richard Henry Lee was twice married; and by his second wife, Anne Hill Carter, he had three sons and two daughters—Charles Carter, *Robert Edward*, Smith, Anne, and Mildred. The old house at Stratford, wherein the great American soldier first saw the light, deserves a few passing words of comment. It is one of those Virginian manor-houses which so warmed the heart and kindled the fancy of William Makepeace Thackeray; for in one of these, he loved to say, that it would delight him to write the history, which he always contemplated but never executed, of the times of good Queen Anne. The bricks, paving-tiles, carvings, window-sashes, furniture, and decorations of these stately old country-houses, were all transported from England to the Old Dominion. English plasterers molded and spread the ceilings; English masons upraised the Italian mantelpieces which they brought with them across the Atlantic; English carpenters made fast the window-sashes, and set up the lintels of the doors. Their book-shelves were filled with the great English classics who flourished in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. Within the libraries of some of these houses Thackeray passed many hours, enraptured to find himself surrounded by the works of all the English authors who were most to his taste. There he again familiarized himself with the tender grace of Addison, the rugged force of Smollett; there he forgot the "wild relish and vicious exuberance of the too copious present" by bending over the pages of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Walsh, and Granville; and there for the first time he became acquainted with the "Memoirs

of Colonel Byrd of Westover," the founder, during George II.'s reign, of Virginia's beautiful capital at Richmond. The very bricks, paving-stones, and window-frames of Westover, Brandon, or Stratford, exhaled an atmosphere which was fragrant to his nostrils, and enabled him again to summon into fleshly existence those English worthies of whose literature he was so fond. There he loved to rehearse that Charles II. wore a coronation-robe of Virginia silk when reinstalled upon the throne of Great Britain; and that, in gratitude for her loyalty in the hour of his abasement, he permitted the proud old State to rank thenceforward in the British Empire with England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to bear upon her shield the motto, *En dat Virginia quartam*.

The early influences of the old grange at Stratford, in which he was born, had much to do with shaping the character of General Lee.

"Critics," says Mr. Cooke, "charged him with family pride. If he possessed that virtue or failing, the fact was not strange. Stratford opened before his childish eyes a memorial of the old splendor of the Lees. He saw around him old portraits, old plate, and old furniture. Old parchments contained histories of the deeds of his race; old genealogical trees traced their line far back into the past; old servants grown gray in the house waited upon the child; and, in a corner of one of the great apartments, an old soldier, grey too, and shattered in health, once the friend of Washington and Greene, was writing the history of the battles in which he had drawn his sword for his native land."

To the last hour of his life, General Lee retained the affection for trees, streams, mountains, and country associations with which his happy childhood at Stratford had imbued him. One of the last letters which he ever wrote contains the following passage: "My visits to Florida and the White Sulphur have not benefited me much; but it did me good to go to the White House"—a small country seat not far from Richmond, which came into his possession by his marriage with Mary Custis, the daughter of Washington's adopted son—"and to see the mules walking round, and the corn growing." He loved the country, the woods, the birds, and the brooks as fondly as Izaak Walton or Waterton. His favor-

ite talk was about country life; and nothing was so grateful to him as a chat with plain Virginian farmers. The writer of these words well remembers a ride on horseback which he took in company with General Lee upon the morning of the 7th of May, 1863. The battle of Chancellorsville—which, regarded militarily, will always bear the same testimony to Lee's tactical ability as did Leuthen to that of Frederick the Great, or Salamanca to that of Wellington—had just been fought. General Hooker, at the head of what he had just called "the finest army on the planet," had retreated, in confusion and discomfiture, across the Rappahannock. If ever there was a moment when human vanity would have been pardonable and natural, General Lee might have betrayed it upon the morning of the day which followed Hooker's retreat. With little more than 40,000 men, the great Confederate captain had defeated and utterly routed a host of at least 130,000 Federals. Nevertheless, even at this intoxicating moment, not a particle of self-exaltation or conscious triumph was discoverable on Lee's features, or traceable in his conversation. Cognizant of the enormous superiority of the resources wielded by the enemy with whom he had to do, he felt that Chancellorsville, like Fredericksburg, would produce little effect upon the North, and that "another Union army," magnificently found in every respect, would again take the field before many weeks had passed. Heart-sick at the flow of blood by which he was surrounded—his road lay over ground where the hottest fighting had taken place—and *attendri* by the recent wounds of Stonewall Jackson, from which, however, upon the morning in question, he did not anticipate a fatal result, General Lee said, in weariness and anguish, "All that I want them" (the Federals) "to do is to leave us what we are, plain Virginian farmers." There never was a man who had in him so little of the "politician," as his own countrymen understand that term. "I think," said Mr. Carlisle, the well-known lawyer of Washington, a man of high character, who had known Lee long and intimately, "that he was freer than any man I ever knew from the taint of any passion or party prejudice." He stood apart from the intrigues, schemes, and guile of cities and their denizens, as though unconscious of their existence, but with quiet scorn deep-seated in his

heart. He was a fine judge of character; and his diagnosis of men and women was too keen and accurate for him to blind his eyes to the little pettinesses, self-seekings, and intrigues which daily came across him. But although he perceived, and quietly put them aside, he never betrayed his consciousness of their existence, or wounded *amour propre* by any thing seeming to convey a reproach. But, after all, the most winning of his traits was the affection and confidence which, without any seeming consciousness, and without an effort, he inspired in little children. Often, in the course of the great Civil War, he would approach a Virginian farm-house inhabited by a family of whom he knew nothing. Adored as he was throughout the length and breadth of the Old Dominion, the fame of his approach preceded him wherever he went. In response to the cordial welcome always extended to him, he would descend from his horse and sit down for a few minutes upon the porch, accepting, perhaps, a glass of water, and possibly a square inch or two of corn-bread, but never taking any thing more. It might have been imagined that the gravity and seriousness of his demeanor would have possessed little attraction for young children. But before many minutes had passed, it was invariably remarked that one or two children would be crowding round his knees, and, finger in mouth, looking up into his kind, honest face. He was generally surrounded by younger, more demonstrative, and more talkative officers. But his empire over the hearts of the young, though, like all his other great qualities, unconsciously manifested, was irresistible. If it may be said without irreverence, it was impossible at such moments to forget the affection with which the Master, whom General Lee loved to serve, "suffered little children" to draw near unto His presence, and saw in them an image of that child-like faith which is the shortest and surest path to the kingdom of heaven.

One other advantage was gained by General Lee from the country life and simple tastes of his boyhood. He carried with him into the field a "superb physical health and strength"—to quote Mr. Cooke's words—"which remained unshaken by all the hardships of war." The time has not yet come when the history of the great Civil War in America can be fairly and impartially written. It may reasonably be

doubted whether such a history can ever be written by any one who took part in, or was an eye-witness of it, upon either side. It is true that some of the greatest military histories of the world—those, for instance, of Thucydides, Xenophon, Sir William Napier, and General Foy—have been written by men who themselves fought in the wars which they have so ably delineated; but, with the exception of the matchless masterpieces of the two Greek historians, narratives of wars by soldiers who fought in them are never free—altogether free—from partisan bias. Traces of it are recognizable in many passages of Sir William Napier; they are of constant recurrence in the pages of his French antitype, General Foy. But whenever the story of the American Civil War is truly and exhaustively told, it will become abundantly apparent, if its chronicler does his duty, that seldom if ever in modern history has there been a struggle, firstly, upon so large a scale; secondly, which was so long maintained; and thirdly, in which the disproportion of the combatants was so great. One of England's greatest soldiers, Sir Charles James Napier, exclaims, "How much more depends upon the chief than upon the numbers of an army! Alexander invaded Persia with only 30,000 foot and 5000 horse; Hannibal entered Italy with 20,000 foot and 6000 horse, having lost 30,000 men in crossing the Alps. What did he attempt with this small army? The conquest of Italy from the Romans, who, with their allies, could bring into the field 800,000 men in arms; and he maintained the war there for fifteen years." Without maintaining that General Lee, who was neither an Alexander nor a Hannibal, had such odds against him as these two great captains of ancient history, we doubt whether any general of modern history ever sustained for four years—a far longer time nowadays than Hannibal's fifteen years in the remote past—a war in which, while disposing of scanty resources himself, he had against him so enormous an aggregate of men, horses, ships, and supplies. It is an under rather than over estimate of the respective strength of the two sections to state that, during the first two years, the odds, all told, were ten to one, during the last two twenty to one, against the Confederates. The courage of the rank and file of the rebel army is

refreshing to contemplate in these days, which have seen a European war between two nations equal in numbers and resources triumphantly closed in seven months, and stained by the three unprecedented capitulations of Sedan, Metz, and Paris. But, after all, the one name which, in connection with the great American Civil War, *posteris narratum atque traditum superstes erit*, is the name of Robert Edward Lee. It is not likely that any biographer or historian will ever portray him as he seemed to those who served by his side and knew him best. It is as impossible to describe as to prove a negative; and the negations of General Lee's character dwell more in the memory than the positive attributes of other men. He was never haughty, never insolent, never vain, never false, never idle, never self-indulgent, never unpoised, never uncharitable, never ungenerous. In no form did he use or touch tobacco; had no taste for liquor of any kind, and seemed never to require a stimulant. Were it possible to give a statistical record of the amount of food which, during his four crucial years of trial, General Lee consumed, it would be found that no great captain was ever so abstemious. Of a truth, his "superb physical health, which remained unshaken by all the hardships of war," counted for much in molding the shape of his country's history.

The biography from the pen of Mr. J. E. Cooke is more successful in delineating the private and personal traits of General Lee than in tracing his public career. It is well and tastefully written, and its language is altogether free from disfiguring "Americanisms." But Mr. Cooke's descriptions of battles lack fire and force, and he has none of the gifts of a military historian. Reverting to its personal reminiscences, we search in vain for any allusion to one of General Lee's peculiarities, which no one who lived much in his society could have failed to notice. We refer to his rich sense of humor—a quality which Dr. Arnold, in his character of Hannibal, says is rarely wanting in great men. There was a quiet vein of unmalignant fun in "Uncle Robert"—for thus he was always named by his enthusiastic followers—which was continually cropping to the surface, and the recollection of which often raises a smile on the lips of those who lived by his side, and remember how quaintly he

loved to manifest it. The two following anecdotes will serve to illustrate its nature: About a week before the battle of Fredericksburg—that is to say, on or about the 6th of December, 1862—the weather was for a few days bitterly cold. General Lee and his Staff were camping out—as usual, in tents—about three miles to the south of the Rappahannock River and the little town of Fredericksburg. There were some members of his Staff, who, although young enough to be his sons, were more sensible of the cold than their iron chief. To him, as to Hannibal, cold or heat made no difference; for in both there was, as Livy writes of one of them, *caloris ac frigoris patientia par—nullo labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat*. Standing round the camp-fire upon the morning in question, and shivering before each blast of a biting wind which came from the frozen north, and reminding the sufferers that the thermometer was below zero, more than one member of General Lee's Staff was heard to mutter an aspiration for a glass of whisky-toddy, or some other alcoholic stimulant. No one noticed that the General took any cognizance of this half-articulate expression of a wish. But presently, emerging from his tent with a stone bottle or demijohn under his arm, he drew near to the camp-fire, and said: "Gentlemen, the morning is very cold—the kindness of a friend enables me to offer you a cordial: pray bring your tin cups and taste what I have here." There were one or two on-lookers who noticed a twinkle in the old soldier's eye, and a lurking smile upon his mouth, which taught them to anticipate a "sell." But the majority of the company hastily fetched their drinking-cups and stood expectant round their chief. The cork was drawn, and the liquor proved to be butter-milk. Upon another occasion, two members of his Staff sat up late at night discussing a keg of whisky and a problem of algebra. Upon meeting one of them in the morning, General Lee inquired, as usual, after his health, and learned in reply that he was suffering from a headache. "Ah, Colonel," remarked the old man, "I have often observed that when the unknown quantities, x and y , are represented by a keg of whisky and a tin cup, the solution of the equation is usually a headache!"

We are tempted to linger a moment longer over some points of character

which caused General Lee to be often misunderstood, and sometimes to be misrepresented. There were many to maintain that, though spotless and irreproachable, he was cold and unsympathetic, and that his immunity from human vices and frailties arose from absence of passion. The truth, however, is that no one ever had a more human heart than General Lee. His temper was naturally quick, impetuous, and choleric, but his inexorable and ever-present sense of duty—which, as will presently be seen, he called "the sublimest word in our language"—constrained him to control every passionate impulse. Being in his fifty-fifth year when the Civil War broke out, he had already learned to check his natural tendency to choler; but no one could have seen much of him between 1861 and 1865 without perceiving that passion was by no means extinguished in his heart. There are many who remember how, upon the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, a sudden and impetuous onslaught was made, just after the break of dawn, by a picked body of Federal troops, whom General Grant launched against a salient of his adversary's lines in the forests of Spotsylvania. This salient was occupied by Johnson's division of Ewell's Confederate Corps. The Federal onslaught was a complete surprise. The redoubt was stormed at the point of the bayonet; nearly 3000 rebels were taken prisoners, and 18 pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the assailants. General Lee regarded this bit of success as being attributable to want of vigilance and courage in his own men. Instantly throwing himself at the head of a Texan regiment, he waved his hat in the air, and prepared to lead it forward. No man who, at that terrible moment, saw his flashing eyes and sternly-set lips, is ever likely to forget them. But, spurring rapidly to his side, General Gordon seized hold of his horse's rein, and exclaimed, "This, General Lee, is no place for you! these are men who never failed yet, and who will not fail now." With unanimous voice the soldiers around them refused to advance until "Uncle Robert" went to the rear. Slowly and reluctantly retiring, General Lee—the light of battle still flaming in his eyes—was dissuaded from his purpose. But it would be idle to tell those who then witnessed him that his nature was cold and passion-

less, or that his temper, if under better control, was not as impulsive as that of Washington. Certain it is, that Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and Stuart, who all loved Lee with more or less of filial affection and respect, would never permit him to be called cold in their presence. It is the more necessary to deny the truth of this imputation, since it has been repeated more than once since his death, both by friendly and unfriendly commentators upon his character. It is rebutted by all that is known of his domestic life and family affections. The following letter could never have been written by one whose heart was not warmed by the living blood of an unusually sympathetic nature. There are few passages in the English language which deserve to be more widely known. The famous lines of advice to his son which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius may surpass General Lee's letter in the beauty of their language and the worldliness of their wisdom, but they lack the Christian tenderness and purity of the words which follow. The letter was written to his eldest son, then an *alumnus* in the Military Academy at West Point:

"You must study," writes the father, "to be frank with the world: frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you can not: you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live so as to say and do nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly 100 years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still

known as 'the dark day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, and quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. *Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language.* Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You can not do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

It is always pleasant to know that good seed has not fallen upon barren places. The young man to whom this beautiful letter was addressed, and who has succeeded his father as President of Washington College at Lexington, is, *consensu omnium*, one of the most promising and exemplary men that Virginia now contains.

Within the limits at our command, it would be impossible to rehearse the leading passages of Lee's military career, or to review analytically the constituent elements and characteristics of his genius as a soldier. That he possessed many of the natural aptitudes which go to make up the sum of a great captain, became abundantly evident during the Mexican War of 1846. Many of his comrades in the only two wars wherein Lee ever took part, were of opinion that if he had held supreme command when in his fortieth year, he would have exhibited greater qualities than he possessed when called upon at the age of fifty-four to guide the military destinies of the Southern States. Those who believe that in every field of human endeavor nature occasionally supplies what are called "heaven-born" prodigies, can not pretend that General Lee belonged to this rare, if not hypothetical, class of beings. He was above all things a painstaking, unempirical, and scientific soldier. By constitution

he was a rigid causationist, and knew as well as Napoleon that great ends are unattainable until the means which produce them have been summoned into existence. Mr. Cooke tells us that his hero having thrown up his commission in the United States army, found, upon repairing to Richmond in April, 1861, that the South was utterly destitute of the munitions of war essential to her protection:

"All," he says, "had to be organized and put at once into operation—the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and other departments. Transportation, supplies, arms, ammunition—all had to be collected immediately. The material existed, or could be supplied, as the sequel clearly showed; but as yet there was almost nothing. And it was chiefly to the work of organizing these departments that General Lee and the Military Council addressed themselves with the utmost energy. The result was, that Virginia found herself very soon in a condition to offer a determined resistance. The troops at various camps of instruction were sent to the field, others took their places, and the work of drilling the raw material into soldiers went rapidly on; supplies were collected, transportation found, workshops for the construction of arms and ammunition sprung up; small arms, cannon, cartridges, fixed and other ammunition were produced; and in a time which now seems wholly inadequate for such a result, the Commonwealth of Virginia was ready to take the field against the Federal Government."

We hazard little in saying that to this end no one contributed so powerfully as General Lee. He was the first to laugh his countrymen out of their Quixotic notion that discipline was of little or no value, and to teach them that an armed mob full of courage and enthusiasm was not an army. He induced the many hundreds of men, whom the South poured into Virginia, to submit patiently to daily drill, and to put their faith in the camps of instruction, which owed their existence to him. His resource, ingenuity, and inventiveness were inexhaustible, and while inspiring other men, he allowed them to receive all the credit which they claimed for their activity. If Mr. Jefferson Davis had not found in 1861 such a right hand in Virginia as General Lee, it is more than doubtful whether the battle of Bull Run could ever have been fought.

There are few more striking evidences of the self-abnegation and modesty of Lee's character than the fact that, for more than a year after the commencement of the great American struggle, he was content to stand unobtrusively aside to allow inferior men, like Generals Joe Johnston and Beauregard, to "flame in the forehead of the morning sky." Nothing was more common in the winter of 1861 and the spring of 1862 than to hear men say at Richmond that Lee was "of no account," and that Secession had gained little by his accession to her cause. Such was not the opinion of Mr. Jefferson Davis, who eagerly longed for an opportunity to put him in command of the army of Virginia. At length such an opportunity presented itself, when, on the last day of May, 1862, General Joe Johnston was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. Upon the 3d of June, Lee assumed command of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. From that day forward until the 9th of April, 1865, his life became a term convertible or synonymous with the history for thirty-four months of the North American Continent. Upon both sides, armies of immense magnitude fill the eye of the reader, while generals succeed to generals, strut their hour upon the stage, and then are seen no more. But the American War, as it recedes further and further into the distance, is seen to have derived its shape and form from General Lee more than from any other individual who fought upon either side. It would be difficult to speak or think of the history of Europe between 1800 and 1815 without having the tongue and brain occupied exclusively by Napoleon. Similarly, the name of General Lee has blotted out in North America all recollection of those by whom he was supported or opposed. It is very possible that if, at the end of 1862, Stonewall Jackson had been transferred to the command of that Western Confederate Army which, under Bragg, Joe Johnston, or Hood, became familiar with nothing but disaster, Lee's fame might have been shared or diminished by that of another Virginian luminary. But impartial history will eventually pronounce that it is more impossible to regard either Grant or Sherman as Lee's equals, than to maintain that Wellington and Blücher were greater than Napoleon because they defeated him

at Waterloo. If in these few pages we endeavor, however inadequately, to draw the attention of English soldiers to Lee's great qualities as a commander, especially when acting upon the defensive, we do so in the conviction that the campaign of 1864 is the finest specimen of resisting strategy that the history of any nation, ancient or modern, supplies. It deserves as well to be studied in this light by professional critics like Colonel Hamley or Colonel Chesney, as the famous campaign of Napoleon in 1796 to be viewed as a model of scientific offensive warfare. And we are but repeating the opinion of the ablest historian that this campaign of 1864 has yet found—we allude to Mr. Swinton, the author of an excellent book called "The Army of the Potomac"—when we say that, if the issue of the American War had depended solely upon the two rival armies which opposed each other in Virginia, the Stars and Stripes would never have floated above the Capitol of Richmond. Vast as were the resources in men and material of which in 1864 General Grant disposed, it was not by General Grant that Richmond was taken, but by General Sherman. If any American doubts the correctness of this view, we beg to refer him to the passage in Mr. Swinton's book which describes the hopelessness and dejection of General Grant's army after their bloody repulse at Cold Harbor upon the 3d of June, 1864. But, in addition to the testimony of Mr. Swinton, who served himself with the Northern army, and was an eye-witness of the deep dejection which he describes, we might easily quote many other facts which irrefragably substantiate this view, and dissipate the sophisms advanced in the case which our cousins have submitted to the Arbitrators at Geneva, that the battle of Gettysburg was the death of the Rebellion. Whenever the private letters of Mr. Stanton, the War Secretary at Washington, shall see the light, it will be conceded, even by the most thoughtless of readers, that if the fate of the contest had depended solely on Lee and Grant, the great Republic would not to-day be one and indivisible.

"So gloomy," says Mr. Swinton, "was the military outlook after the action at Cold Harbor, and to such a degree by consequence had the moral spring of the public mind become relaxed, that there was at this time great danger of a collapse

of the war. The history of this conflict, truthfully written, will show this. The archives of the State Department, when one day made public, will show how deeply the Government was affected by the want of military success, and to what resolutions the Executive had in consequence come. Had not success elsewhere come to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to raise new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, was the Army of the Potomac no more."

In reference to this famous campaign of 1864, which, although Mr. Swinton is its hitherto best historian, still stands much in need of a Jomini or a Napier, we have but space for the following passage from General Lee's last biographer:

"The campaign of one month," says Mr. Cooke, "from May 4 to June 4, had cost the Federal commander 60,000 men and 3000 officers, while the loss of Lee did not exceed 18,000 men (*of whom few were officers*). The result would seem an unfavorable comment upon the choice of route made by General Grant. General McClellan, two years before, had reached Cold Harbor with trifling losses. To attain the same point had cost General Grant a frightful number of lives. Nor could it be said that he had any important successes to offset this loss. He had not defeated his adversary in any of the battle-fields of the campaign, nor did it seem that he had stricken him any serious blow. The army of Northern Virginia, not reinforced until it reached Hanover Junction, and then only by about 9000 men, had repulsed every assault; and in a final trial of strength with a force vastly its superior, had inflicted upon the enemy, in about an hour, a loss of 13,000 men."

When we urge upon military students the importance of giving an attentive study to this campaign of 1864, it may be as well to whet their appetite by stating the comparative numbers of the two rival armies. Lee's numbers upon the 1st of May were, as nearly as possible, 50,000 men. Within the month he was joined at Hanover Junction by 9000 more. General Grant opened the campaign in command of 141,161 men. Within the month, and in fact from the very commencement of the bloody struggle, Grant received reinforcements

day by day, which amounted to more than 100,000 additional men before he crossed the James River. Lee's army," says Mr. Cooke, "small as it was, was wretchedly supplied. Half the men were in rags, and, worse still, were but one-fourth fed. When Lee met his enemy at the commencement of May, the men were gaunt, half-starved, and in no condition to enter into so arduous a campaign." We submit to all military readers that never yet did 59,000 men quit them more gloriously than these tattered and starving Southern regiments. "Never let me hear," says Sir Walter Scott, "that brave blood has been shed in vain—it sends a roaring voice down through all time." It is not necessary to comment upon the magnificent abundance and variety of food, drink and munitions of war supplied to the 250,000 men who followed General Grant; but when military epicures, while familiarizing themselves with every detail of Wörth and Sedan, profess themselves unable to study the irregular conflicts of two armed American mobs, we venture to tell them that, in all that constitutes true manliness, the Transatlantic Civil War far surpasses the Franco-German conflict. Nothing is easier, says the steward of Molière's miser, than to give a great dinner with plenty of money; the really great cook is he who can set out a banquet with no money at all. General Grant in 1864 drew upon an almost inexhaustible treasury; General Lee's account was heavily overdrawn before the campaign began. Nevertheless, it is every day more and more patent that Mr. Swinton was right in believing that the ragged, famished, and suffering regiments of Secesia, numbering altogether but 59,000 men, would have discomfited their 250,000 opponents, if General Sherman and his Western army had not revived the spirits and reanimated the courage of his drooping colleague in Virginia. *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

Having paid our tribute to Lee's great, if not matchless, qualities as a defensive soldier, we proceed, in conclusion, to offer a few remarks upon the causes of his failure when called upon to assume the offensive, or to turn to advantage the victories which he had gained when acting on the defensive. It can not be doubted that the two great stains on his military reputation were, first, his omission to "use up" the Federal Army of General Burnside before

it recrossed the river Rappahannock after the battle of Fredericksburg; and secondly, his handling of the Confederate army in the Gettysburg campaign. Any body who carefully studies Lee's military genius will come to the conclusion that he was admirably bold when weak, but that he became unduly cautious when he was, comparatively speaking, strong. To our thinking, the unhappiest mistake which he ever made was his rejection of the earnest advice offered on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg by General J. E. B. Stuart. It was the opinion of this fiery young Confederate general that Burnside's host, huddled together in and about the little city of Fredericksburg, and with a broad and deep river, spanned only by three pontoon-bridges, in its rear, would offer little resistance if vigorously attacked on the night of the 13th or 14th of December—the battle itself, in which not more than 25,000 Confederate soldiers had taken active part, having been fought on the 13th.* Unfortunately, Lee cherished the belief that Burnside would renew his attack; and he was satisfied that, in that event, he would have the Federal army at his mercy. But when the morrow of the battle passed without any fresh attack on the part of the Federals, it was a lamentable error on Lee's part not to have attacked shortly before dawn on the 15th. In our opinion, such an attack would have led to the capitulation of at least one-half, if not two thirds, of Burnside's army; and it is extremely doubtful whether it would not have ended the war. European recognition of Southern independence could hardly have been withheld if the victory of Fredericksburg

* The following extract from General Lee's official report upon the battle of Fredericksburg will be read with interest: "The attack on the 13th," says he, "had been so easily repulsed, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his efforts to one attempt, which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations and the extent of his force, seemed to be comparatively insignificant. Believing, therefore, that he would attack us, it was not deemed expedient to lose the advantage of our position. But we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the darkness of the night and the prevalence of a violent storm of rain and wind, to recross the river. The town was immediately reoccupied, and our positions on the river-bank resumed."—[Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia from June to December, 1862, vol. i. p. 43.]

had been turned into a Waterloo. No one who is acquainted with the low *morale* of the Federals after their bloody repulse before Marye's Heights, will entertain any doubt that during those three crucial days which intervened between the battle and the Federal retreat across the river, Lee had his enemy in his power. As for the Federal guns on Stafford Heights, of which the fire, according to some critics, would have decimated the Confederates, there is little doubt that their projectiles would have been equally destructive to both armies.

But if Lee's inaction after Fredericksburg was, as we have called it, an unhappy or negative blunder, undoubtedly the greatest positive blunder of which he was ever guilty was the unnecessary onslaught which he gratuitously made against the strong position into which, by accident, General Meade fell back at Gettysburg. We have good reason for saying that, during the five years of calm reflection which General Lee passed at Lexington, after the conclusion of the American war, his maladroit manipulation of the Confederate army during the Gettysburg campaign was to him a matter of ceaseless self-reproach. "If," said he on many occasions, "I had taken General Longstreet's advice on the eve of the second day of battle at Gettysburg, and had filed off the left corps of my army behind the right corps, in the direction of Washington and Baltimore, along the Emmetsburg road, the Confederates would to-day be a free people." There can now be no doubt that before Gettysburg, General Lee was, to use a homely expression, "too big for his breeches." Never had the Confederates been so full of fight; and on the first day of battle, the Federals who, under General Reynolds, came into collision with Stonewall Jackson's old corps, then commanded by Ewell, were driven like chaff before the wind. Lee's true policy, after reconnoitering the position into which, by the merest chance, and in no degree by his own deliberate choice, General Meade had been driven, was to have abstained from attacking his enemy. "You are at the head of an invading army," wrote Napoleon to Marmont not long before the battle of Salamanca, "and ought never to fight a battle except on the ground of your own choosing. *Il n'y a ni si, ni mais*; choose your own battle-field, force your enemy to attack you upon it, and never

yield it so long as one living Frenchman is left." Wise words, which it would have been well if General Lee—who, by the by, was little familiar with any of Napoleon's campaigns or maxims—had known and taken to heart during those three opening days of July which, in 1863, he passed in Pennsylvania. But even after the second day of battle, which had taught him the strength of his enemy's position, there was time for him to have reconsidered his plan, and to have followed General Longstreet's advice. We close the volume of General Lee's life with the conviction that the contemplation of this battle of Gettysburg will forever prevent his being ranked as a great offensive general. But, *en revanche*, when it became necessary for him to assume the offensive-defensive, he will bear comparison with any general of modern times. His tactical management of the troops which drove McClellan away from before Richmond in 1862, and of those which won the battle of Chancellorsville in 1863, is above all praise. But it was in purely defensive strategy that he most shone. We are willing to stand upon the campaign of 1864, and to abide the judgment which enlightened and impartial students will be constrained to pass upon it.

The fame and character of General Lee will hereafter be regarded in Europe and in America under a dual aspect. In Europe we shall regard him merely as a soldier; and it is more than probable that within the present century we shall have accustomed ourselves to regard him as a third upon the list of English-speaking generals, and as having been surpassed in soldierly capacity by Marlborough and Wellington alone. In America, when the passions of the great Civil War shall have died out, Lee will be regarded more as a man than as a soldier. His infinite purity, self-denial, tenderness, and generosity, will make his memory more and more precious to his countrymen when they have purged their minds of the prejudices and animosities which civil war invariably breeds. They will acknowledge before long that Lee took no step in life except in accordance with what he regarded as, and believed to be his duty; and they will hold up his example, no less than that of Abraham Lincoln, as one of the brightest patterns which they can set before their children. Let us conclude by quoting one final story which ought to be without influence upon

men like General Grant, who, although owing his elevation in life to the magnificent resistance made by the South, seems now to lose no opportunity of demonstrating his vindictive resentment against Southern men:

"A still more suggestive exhibition," says Mr. Cooke, "of Lee's freedom from rancor, was presented in an interview which is thus described by a citizen of the North: 'One day last autumn, the writer saw General Lee standing at his gate, in Lexington, talking pleasantly to a humbly-clad man, who seemed very much pleased at the cordial courtesy of the great chieftain, and turned off, evidently delighted, as

I and my companion came up. After exchanging salutations, and in answer to my queries, the General said, pointing to the retreating form, 'He is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances.' I took it for granted that it was some Confederate veteran, when the noble-hearted chieftain quietly corrected me by saying, 'He fought on the other side; but we must not think of that.' I afterwards ascertained—not from General Lee, who never alluded to his charities—that he had not only spoken kindly to the old soldier who had fought on the other side, but had sent him away rejoicing in a liberal contribution to his necessities.'"

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

ATRA CURA.

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
To where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!"

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. Why should you rebuke Bell for occasionally using one of those quaint American phrases, which have wandered into this country? I can remember a young person who had a great trick of quoting Italian—especially in moments of tenderness—but that was a long time ago—and perhaps she has forgotten——"

"It is shameful of you," says Queen Titania, hastily, "to encourage Bell in that way. She would never do any thing of the kind but for you. And you know very well that quoting a foreign language is quite a different thing from using those stupid Americanisms which are only fit for negro-concerts."

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. When America started in business on her own account, she forgot to furnish herself with an independent language; but ever since she has been working hard to supply the want. By and by you will find an American language—sharp, concise, expressive—built on the diffuse and heavy foundations of our own English. Why should not Bell use those tentative phrases which convey so much in so few syllables?

Why call it slang? What is slang but an effort at conciseness?"

Tita looked puzzled, vexed, and desperate; and inadvertently turned to Count von Rosen, who was handing the sugar-basin to Bell. He seemed to understand the appeal, for he immediately said—

"Oh, but you do know, that is not the objection. I do not think Mademoiselle talks in that way, or should be criticised about it by any one; but the wrong that is done by introducing the slang words is, that it destroys the history of a language. It perverts the true meaning of roots—it takes away the poetry of derivations—it confuses the student."

"And who thought of students when the various objects in life were christened? And whence came the roots? And is not language always an experiment, producing fresh results as people find it convenient, and leaving students to frame laws as they like? And why are we to give up succinct words or phrases because the dictionaries of the last generation consecrated them to a particular use? My dear children, the process of inventing language goes on from year to year, changing, modifying, supplying, and building up new islands out of the common sand and the sea. What to-day is slang, to-morrow is language, if one may be permitted to parody Feuerbach. And I say that Bell, having an accurate ear for fit

sounds, shall use such words as she likes ; and if she can invent epithets of her own——”

“But, please, I don’t wish to do any thing of the kind,” says Bell, looking quite shamefaced.

That is just the way of those women : interfere to help them in a difficulty, and they straightway fly over to the common enemy, especially if he happens to represent a social majority.

I began to perceive about this stage of our journey that a large number of small articles over which Bell had charge were now never missing. Whenever she wanted a map, or a guide-book, or any one of the things which had been specially intrusted to her, it was forthcoming directly. Nay, she never had, like Tita, to look for a hat, or a shawl, or a scarf, or a packet of bezique-cards. I also began to notice that when she missed one of those things, she somehow inadvertently turned to our Lieutenant, who was quite sure to know where it was, and to hand it to her on the instant. The consequence on this morning was, that when we all came down prepared to go out for an exploration of Oxford, we found Bell at the window of the coffee-room, already dressed, and looking placidly out into the High-street, where the sunlight was shining down on the top of the old-fashioned houses opposite, and on the brand-new bank, which, as a compliment to the prevailing style of the city, has been built in very distinguished Gothic.

It was proposed that we should first go down and have a look at Christ Church.

“And that will just take us past the post-office,” said Bell.

“Why, how do you know that ? Have you been out ?” asked Tita.

“No,” replied Bell, simply. “But Count von Rosen told me where it was.”

“Oh, I have been all over the town this morning,” said the Lieutenant, carelessly. “It is the finest town that I have yet seen—a sort of Gothic Munich, but old, very old—not new, and white like Munich, where the streets are asking you to look at their fine buildings. And I have been down to the river—that is very fine, too—even the appearance of the old colleges and buildings from the meadows—that is wonderful.”

“Have you made any other discoveries this morning,” said Queen Tita, with a gracious smile.

“Yes,” said the young man, lightly. “I have discovered that the handsome young waiter who gave us our breakfast—that he has been a rider in a circus, which I did suspect myself, from his manner and attitudes—and also an actor. He is a very fine man, but not much spirit. I was asking him this morning why he is not a soldier. He despises that, because you pay a shilling a day. That is a pity your soldiers are not—what shall I say ?—respectable ; that your best young men do not like to go with them, and become under-officers. But I do not know he is good stuff for a soldier—he smiles too much, and makes himself pleasant. Perhaps that is only because he is a waiter.”

“Have you made any other acquaintances this morning ?” says Tita, with a friendly amusement in her eyes.

“No, no one—except the old gentleman who did talk politics last night. He is gone away by the train to Birmingham.”

“Pray when do you get up in the morning ?”

“I did not look that ; but there was no one in the streets when I went out, as there would be in a German town ; and even now there is a great dullness. I have inquired about the students—they are all gone home—it is a vacation. And a young lady in a book-shop told me that there is no life in the town when the students are gone—that all places close early—that even the milliners’ shops are closed just now at half-past seven, when they are open till nine when the students are here.”

“And what,” says my lady, with a look of innocent wonder, “what have the students to do with milliners’ shops that such places should be kept open on *their* account ?”

No one could offer a sufficient solution of this problem ; and so we left the coffee room and plunged into the glare of the High-street.

It would be useless to attempt here any detailed account of that day’s long and pleasant rambling through Oxford. To any one who knows the appearance and the associations of the grand old city—who is familiar with the various mass of crumbling colleges, and quiet cloisters, and grassy quadrangles—who has wandered along the quaint clean streets that look strangely staid and orthodox, and

are as old as the splendid elms that break in continually on the lines and curves of the prevailing architecture—to one who has even seen the city at a distance, with its many spires and turrets set amid fair, green meadows, and girt about with the silver windings of streams—any such brief recapitulation would be inexpressibly bald and useless; while he to whom Oxford is unknown can learn nothing of its beauties and impressions without going there. Our party absolutely refused to go sight-seeing, and were quite content to accept the antiquarian researches of the guide-books on credit. It was enough for us to ramble leisurely through the old courts and squares and alleys, where the shadows lay cool under the gloomy walls, or under avenues of magnificent elms.

But first of all we paid a more formal visit to Christ Church, and on our way thither the Lieutenant stopped Bell at the post-office. She begged leave to ask for letters herself; and presently reappeared with two in her hand.

"These are from the boys," she said to my Lady; "there is one for you and one for papa."

"You have had no letters?" said Tita.

"No," answered Bell, somewhat gravely as I fancied; and for some time after she seemed rather thoughtful and anxious.

As we paused underneath the archway in front of the sunlit quadrangle of Christ Church, the letters from the boys were read aloud. This is the first one, which shows the pains a boy will take to write properly to his mother, especially when he can lay his hands on some convenient guide-book to correspondence.

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR MAMMA—I take up my pen to let you know that I am quite well, and hope that this will find you in the enjoyment of good health. My studdies are advancing favably, and I hope I shall continue to please my teacher and my dear parents, who have been so kind to me, and are anxious for my welfare. I look forward with much delight to the approaching hollidays, and I am, my dear mamma,

"Your affectionate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. He does gallop so; and he eats beans."

Master Tom, on the other hand, showed

ed that the fear of his mother was not on him when he sat down to write. Both of them had evidently just been impressed with the pony's galloping; for the second letter was as follows:

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—He does gallop so, you can't think (this phrase, as improper, was hastily scored through) and I took him down to the river and the boys were very Impertinent and I rode him down to the river and they had to run away from their clothes and he went into the river a good bit and was not afraid but you know he can not swim yet as he is very young Harry French says and Doctor Ashburton went with us yesterday my dear papa to the ferry and Dick was taken over in the ferry and we all went threw the trees by Ham House and up to Ham Common and back by Richmond bridge and Dick was not a bit Tired. But what do you think my dear papa Doctor Ashburton says all our own money won't pay for his hay and corn and he will starve if you do not send some please my dear papa to send some at once because if he starves once he will not get right again and the Ostler says he is very greedy but he is a very good pony and very intelgent dear papa Doctor Ashburton has bawt us each a riding-whip but I never hit him over the ears which the Ostler says is dangerous and you must tell the German gentleman that Jack and I are very much obled [scored out] obledg [also scored out] obliged to him, and send our love to him and to dear Auntie Bell and to dear Mamma and I am my dear papa your affexnate son,

"TOM."

"It is really disgraceful," said the mother of the scamps, "the shocking way those boys spell. Really, Doctor Ashburton must be written to. At their age, and with such letters as these—it is shameful."

"I think they are very clever boys," said Bell, "and I hope you won't impose extra lessons on them just as they have got a pony."

"They ought not to have had the pony until they had given a better account of themselves at school," said my Lady, severely; to which Bell only replied by saying, in a pensive manner, that she wished she was a boy of nine years of age, just become possessed of a pony, and living in the country.

We spent a long time in Christ Church,

more especially in the magnificent Hall, where the historical portraits greatly interested Bell. She entered into surmises as to the sensations which must have been felt by the poets and courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's time when they had to pay compliments to the thin-faced, red-haired woman who is here represented in her royal satins and pearls; and wondered whether, after they had celebrated her as the Queen of Beauty, they afterwards reconciled these flatteries to their conscience by looking on them as sarcasm. But whereas Bell's criticism of the picture was quite gentle and unprejudiced, there was a good deal more of acerbity in the tone in which Queen Tita drew near to speak of Holbein's Henry VIII. My firm belief is, that the mother of those two boys at Twickenham, if she only had the courage of her opinions—and dared to reveal those secret sentiments which now find expression in decorating our bed-rooms with missal-like texts, and in the use of Ritualistic phrases to describe ordinary portions of the service and ordinary days of the year—would really be discovered to be—but let that pass. What harm Henry VIII. had done her, I could not make out. Any one may perceive that that monarch has not the look of an ascetic; that the contour of his face and the setting of his eyes are not particularly pleasing; that he could not easily be mistaken for Ignatius Loyola. But why any woman of these present days, who subscribes to Mudie's, watches the costumes of the Princess of Wales, and thinks that Dr. Pusey has been ungenerously treated, should regard a portrait of Henry VIII. as though he had done her an injury only the week before last, it is not easy to discover. Bell, on the other hand, was discoursing to the Lieutenant about the various workmanship of the pictures, and giving him a vast amount of information about technical matters, in which he appeared to take a deep interest.

"But did you ever paint upon panel yourself, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Bell, "I was at one time very fond of it. But I never made it so useful as a countryman of mine once suggested it might be. He was a Cumberland farmer who had come down to our house at Ambleside, and when he saw me painting on a piece of wood, he looked at it with great curiosity.

"'Heh, lass,' he said, 'thou's pentin a fine pictur there, and on wood, too. Is't for the yell-house?'"

"'No,' I said, explaining that I was painting for my own pleasure, and that it was not a public-house sign.

"'To please thyself, heh? And when thou's dune wi' the pictur, thou canst plane it off the wood, and begin another—that's thy meanin', is't?'"

"I was very angry with him, for I was only about fifteen then, and I wanted to send my picture to a London exhibition."

"Why, I did see it down at Leatherhead!" said Von Rosen. "Was not that the picture, on panel, near the window of the dining-room?"

"Come, come!" said Titania to the girl, who could not quite conceal the pleasure she felt on hearing that the Count had noticed this juvenile effort of hers; "come along, and let us see the library before we go into the open air again."

In the library, too, were more portraits and pictures, which these young people were much interested in. We found it impossible to drag them along. They would loiter in some corner or other, and then, when we forsook our civil attendant and went back for them, we found them deeply engrossed in some obscure portrait or buried in a huge parchment-bound folio which the Lieutenant had taken out and opened. Bell was a fairly well-informed young woman, as times go, and knew quite as much of French literature as was good for her; but it certainly puzzled Tita and myself to discover what possible interest she could have in gazing upon the large pages of the Encyclopedia, while the Lieutenant talked to her about D'Alembert. Nor could it be possible that a young lady of her years and pursuits had imbibed so much reverence for original editions as to stand entranced before this or that well-known author whose earliest offspring had been laid hold of by her companion. They both seemed unwilling to leave this library; but Von Rosen explained the matter when he came out—saying that he had never felt so keenly the proverbial impulses of an Uhlan as when he found himself with these valuable old books in his hand, and only one attendant near. I congratulated the authorities of Christ Church on what they had escaped.

Of course we went down to the river

some little time after lunch; and had a look from Folly Bridge on the various oddly-assorted crews that had invaded the sacred waters of the Isis in the absence of the University men. When the Lieutenant proposed that we, too, should get a boat and make a voyage down between the green meadows, it almost seemed as if we were venturing into a man's house in the absence of the owner; but then Bell very prettily and urgently added her supplications, and Tita professed herself not unwilling to give the young folks an airing on the stream. There were plenty of signs that it was vacation-time besides the appearance of the nondescript oarsmen. There was a great show of painting and scraping and gilding visible among that long line of mighty barges that lay under the shadow of the elms, moored to tall white poles that sent a line of silver down into the glassy and troubled water beneath. Barges in blue, and barges in cream and gold, barges with splendid prows and Gorgon figure-heads, barges with steam-paddles and light awnings over the upper deck, barges with that deck supported by pointed arches, as if a bit of an old cloister had been carried down to decorate a pleasure-boat—all these resounded to the blows of hammers, and were being made bright with many colors. The University barge itself had been dragged out of the water, and was also undergoing the same process; although the cynical person who had put the cushions in our boat had just remarked with something of a shrug—

"I hope the mahn as has got the job 'll get paid for it, for the 'Varsity Crew are up to their necks in debt, that's whar they are!"

When once we had got away from Christ Church meadows, there were fewer obstructions in our course; but whether it was that the currents of the river defied the skill of our coxswain, or whether it was that the Lieutenant and Bell, sitting together in the stern, were too much occupied in pointing out to each other the beauties of the scenery, we found ourselves with a fatal frequency running into the bank, with the prow of the boat hissing through the rushes and flags. Nevertheless, we managed to get up to Iffley, and there, having moored the boat, we proceeded to land and walk up to the old church on the brow of the hill.

"It's what they call eerly English," said the old lady who showed us over the an-

cient building. She was not a talkative person; she was accustomed to get over the necessary information rapidly; and then spent the interval in looking strangely at the tall Lieutenant and his brown beard. She did not betray any emotion when a small gratuity was given her. She had not even said "Thank you" when Von Rosen, on calling for the keys of the church, had found the gate of her garden unhinged, and had labored fully ten minutes in hammering a rusty piece of iron into the wooden post. Perhaps she thought it was Bell who had driven down the gate; but at all events she expressed no sense of gratitude for its restoration.

Near an old yew-tree there was a small grave—new-made and green with grass—on which some careful hand had placed a cross composed exclusively of red and white roses. This new grave, with these fresh evidences of love and kindly remembrance on it, looked strange in the rude old church-yard, where stones of unknown age and obliterated names lay tumbled about or stood awry among the weeds and grass. Yet this very disorder and decay, as Tita said gently, seemed to her so much more pleasant than the cold and sharp precision of the iron crosses in French and German grave-yards, with their grim, fantastic decorations and wreaths of immortelles. She stood looking at this new grave and its pretty cross of roses, and at the green and weather-worn stones, and at the black old yew-tree, for some little time; until Bell—who knows of something that happened when Tita was but a girl, and her brother scarcely more than a child—drew her gently away from us, toward the gate of the church-yard.

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, not noticing, but turning to the only listener remaining; "that is true. I think your English church-yards in the country are very beautiful—very picturesque—very pathetic indeed. But what you have not in this country are the beautiful songs about death that we have—not religious hymns, or any thing like that—but small, little poems that the country people know and repeat to their children. Do you know that one that says—

Hier schlummert das Herz,
Befreit von betäubenden Sorgen;
Es weckt uns kein Morgen
Zu grösserem Schmerz.

And it ends this way—

Was weinest denn du?
Ich trage nun muthig mein Leiden,
Und rufe mit Freuden,
Im Grabe ist Ruh!

There was one of my comrades in the war—he was from my native place, but not in my regiment—he was a very good fellow—and when he was in the camp before Metz, his companion was killed. Well, he buried him separate from the others, and went about till he got somewhere a grave-stone, and he began to cut out, just with the end of a bayonet, these two verses on the stone. It took him many weeks to do it; and I did hear from one of my friends in the regiment that two days after he had put up the stone, he was himself killed. Oh, it was very hard to have your companion killed beside you, and he is away from his friends, and when you go back home without him—they look at you as if you had no right to be alive and their son dead. That is very hard—I knew it in Sixty-six, when I went back to Berlin, and had to go to see old Madame von Hebel. I do hope never to have that again.”

Is there a prettier bit of quiet river-scenery in the world than that around Iffley Mill? Or was it merely the glamour of the white day that rendered the place so lovely, and made us linger in the open stream to look at the mill and surroundings? As I write, there lies before me a pencil sketch of Bell's, lightly dashed here and there with water-color, and the whole scene is recalled. There is the dilapidated old stone building, with its red tiles, its crumbling plaster, its wooden projections, and small windows, half-hidden amid foliage. Further down the river there are clumps of rounded elms visible; but here around the mill the trees are chiefly poplars, of magnificent height, that stretch up lightly and gracefully into a quiet yellow sky, and throw gigantic lines of reflection down into the still water. Then out from the mill a small island runs into the stream; the wood-work of the sluice-gates bridges the interval; there is a red cow amid the green leafage of the island, and here again are some splendid poplars, rising singly up from the river-side. Then beyond there is another house, then a wooden bridge, a low line of trees; and the river, in a sharp curve, glimmers in the light and loses itself behind low-lying meadows and a marginal growth of willow and flag.

For very shame's sake, the big Lieutenant was forced to offer to take Tita's oar, as we once more proceeded on our voyage; but she definitely refused to endanger our lives by any such experiment. A similar offer on the part of Bell met with a similar fate. Indeed, when this little woman has once made up her mind to do a certain thing, the reserve of physical and intellectual vigour that lies within the slight frame and behind a smooth and gentle face, shows itself to be extraordinary. Place before her some arithmetical conundrum that she must solve in order to question the boys, or give her an oar and engage her to pull for a certain number of miles, and the amount of patient perseverance and unobtrusive energy she will reveal will astonish most people. In the meantime, her task was easy. We were going with the stream. And so we glided on between the green banks, under the railway-bridge, past the village of Kennington, past Rose Isle, with its bowers, and tables, and beer-glasses, and lounging young fellows in white trousers and blue jackets, and so on until we got up to Sandford Lock. Here, also, we fastened the boat to the bank, close by the mill, and went ashore for half an hour's stroll. But while Tita made direct, as she generally does on entering a new village, for the church, the Lieutenant went off in quest of beer; and when we came back to the boat, he had a wonderful story to tell us. He had made friends with some innkeeper or other, and had imbibed from him a legend which was a curious mixture of fact and inference and blunder. Von Rosen had doubtless mistaken much of the Oxfordshire *patois*; for how could any man make a reasonable narrative out of the following?

“And he told me it was a farmer's house in the village—the village of Sandford, I suppose—and while they took it down to repair it, they were lifting up the floors, and many strange things were there. And he said among the nonsense and useless rubbish they were finding there, was a hat; and the man brought the hat down to him; and he saw it was a chevalier's hat—”

“A cavalier's hat,” suggested Bell; and the Lieutenant assented.

“Then the farmer went up to the house, and he found some hidden letters, and one was to Ettrick—to some soldier who was

then on a campaign at the river Ettrick in the north. And they found that it was in this very house that King Charles the First did cut off his beard and mustache—I suppose when he was flying from the Parliamentary army; but I am forgetting all about that history now, and the inn-keeper was not sure about the battle. Well, then, the news was sent to London; and a gentleman came down who is the only surviving descender—descendant—of King Charles, and he took away the hat to London, and you will find it in the British Museum. It is a very curious story, and I would have come after you, and showed you the houses; but I suppose it is a new house now, and nothing to look at. But do you know when the king was in this neighborhood in escaping?"

Here was a poser for a woman.

"I don't remember," says Tita, looking very profound, "to have seen any thing about Oxford in Lord Clarendon's narrative of the king's escape after the battle of Worcester."

"Mamma!" said Bell, in accents of reproach, "that was Charles the Second."

"To be sure it was," returned Tita, with a gesture of impatience; "and he couldn't have come this way, for he went to Bristol. But Charles the First was continually at Oxford—he summoned the Parliament to meet him here——"

"And shaved off his beard to curry favor with them," it is suggested.

"You needn't laugh. Of course, when he was finally defeated he fled from Oxford, and very probably disguised himself."

"And when did he fly, and whither?"

"To Scotland," said Bell, triumphantly, "and after the battle of Naseby."

"Good girl. And where is Naseby?"

"Well, if he fled north-east from the Parliamentary army, Naseby must be in the south-west; and so I suppose it is somewhere down about Gloucester."

"Herr Professor Oswald, where is Naseby?"

"I do not know," says the Lieutenant; "but I think it is more in the north, and not far from the country of your great man Hampden. But he was killed before then, I think."

"And pray," says Queen Tita, taking her seat, and putting her oar into the rowlock, "will you please tell me what you think of those men—of Cromwell and

Hampden and those—and what your historians say of them in Germany?"

"Why, they say all kinds of things about them," said the Lieutenant, lightly—not knowing that he was being questioned as a representative of the feudal aristocracy of a country in which the divine right of kings is supposed to flourish—"just as your historians do here. But we know very well that England has got much of her liberty through that fight with the king, and yet you have been able to keep a balance and not let the lowest classes run riot and destroy your freedom. They were ambitious? Yes. If a man is in politics, does not he fight hard to make his side win? If he is a soldier, does not he like to be victorious? And if I could be King of England, do you not think I should like that very well, and try hard for it? But if these men had their own ambitions, and wanted to get fame and honor, I am sure they had much of righteousness and belief, and would not have fought in that way and overturned the king if they believed that was an injury to their country or to their religion. And besides what could this man or that man have done except he had a great enthusiasm of the nation behind him—if he did not represent a principle? But I have no right to speak of such things as if I were telling you of our German historians. That is only my guess—and I have read not much about it. But you must not suppose that because we in Germany have not the same political system that you have, that we can not tell the value of yours, and the good it has done to the character of your people. Our German historians are many of them professors in universities; and they spend their lives in finding out the truth of such things; and do you think they care what may be the opinion of their own Government about it? Oh, no. They are very independent in the universities—much too independent, I think. It is very pleasant when you are a very young man, to get into a university, and think yourself very wise, and go to extremes about politics, and say hard things of your own country; but when you come out into the world, and see how you have to keep your country from enemies that are not separated by the sea from you, (as you are here in England,) you see how bad are these principles among young men, who do not like to be obedient, and always want to hurry on new systems of government before such things

are possible. But you do not see much of those wild opinions when a war comes, and the young men are marched together to save their country. Then they forget all the democratic notions of this kind—it is their heart that speaks, and it is on fire—and not one is ashamed to be patriotic, though he may have laughed at it a week before.”

“It must be very hard,” said Bell, looking away at the river, “to leave your home and go into a foreign country, and know that you may never return.”

“Oh, no; not much,” said the Lieutenant; “for all your friends go with you. And you are not always in danger—you have much entertainment at times, especially when some fight is over, and all your friends meet again to have a supper in the tent, and some one has got a bottle of cognac, and some one else has got a letter from home, full of gossip about people you know very well. And there is much fun, too, in riding over the country, and trying to find food and quarters for yourself and your horse. We had many good parties in the deserted farmhouses, and sometimes we caught a hen or a duck that the people had neglected to take, and then we kindled a big fire, and killed him, and fixed him on a lance, and roasted him well, feathers and all. Then we were very lucky—to have a fire and good meat, and a roof to keep off the rain. But it was more dangerous in a house—for it was difficult to keep from sleeping after you had got warm and had eaten and drunk perhaps a little too much wine—and there were many people about ready to fire at you. But these are not heroic stories of a campaign, are they, Mademoiselle?”

Nevertheless, Mademoiselle seemed sufficiently interested; and as Tita and I pulled evenly back to Iffley and Oxford, she continually brought the Lieutenant back to this subject by a series of questions. This modern maiden was as anxious to hear of the amusements of patrols, and the hair-breath escapes of dare-devil sub-lieutenants, as was Desdemona to listen to her lover's stories of battles, sieges, fortunes, and moving accidents by flood and field.

That was a pleasant pull back to Oxford, in the quiet of the summer afternoon, with the yellow light lying warmly over the level meadows and the woods. There were more people now along the banks of the river—come out for the most part in

couples to wander along the pathway between the stream and the fields. Many of them had a good look at Bell; and the Radley boys, as they sent their long boats spinning down the river towards Sandford, were apparently much struck. Bell, unconscious of the innocent admiration of those poor boys, was attending much more to the talk of our Uhlan than to her tiller-ropes. As for him—but what man would not have looked contented under these conditions—to be strong, healthy, handsome, and only twenty-five; to have comfortable means and an assured future; to have come out of a long and dangerous campaign with honor and sound limbs; to be off on a careless holiday through the most beautiful country, take it for all in all, in the world; and to be lying lazily in a boat on a summer's evening, on a pretty English river, with a pretty English girl showing her friendly interest and attention in every glance of her blue eyes?

You should have seen how naturally these two fell behind us, and formed a couple by themselves, when we had left the boat and were returning to our inn. But as we walked up to Carfax, Bell separated herself from us for a moment and went into the post-office. She was a considerable time there. When she came out she was folding up a letter which she had been reading.

“You have got your letter at last,” said Tita.

“Yes,” said Bell, gravely, but showing no particular gladness or disappointment.

At dinner she was rather reserved; and so, curiously enough, was the Lieutenant. After dinner, when we were allowed half an hour by ourselves for a cigar, he suddenly said—

“Why do you not interfere with that stupid young fellow?”

“Who?” I asked, in blank amazement.

“Why that young fellow at Twickenham—it is quite monstrous, his impertinence. If I were the guardian of such a girl, I would kick him—I would throw him into the river and cool him there.”

“What in all the world do you mean?”

“Why, you must know. The letter that Miss Bell did ask for more than once, it is from him; and now when it comes, it is angry, it is impertinent—she is nearly cry-

ing all the time at dinner. It is for some one to interfere, and save her from this insult—this persecution——”

“Don’t bite your cigar to pieces, but tell me, if you please, how you happen to know what was in the letter.”

“She told me,” said the Lieutenant, with a stare.

“When?”

“Just before you came down to dinner. It is no business of mine—no; but when I see her vexed and disturbed, I asked her to tell me why. And then she said she had got this letter, which was a very cruel one to send. Oh, there is no mystery—none. I suppose he has a right to marry her—very well; but he is not married yet, and he must not be allowed to do this.”

“Bell at least might have told me of it, or have confided in Tita——”

“Oh, she is telling her now, I dare say. And she will tell you too, when there are not all of us present. It is no secret, or she would not have told me. Indeed, I think she was sorry about that; but she was very much vexed, and I asked her so plain, that she answered me. And that is much better to have confidence between people, instead of keeping all such vexations to yourself. Then I ask her why he is angry? and she says only because she has gone away. Pfui! I have never heard such nonsense!”

“My dear Oswald,” I say to him, “don’t you interfere between two young people who have fallen out, or you will suffer. Unless, indeed——”

“Unless what?”

“Unless they happen to be angels.”

“Do you know this—that he is coming to see her?”

“Well, the phaeton can hold five at a pinch. Why should not we have an addition to our party?”

“Very good. I do not care. But if he is rude to her, he will not be very long in the phaeton.”

“Why, you stupid boy, you take those lovers’ quarrels *au grand sérieux*. Do you think he has been positively rude to her? Nothing of the kind. He has been too well brought up for that, although he has a peevish temper. He might be with us all through the journey——”

“*Fott bewahre!*” exclaimed the Count, with a kick at a cork that was lying on the carpet.

“—And these two might be at daggers drawn and you would see nothing of it. Indeed, young people never get extremely courteous to each other until they quarrel and stand on their dignity. Now, if you had seen that letter, you would have found it respectful and formal in the highest degree—perhaps a trifle sarcastic here and there, for the lad unhappily thinks he has a gift that way—but you would find no rhetorical indignation or invective.”

The Count threw his cigar into the grate.

“They will be waiting for us,” he said; “let us go.”

We found Tita with the bezique-cards spread out before her. Bell looked up with rather a frightened air, apparently conscious that the Lieutenant was likely to have spoken about what she had confided to him at the impulse of a momentary vexation. However, we sat down.

The game was an open and palpable burlesque. Was Ferdinand very intent on giving checkmate when he played chess with Miranda in the cave; or was he not much more bent upon placing his king in extreme danger and offering his queen so that she had to be taken? The audacious manner in which this young Lieutenant played his cards so as to suit Bell was apparent to every one, though no one dared speak of it, and Bell only blushed sometimes. When she timidly put forth a ten, he was sure to throw away another ten, although he had any amount of aces in his hand. He spoiled his best combinations rather than take tricks when it was clear she wanted to lead. Nay, as he sat next to her, he undertook the duty of marking her various scores, and the manner in which the small brass hand went circling round the card was singular, until Tita suddenly exclaimed—

“Why, that is only a common marriage!”

“And do not you count forty for a common marriage?” he said, with a fine assumption of innocent wonder.

Such was the ending of our first day’s rest; and then, just before candles were lit, a Cabinet Council was held to decide whether, on the morrow, we should choose as our halting-place Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Bourton-on-the-Hill. The more elevated site won the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

"In olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speake great honoûr,
All was this land full filled of faerie;
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion, as I read;
I speak of many a hundred years ago;
But now can no man see no elves mo."

The phaeton stood in the High-street of Oxford. Castor and Pollux, a trifle impatient after the indolence of the day before, were pawing the hard stones, their silken coats shining in the morning sunlight; Queen Titania had the reins in her hands; the tall waiter who had been a circus-rider was ready to smile us an adieu; and we were all waiting for the Lieutenant, who had gone off in search of a map that Bell had forgotten.

If there is one thing more than another likely to ruffle the superhuman sweetness of my Lady's temper, it is to be kept waiting in a public thoroughfare with a pair of rather restive horses under her charge. I began to fear for that young man. Tita turned once or twice to the entrance of the hotel; and at last she said, with an ominous politeness in her tone—

"It does seem to me singular that Count von Rosen should be expected to look after such things. He is our guest. It is no compliment to give him the duty of attending to our luggage."

"My dear," said Bell, leaning over and speaking in very penitent tones, "it is entirely my fault. I am very sorry."

"I think he is much too good-natured," says Tita, coldly.

At this Bell rather recedes, and says, with almost equal coldness—

"I am sorry to have given him so much trouble. In future I shall try to do without his help."

But when the Count did appear—when he took his seat beside Tita, and we rattled up the High-street and round by the Corn-market, and past Magdalen church, and so out by St. Giles's road, the remembrance of this little preliminary skirmish speedily passed away. For once more we seemed to have left towns and streets behind us, and even while there were yet small villas and gardens by the side of the road, the air that blew about on this bright morning seemed to have a new sweetness in it, and

the freshness and pleasant odors of innumerable woods and fields. There was quite a new light, too, in Bell's face. She had come down stairs with an obvious determination to cast aside the remembrance of that letter. There was something even defiant in the manner in which she said—in strict confidence, be it observed—that if Arthur Ashburton did intend to come and meet us in some town or other, there was no use in being vexed about it in the meantime. We were now getting into the open country, where pursuit would be in vain. If he overtook us, it would be through the mechanism of railways. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Bell was to lie in wait for us in one of the big towns through which we must pass.

"But why," said the person to whom Bell revealed these matters, "why should you be afraid to meet Arthur? You have not quarreled with him."

"No," said Bell, looking down.

"You have done nothing that he can object to."

"He has no right to object, whatever I may do," she said with a gentle firmness.

"But, you know, he is annoyed, and you can not reason with him; and I am sorry for him—and—and—and what is the name of this little village on the left?"

Bell seemed to shake off this subject from her, as too vexatious on such a fine and cheerful morning.

"That is Woolvercot; and there is the road that leads down to Godstow, and the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, in which Rosamond Clifford lived and died."

"And I suppose she rode along this very highway," said Bell, "with people wondering at her beauty and her jewels, when she used to live at Woodstock. Yet it is a very ordinary-looking road."

Then she touched Tita on the shoulder.

"Are we going to stop at Blenheim?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said our driver.

"I think we ought not," said Bell; "we shall be greatly disappointed, if we do. For who cares about the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture? You know you will be looking about the trees for the old knight with the white beard, and for Alice Lee, and for pretty Phoebe Mayflower, and for Wildrake and the soldiers. Wouldn't it be better to go past the walls, Tita, and fancy that all these old friends of ours are still

walking about inside in their picturesque costume? If we go inside, we shall only find an empty park and a big house, and all those people gone away, just like the fairies who used to be in the woods."

"But what are the people you are speaking of?" said the Count. "Is it from history, or from a romance?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bell, "how much is history, and how much is romance; but I am sure we know the people very well; and very strange things happened inside the park that we shall pass by and by. There was a pretty young lady living there, and a very sober and staid colonel was her lover. The brother of this young lady was much attached to the fortunes of the Stewart's, and he brought the young Prince Charles in disguise to the house; and all the gratitude shown by the Prince was that he began to amuse himself by making love to the sister of the man who had risked his life to save him. And of course the grave colonel discovered it, and he even drew his sword upon Prince Charles——"

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "but do not trouble to tell me the story; for I know it very well. I did read it in Germany years ago; and I think if Colonel Esmond had thrashed the Prince——"

"Oh no, you are mistaken," said Bell, with some wonder; "it is Colonel Markham, not Colonel Esmond; and the brother of the young lady succeeded in getting the Prince away just before Cromwell had time to seize him."

"Cromwell! said our Lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ah, then, it is another story. But I agree with you, Mademoiselle: if you believe in these people very much, do not go into the park, or you will be disappointed."

"As you please," said Tita, with a smile.—I began to observe that when the two young folks agreed about any thing, my Lady became nothing more than an echo to their wishes.

At length we came to the walls that surrounded the great park. Should we leave all its mysteries unexplored? If one were to clamber up, and peep over, might not strange figures be seen, in buff coats and red, with bandoleers and helmets; and an aged knight with a laced cloak, slashed boots, and long sword; countrywomen in white hoods and black gowns;

divines with tall Presbyterian hats and solemn visage; a braggart and drunken soldier of the king, and a colonel the servant of Cromwell? Or might not Queen Elizabeth be descried, looking out as a prisoner on the fair domains around her? Or might not Chaucer be found loitering under those great trees that he loved and celebrated in his verse? Or, behind that splendid wall of chestnuts and elms, was it not possible that Fair Rosamond herself might be walking all alone, passing like a gleam of light through the green shadows of the trees, or sitting by the well that still bears her name, or reading in the heart of that bower that was surrounded by cunning ways? Was it along this road that Eleanor came? Or did Rosamond, surviving all her sin and her splendor, sometimes walk this way with her sister-nuns from Godstow, and think of the time when she was mistress of a royal palace and this spacious park?

We drove into the town of Woodstock. The handful of houses thrown into the circular hollow that is cut in two by the river Glym, was as silent as death. In the broad street that plunged down into the valley, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and even about the old town-hall there were only some children visible. Had the play been played out, and the actors gone forever? When King Henry was fighting in France or in Ireland, doubtless Rosamond, left all by herself, ventured out from the park, and walked down into the small town, and revealed to the simple folks the wonders of her face, and talked to them. No mortal woman could have remained in a bower month after month without seeing any one but her attendants. Doubtless, too, the people in this quaint little town were very loyal toward her; and would have espoused her cause against a dozen Eleanors. And so it happened, possibly, that when the romance came to an end, and Rosamond went to hide her shame and her penitence in the nunnery of Godstow, all the light and color went out of Woodstock, and left it dull and gray, and silent as it is to this day.

The main street of Woodstock, that dips down to the banks of the Glym, rises as abruptly on the other side; and once past the turnpike, the highway runs along an elevated ridge, which on the one side is bounded by a continuation of Blenheim Park, and, on the other, slopes down

to a broad extent of level meadows. When we had got up to this higher ground, and found before us an illimitable stretch of country, with ourselves as the only visible inhabitants, the Lieutenant managed to introduce a remote hint about a song which he had heard Bell humming in the morning.

"I think it was about Woodstock," he said; "and if you will please to sing it now, as we go along, I shall get out for you the guitar."

"If you will be so kind," said Bell, quite submissively.

What had become of the girl's independence? Asked to sing a song at great trouble to herself—for who cares to play a guitar in the back seat of a phaeton, and with two pairs of wheels rumbling an accompaniment?—she meekly thanks him for suggesting it! Nay, it was becoming evident that the girl was schooling herself into docility. She had almost dropped entirely the wild phrases and startling metaphors that so deeply shocked Tita. Sometimes they dropped out inadvertently; and sometimes, too, she gave way to those impulsive imaginative flights that led her unthinkingly into an excitement of talk which Tita used to regard with a sort of amused wonder. But of late all these things were gradually disappearing. She was less abrupt, independent, wayward in her manner. She waited more patiently to receive suggestions from others. She was becoming a good listener; and she received meekly criticisms that would, but a short time before, have driven her into a proud and defiant silence, or provoked some rejoinder a good deal more apt than gentle. It was very odd to mark this amiable self-discipline struggling with her ordinary frank impetuosity; although sometimes, it is true, the latter had the best of it.

On this occasion, when the Lieutenant had jumped down and got out the guitar for her, she took it very obediently; and then Tita rested the horses for a little while under the shadow of some overhanging trees. Of course you know the ballad that Bell naturally turned to, seeing where she was at the moment, and the sort of music she was most familiar with.

"Near Woodstock town I chanced to stray,
When birds did sing and fields were gay,
And by a glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

This was what she sang, telling the story

of the forlorn maiden who was found weeping for her faithless lover, who only wished that he might come and visit her grave, and think of her as "one who loved, but could not hate." Perhaps this old-fashioned ballad is not a masterly composition; but the music of it is expressive enough; and we who were familiar with Bell's ballads had got into a habit of not caring much what she sang, so long as she only continued singing.

"You would make your fortune by singing," said Tita, as Bell finished, and the horses were sent forward.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if all my audience were like you. But I think you must have been lent out as an infant to an old woman with an organ, and so, by merely sitting on the vibrating wood, you have become so sensitive to music that any thing at all pleases you."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "you do yourself an injustice. I never heard a voice like yours, that has the tremble of a zither in it, and is much softer than a zither."

Bell blushed deeply: but to conceal her embarrassment, she said lightly to Tita—

"And how am I to make my fortune? Oh, I know—by coming in after public dinners, to sing grace, and follow the toasts with a glee. I am in white silk, with a blue ribbon round my neck, white gloves, bracelets, and a sheet of music. There is an elderly lady in black velvet and white pearls, who smiles in a pleasant manner—she sings, and is much admired by the long rows of gentlemen—they have just dined, you know, and are very nice and amiable. Then there is the tenor—fair and smooth, with diamond-rings, a lofty expression, and a cool and critical eye, that shows he is quite accustomed to all this. Then there is the stout, red-bearded man who sings bass, and plays the piano for the four of us, and is very fierce in the way he thumps out his enthusiasm about the Queen, and the Navy, and the Army, and the Volunteers. What a happy way of living that must be! They will give us a nice dinner beforehand—in a room by ourselves, perhaps; and all we have to do is to return thanks for it in an emotional way, so that all the waiters shall stand round in a reverential manner. But when that is over, then we introduce a few songs—sprightly, coquettish songs, and the

gentlemen are vastly amused—and you think——”

“Well, what do you think?” said I, seeing that Bell rather hesitated.

“I think,” said Tita, with a smile, “that you are very ungenerous, Bell, in remembering so much of what you saw the other night from the gallery of the Freemasons’ Tavern. Is it fair to recall, in open daylight, in the cool forenoon, the imbecile good-nature and exuberant loyalty of a lot of gentlemen who have just dined? I wonder how many of the husbands there told their wives what sums they signed away under the influence of the wine?”

“I dare say,” says one of the party, “that the wives would be sorry to see so much money go in charity which might otherwise have been squandered in millinery and extravagances.”

“Don’t be ill-tempered, my dear,” says Queen Tita, graciously. “Women are quite as charitable as men; and they don’t need a guinea dinner to make them think of other people. That is a sort of charity that begins at home. Pray how much did you put down?”

“Nothing.”

“I thought so. Go to a charity dinner, enjoy yourself, and come away without giving a farthing! You would not find women doing that.”

“Only because they have not the courage.”

“They have plenty of courage in other directions—in getting married, for example, when they know what men are.”

“Knowing that, is it not a pity they choose to make martyrs of themselves? Indeed, their anxiety to become martyrs is astonishing. But what if I say that in the next published list of subscriptions you will find my name down for about as much as your last millinery bill came to?”

“I think that a good deal more likely, for I know the state of philanthropy into which men get at a public dinner—fathers of families, who ought to remember their own responsibilities, and who are impatient enough if any extra bit of comfort or kindness is wanted for their own kith and kin.”

“Some such trifling matter as a fur cloak, for instance, that is bought out of a Brighton shop-window for sixty-five guineas, and is only worn twice or thrice, because some other woman has the neighbor of it.”

“That is not true. You *know* the weather changed.”

“The weather! what weather? Were you at Brighton at the time?”

Titania did not reply for a considerable time. Perhaps she was thinking of some crushing epigram; but at all events Bell endeavored to draw her away from the subject by pointing out another river, and asking whether this or the Glym at Woodstock was the stream associated with the “Oxfordshire Tragedy” she had just been singing. We discovered, however, that this small stream was also the Glym, which here winds round and through the marshy country that Thomas Warton described.* Bell came to the conclusion that the banks by the river at this part were not sufficiently picturesque for the scene of the song, where the love-lorn heroine sits and weeps by a glassy stream, and complains that her lover is now wooing another maid.

Meanwhile, my Lady had given expression to the rebellious thoughts passing through her mind, by admonishing Castor and Pollux slightly; and these accordingly were going forward at a rattling pace. We rushed through Enstone. We dashed along the level highway that lies on the high ground between the Charlford Farms and Heythrop Park. We sent the dust flying behind us in clouds as we scudded down to Chipping Norton; and there, with a fine sweep, we cantered up the incline of the open square, clattered over the stones in front of the White Hart Inn, and pulled up with a noise that considerably astonished the quiet village.

This large open space gives to Chipping Norton a light and agreeable appearance; and on entering the big tall inn that looks down over the square, we found every thing very cleanly, bright, and comfortable. The very maid-servant who served us with lunch was a model of maid-servants, and was a very handsome young woman besides, with shining light-blue

* “Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym’s low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent’s oozy stains;
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom’d nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current’s caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck’s early brood.”

Ode to the First of April.

eyes and yellow hair. The Lieutenant at once entered into a polite conversation with her, and she informed him, in answer to his respectful inquiries, that she had just come from Folkestone.

"From Folkestone! that is a seaport—a busy place—a large town, is it not?"

"Yes, there *was* some business doing there," said the maid, with an inflection of voice which rather cast discredit on Chipping Norton.

"Don't you find this place dull?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say the people seem to worry themselves much," she replied with a slight curl of the lip.

"That is very good for the health," said the Count gravely. "Now I do think you have a very nice and even temper, that does not irritate you——"

But here my Lady and her companion came into the room, and the conversation ceased; for the Lieutenant had at once to spring up and take charge of the books, maps, and scarves that Bell had brought in with her. And then, when we sat down to lunch, he was entirely engrossed in attending to her wants, insomuch that he was barely civil to the more elderly lady who had from the first been his champion. As for Bell, what had become of her dislike to officers, her antipathy to the German race, her horror of Uhlans? That very morning I had heard on good authority that Bell had been asking in confidence whether England did not owe a great debt to Germany for the gift of Protestantism which that country had sent us. "And were not the Prussians mostly Protestant?" asked Bell. What answer was returned I do not know; for Queen Titania is strong on the point that the word "Protestant" is not scriptural.

"But I have quite forgotten to tell you," remarked the Lieutenant, "that this morning, when I was walking about in Oxford, I came into the theatre. I saw some bills up; I went along a strange passage; I found an iron gate, and much lime and stone, and things like that. A man came—I asked him if I could see the theatre, and he took me into the place, which they are repairing now. Oh, it is a very dingy place—small, tawdry, with ridiculous scenes, and the decorations of the galleries very amusing and dirty. Why, in an old city, with plenty of rich and intelligent people, you have such a pitiful little

theatre?—it is only fit for a country green and wandering actors. In a great university town, you should have the theatre supported by the colleges and the bequests, and hire good actors, and play all the best dramas of your great writers. That would be good education—that would be a good compliment to pay to your great dramatists. But here, in a city where you have much learning, much money, much of your young men of good families being educated, you have only a dingy small show, and I suppose it is farces they play, and wretched dramas, for the townspeople and the farmers. That is not much respect shown to your best authors by your learned institutions."

"No wonder students find the milliners' shops more attractive," said Tita with a smile.

"But I think there is always much interest in an empty theatre," continued the Lieutenant. "I did go all over this poor little building, and saw how it imitated the deceptions of fine theatres in a coarse manner. I saw the rude scenes, the bad traps, the curious arrangements, which I do not think can differ much from the theatre which Shakespeare himself described, where a man was made to represent a city, if I am right."

"You are familiar with the arrangements of a theatre, I suppose?" I say to the Lieutenant.

"Pray tell me if you saw any thing else in Oxford this morning," says Tita, hastily.

"I suppose you could produce a pantomime yourself," I observe to the young man.

"Did you visit any more of the colleges?" said Tita, at the same moment.

"Or get up a ballet?"

"Or go down to the Isis again?"

Von Rosen was rather bewildered; but at last he stammered out.

"No, Madame, I did not go down to the river this morning. I walked from the theatre to the hotel; for I remained much too long in the theatre. Yes, I know something about the interior of theatres. I have been great friends with the managers and actors, and took great interest in it. I used to be much behind the stage—every night at some times; and that is very curious to a young man who likes to know more than other people, and thinks himself wise not to believe in delusions. I think it is Goethe who has made many of

our young men like to know stage-managers, and help to arrange pieces. But I find that they always end by being very much in love with one of the young ladies, and then they get not to like the theatres, for they do not wish every body to admire her and be allowed to look at her. This is very good for the theatre, however; for they take many boxes, and ask their friends to accompany them, and that pays better than to let out the seats by the year to families. Some of the young men make light of this; others are more melancholy, but afterwards they have much interest in some theatres merely for the sake of the old associations."

"Oh, Bell," exclaimed Tita, turning anxiously to our companion, "did you see that your guitar was properly put away, or has it been left lying open in the phaeton?"

"I did put it away, Madame," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, thank you," said Tita. "I am sure if some of those ostlers were to have their curiosity aroused, we should have no more music all the journey."

And thus, having got the Lieutenant away from rambling reminiscences of theatres, the little woman took very good care he should not return to them; and so we finished luncheon without any catastrophe having happened. Bell had been sitting very quietly during these revelations, scarcely lifting her eyes from the table, and maintaining an appearance of studied indifference. Why should she care about the mention of any actress, or any dozen of actresses. My Lady's anxiety was obviously unnecessary.

CHAPTER IX.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

"Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat."

CHIPPING NORTON is supplied with all the comforts of life. Before leaving for the more inhospitable regions in which we are to pass the night, we take a leisurely walk through the curious little town, that is loosely scattered over the side of a steep slope. Here civilization has crowded all its results together; and Queen Tita is asked whether she could not forsake the busy haunts of men, and exchange that hovering between Leatherhead and Lon-

don, which constitutes her existence, for a plain life in this small country town.

"Chemists' shops abound. There is a subscription reading-room. There are co-operative stores. A theatre invites you to amusement. You may have *Lloy's News*, various sorts of sewing machines, and the finest sherry from the wood——"

"Along with a Wesleyan chapel," she says, with a supercilious glance at the respectable, if somewhat dull-looking little building that fronts the main street.

There is no reply possible to this ungracious sneer; for who can reason, as one of us hints to her, with a woman who would spend a fortune in incense, if only she had it, and who would rejoice to run riot in tall candles?

Bell takes us away from Chipping Norton, the Lieutenant sitting beside her to moderate the vehemence of her pace in the event of her getting into a difficulty. First the road dips down by a precipitous street, then it crosses a hollow, in which there are some buildings of a manufactory, a tiny river, and a strip of common or meadow, and then it ascends to the high country beyond by a steep hill. On the summit of this hill we give the horses a rest for a few seconds, and turn to look at the small town that lies underneath us in the valley. There is a faint haze of blue smoke rising from the slates and tiles. The deadened tolling of a bell marks the conclusion of another day's labor; for already the afternoon is wearing on apace; and so we turn westward again, and set out upon the lofty highway that winds onward towards the setting sun. Small hamlets fringe the road at considerable intervals, while elsewhere our route lies between stretches of heath and long fields. And still the highway ascends, until we reach the verge of a great slope; and, behold! there lies before us a great landscape, half in gloom, half in the dusky yellow light of the evening. And over there, partly shutting out the dark lines of hills in the west, a great veil of rain stretches from the sky to the earth, and through it the sun is shining as through ground glass. But so far away is this pale sheet of yellow mist, that we seem to be above it, and over the level and dark landscape on which it descends; and, indeed, where this veil ends, the sunlight sends forth long shafts of radiance that light up level tracts of the distant and wooded country. What fate is to

befall us when we get down into this plain, and go forward in search of the unknown hostelry at which we are to pass the night?

"I hope the rain will not spread," says Bell, who had been telling us of all the wonders we should find at Bourton-on-the-Hill; "but even if it does rain to-night, we shall be as well off on a hill as in a swamp."

"But at Moreton-in-the-Marsh," says Tita, "there is sure to be a comfortable inn, for it is a big place; whereas Bourton-on-the-Hill appears to be only a small village, and we may find there only a public-house."

"But suppose it should clear?" says Bell; "the moon will be larger to-night, and then we can look down on all this level country from the top of the hill. We have not had a night-walk for a long time, and it will be so much more pleasant than being down in the mists of a marsh."

"And you are prepared to sleep on a couple of chairs in the smoking-room of a public-house?" I ask of Miss Bell.

"I dare say we shall get accommodation of some kind," she replies, meekly.

"Oh, I am quite sure *Mademoiselle* is right; there is so much more adventure in going to this small place on the top of a hill," cried the Lieutenant.

Of course *Mademoiselle* was right. *Mademoiselle* was always right now. And when that was understood, Queen Titania never even attempted to offer an objection, so that in all affairs pertaining to our trip the rude force of numbers triumphed over the protests of an oppressed and long-suffering minority.

But only change the relative positions, and then what a difference there was! When the Lieutenant hinted in the remotest way that Bell might do so and so with the horses, she was all attention. For the first time in her career she allowed the interests of justice to moderate her partiality for Pollux. That animal, otherwise the best of horses, was a trifle older than his companion, and had profited by his years so far as to learn a little cunning. He had got into a trick accordingly of allowing Castor—the latter being younger and a good deal "freer"—to take more than his share of the work. Pollux had acquired the art of looking as if he were perpetually straining at the collar, while all the time he was letting his neighbor exercise to the full that willingness which was his chief

merit. Now Bell had never interfered to alter this unequal division of labor. Queen Tita knew well how to make the older horse do his fair share; but Bell encouraged him in his idleness, and permitted his companion to work out of all reason. Now, however, when the Lieutenant pointed out the different action of the horses, and said she should moderate the efforts of the one, while waking up the other to a sense of his duties, she was quite obedient. When the whip was used at all—which was seldom enough, for both horses were sufficiently free—it was Pollux that felt the silk. The Lieutenant fancied he was giving Bell lessons in driving, whereas he was merely teaching her submissiveness.

That golden sheet of rain had disappeared in the west, and the yellow light had sunk further and further down behind far bands of dark cloud. A gray dusk was failing over the green landscape, and the birds were growing mute in the woods and the hedges. In the pervading silence we heard only the patter of the horses' feet and the light rolling of the phaeton, as we sped onward down the long slopes and along the plain. We passed Four-shire-Stone, the adjacent shires being Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, and Oxford; and then, getting on by a piece of common, we rattled into a long and straggling village, with one or two large and open thoroughfares.

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was asleep, and we left it asleep. There were still a few men lounging about the corner public-house, but the women and children had all retired into the cottages from the chill night-air. In some of the windows the light of a candle was visible. The dark elms behind the houses were growing darker.

Between Moreton and Bourton you plunge still deeper into this great and damp valley, and the way lies through a rich vegetation which seems to have thriven well in this low situation. The hedges along the roadside are magnificent; the elms behind them constitute a magnificent avenue extending for nearly a couple of miles; all around are dense woods. As we drove rapidly through this country, it almost seemed as though we could see the white mists around us, although the presence of the vapor was only known to us by the chilling touch of the air. On this July night we grew cold. Tita hoped there

would be a fire at the hostelry on the top of the mountain, and she besought Bell to muffle up her throat, so that we should not be deprived of our ballads by the way.

At last we beheld the hill before us.

"It is not very like the Niessen," says Tita.

"But I have no doubt there is a very good inn at the top," remarks the Lieutenant; "for after this hill the people would naturally stop to rest their horses."

"And we shall get up to see the sun rise, as we did on the Niessen?" asks Bell, with a fine innocence; for she knows the opinions of some of us on the subject of early rising. "Do you remember the fat little woman who had walked up all by herself, and who came out by herself in the morning, and appealed to us all to tell her the names of the mountains, that she might write them down?"

"And how oddly she turned up again at nearly every railway station we stopped at, with all her luggage around her!" says Tita.

"I believe," says Bell, "she is still sailing all through Europe on a shoal of band-boxes and portmanteaus. I wish I could draw the fat little woman balancing herself in that circle of luggage, you know, and floating about comfortably and placidly like a bottle bobbing about in the sea. She may have drifted up to St. Petersburg by this time."

"I think *we* have," says the Lieutenant, who is leading the horses up the steep hill, and who rubs his chilled hands from time to time.

We reach the centre of the straggling line of houses which must be Bourton, and behold! there is no inn. In the dusk we can descry the tower of a small church, and here the cottages thicken into the position which ought to be dominated by an inn, but there is no sign of any such thing. Have we climbed this precipitous steep, and have Castor and Pollux laboriously dragged our phaeton and luggage up, all for nothing? The Count asks a startled villager, who points to a wayside house standing at the higher extremity of the row. Where is the familiar signboard, or the glowing bar, or the entrance to the stables? Von Rosen surrenders his charge of the horses, and walks into the plain-looking house. It is an inn. We begin to perceive in the dusk that a small board over the doorway bears the name of "SETH

DYDE." We find, however, instead of a landlord, a landlady—a willing, anxious, energetic woman, who forthwith sets to work to take our party into this odd little place. For dinner or supper, just as we choose to call it, she will give us ham and eggs, with either tea or beer. She will get two bedrooms for us; and perhaps the single gentleman will accept a shake-down in the parlor. In that room a fire is lit in a trice; a lamp is brought in; and presently the cheerful blaze in the huge fireplace illuminates the curious old-fashioned chamber, with its carpets and red tablecloth, and gloomy furniture. A large tray appears—an ornamental teapot is produced. Sounds are heard of attendants whipping through the place—so anxious and so dexterous is this good woman. And Queen Tita, who is merciless in one respect, examines the cups, saucers, forks and knives, and deigns to express her sense of the creditable cleanliness and order of the solitary inn.

Meanwhile the horses.

"Oh," says the Lieutenant, coming in out of the dark, "I have found a famous fellow—the first man I have seen in England who does his work well with grooming a horse. He is an excellent fellow—I have seen nothing like it. The horses are well off this night, I can assure you—you will see how good they look to-morrow morning."

"It is strange so good an ostler should be found here," remarks Tita.

"But he is not an ostler," replies the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands at the fire; "he is a groom to some gentleman near. The ostler is away. He does his work as a favor, and he does it so that I think the gentleman must keep some racing horses."

"How do you manage to find out all these things about the people you meet?" asked Titania, with a gracious smile.

"Find out!" replied the tall young man, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not think I find out any more than others. It is people talk to you. And it is better to know a little of a man you give your horses to—and there is some time to talk when you are seeing after the horses—and so—that is perhaps why they tell me."

"But you have not to see about horses when you are in a bookseller's shop at nine in the morning, and the young lady there tells you about the milliners' shops and the students," says my Lady.

"Oh, she was a very nice girl," remarks the Lieutenant, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"But you talk to every one, whether they are young ladies, or innkeepers, or grooms: is it to perfect your pronunciation of English?"

"Yes, that is it," said the young man, probably glad to arrive at any solution of the problem.

"Then you ought not to speak to ostlers."

"But there is no ostler who talks so very bad as I do—I know it is very, very bad——"

"I am *sure* you are mistaken," says Bell, quite warmly, but looking down; "I think you speak very good English—and it is a most difficult language to pronounce—and I am sure there are few Germans who can speak it as freely as you can."

"All that is a very good compliment, Mademoiselle," he said, with a laugh that caused Bell to look rather embarrassed. "I am very glad if I could think that, but it is impossible. And as for freedom of speaking—oh, yes; you can speak freely, comfortably, if you are going about the country, and meeting strangers, and talking to any one, and not caring whether you mistake or not; but it is different when you are in a room with very polite English ladies who are strangers to you—and you are introduced—and you do not know how to say those little sentences that are proper to the time. That is very difficult—very annoying. But it is very surprising the number of your English ladies who have learned German at school; while the French ladies, they know nothing of that, or of any thing that is outside Paris. I do think them the most useless of women—very nice to look at, and very charming in their ways, perhaps—but not sensible, honest, frank like the English women, and not familiar with the seriousness of the world, and not ready to see the troubles of other people. But your English-woman who is very frank to be amused and can enjoy herself when there is a time for that—who is generous in time of trouble, and is not afraid, and can be firm and active and yet very gentle, and who does not think always of herself, but is ready to help other people, and can look after a house, and manage affairs—that is a better kind of woman, I think—more to be trust-

ed—more of a companion—oh, there is no comparison!"

All this time the Lieutenant was busy stirring up the fire, and placing huge lumps of coal on the top; and he had obviously forgotten that he was saying these things to two Englishwomen. Tita seemed rather amused, and kept looking at Bell; Bell said nothing, but pretended to be arranging the things on the table. When the Lieutenant came back from the fire, he had apparently forgotten his complimentary speech; and was regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for our supper.

That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. When the chill of driving through the fogs of the plain had worn off, we found that it was not so very cold up here on the hill. A very liberal and honest appetite seemed to prevail; and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our Lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer, to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

Women get accustomed to many things during the course of a rambling journey like this. You should have seen how naturally Queen Tita brought forth the bezique-cards directly after supper, and how unthinkingly Bell fetched some matches from the mantelpiece and placed them on the table. My Lady had wholly forgotten her ancient horror of cigar smoke—in any case, as she pointed out, it was other people's houses we were poisoning with the odor. As for Bell, she openly declared that she enjoyed the scent of cigars; and that in the open air, on a summer evening, it was as pleasant to her as the perfume of the wild roses or the campions.

However, there was no bezique. We fell to talking. It became a question as to which could find the freshest phrases and the strongest adjectives to describe his or her belief that this was the only enjoyable fashion of traveling. The abuse that was poured upon trains, stations, railway porters, and the hurry of cabs in the morning, was excessive. Time-tables of all sorts were spoken of with an animosity which was wonderful to observe when it came along with the soft and pleasant undertones of our Bonny Bell's voice. Tita said she should never go abroad any more.

The Lieutenant vowed that England was the most delightful country in the world to drive through. The present writer remarked that the Count had much to see yet; whereupon the foolish young man declared he could seek for no pleasanter days than those he had just spent, and wished, with some unnecessary emphasis, that they might go on for ever. At this moment Bell rose and went to the window.

Then we heard an exclamation. Looking round, we found the shutters open, and lo! through the window we could see a white glare of moonlight falling in the empty thoroughfare, and striking on the wall on the other side of the way.

"It can not be very cold outside," remarks the young lady.

"Bell!" cries Queen Tita, "you don't mean to go out at this time of night!"

"Why not, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "Was it not agreed before we came up the hill? And when could you get a more beautiful night? I am sure it will be more beautiful than the sunrise from the top of the Niessen."

"Oh, if you think so," says my Lady, with a gentle courtesy, "by all means let us go out for a little walk."

That is the way affairs began to be ordered about to suit the fancies of those young nincompoops. What little vestige of authority remained with the eldest of the group was exerted to secure a provision of shawls and rugs. Bell was not loth. She had a very pretty grey shawl. She had also a smart little grey hat, which suited it; and as the hat was trimmed with blue, the grey shawl could not have a prettier decoration than the blue ribbon of the guitar. Who proposed it I can not say; but Bell had her guitar with her when we went out into the bright wonder of the moonlight.

Bourton-on-the-Hill was now a mass of glittering silver, and sharp, black shadows. Below us we could see the dark tower of the church, gleaming gray on the one side; then a mass of houses in deep shadow, with a radiance shining from their tiles and slates; then the gray road down the hill, and on one side of it a big wall, with its flints sparkling. But when we got quite to the summit, and clambered on to a small piece of common where were some felled trees, what words can describe the extraordinary view that lay around us? The village and its small church seemed to be

now half-way down the hill; whereas the great plain of the landscape appeared to have risen high up on the eastern horizon, where the almost invisible stars met the dark woods of Oxfordshire. Over this imposing breadth of wood and valley and meadow—with its dark lines of trees, its glimmerings of farm-houses, and winding streams—the flood of moonlight lay so softly that the world itself seemed to have grown clear from underneath. There were none of the wild glares of white surfaces, and the ebony blackness of shadows which threw every thing around us into sharp outline; but a far-reaching and mellow glamour that showed us the mists lying along the river-tracks, and only revealed to us the softened outlines and configurations of the land. If there had been a ruddy light in Moreton-in-the-Marsh, we should have seen it; but the distant village seemed dead; and it, as well as all the great tract of wooded country around it, was whitened over by this softened and silent and almost sepulchral radiance that lay somehow between the dark blue vault overhead and the vast plain beneath. It was but a young moon, but the exceeding rarity of the air lent strength to its radiance.

"Does not moonlight give you the impression that you can hear far?" said Bell in a rather low voice, as if the silence and stars had overawed her. "It is like frost. You fancy you could hear bells ringing a hundred miles across the clear air."

"Mademoiselle, you will let us hear your singing in this stillness?" said the Lieutenant.

"No, I can not sing now," she said; and the very gentleness of her voice forbade him to ask again.

We passed along the road. The night air was sweet with the odor of flowers. Out in the west, where the moonlight was less strong, the stars were faintly twinkling. Not a breath of wind stirred; and yet it seemed to us that if a sound had been uttered anywhere in the world, it must have been carried to us on this height. We were as gods up here in the cold sky and the moonlight; and far over the earth, sleep had sealed the lips and the eyes of those poor creatures who had forgotten their sorrows for a time. Should we send them dreams to sweeten their lives by some glimpses of a world different from their own, and cause them to awaken in the

morning with some reminiscence of the trance in their softened memories? Or, would it not be better to drown them in the fast and hard sleep of fatigue, so that the dawn might bring them a firmer heart and no vanity of wishes? Gods as we were, we had no care for ourselves. It was enough to be. Could not the night last for ever, and keep us up here near the stars, and give us content and an absolute want of anxiety for the morrow? Queen Titania wandered on as if she were in an enchanted garden, followed by a black shadow on the gleaming white road; and her face, with all its gentleness and delicacy, seemed to have gained something of a pale and wistful tenderness as the white light shone down over the dark woods and crossed our path. As for Bell—but who can describe the grace of the figure that walked before us—the light touching the gray shawl, and the fine masses of brown air that hung all around the shapely neck, and the flat, small shoulders? We four were in England, sure enough; but it seemed to us then that we were very much alone, and about as near to the starry world as to the definite landscape lying far away on the plain.

We turned, however, when it was found that the road did not lead to any view of the western country. It seemed to run along a high level, cutting through between sand-pits, farms, and woods; and so we made our way back to the bit of common overlooking Bourton, and there we had a few minutes' rest before getting into the small inn, whose windows were gleaming red into the white moonlight.

"Now you must sing to us something, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant "and here is a fine big tree cut down that we can all sit on; and you shall appear as Apollo in disguise, charming the natives of this landscape with your song."

"But I do not know any thing that Apollo sang," said Bell—sitting down, nevertheless, and taking the guitar from her companion.

"That is no matter. You must think yourself some one else—why not Zerlina, in this strange place, and you see Fra Diavolo sitting alone on the rock, and you sing of him? This is a very good place for highwaymen. I have no doubt they have sat here, and watched the gentleman's carriage come up the road beneath; and then, hey! with a rush and

a flourish of pistols, and a seizing of the horses, and Madame shrieks in the carriage, and her husband, trembling, but talking very brave, gives up his money, and drives on, with much swearing, but very contented to have no hurt."

"You are very familiar with the ways of highway robbers," said Bell, with a smile.

"Mademoiselle, I am an Uhlan," he replied gravely.

Two at least of the party startled the midnight air with their laughter over this unintentional rebuke; but Bell, conscious of past backslidings, seemed rather discomfited, and hastened to say that she would, if he pleased, sing the song in which Zerlina describes the bandit.

She sang it, too, very charmingly, in that strange silence. Knowing that we could not well see her face, she lent herself to the character, and we could hear the terror of Zerlina thrilling through her experiences of the dreaded Diavolo. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the dark woods around us seemed to say. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" throbbed the base strings of the guitar; and the girl's voice trembled in its low tones as she pronounced the name. If any lonely stranger had been passing along the highway at this hour, what would he have thought of this strange thing—a beautiful girl seated overhead, amid the stars, apparently, with the moonlight striking on her exquisite face, and her masses of hair, while she sang in a low and impassioned voice, and struck chords from some strange instrument? Would she not appear as some wild vision of the Lorelei? Or, considering that companions were visible, and some talking and jesting occasionally heard, might not this be a company of strolling play-actors, such as all honest persons were aforetime conjured to discountenance and suppress?*

You know that when Zerlina has sung the first verses of her dramatic song, Diavolo, disguised as a marquis, suddenly rises and sings the concluding verse himself. Bell accordingly handed the guitar to Count von Rosen, with a pretty smile.

* "All persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, ballad-singers, etc., that have not a license from the Master of his Majesty's Revels (which for the present year are all printed in black letters, and the king's arms in red) . . . and all those that have licenses with red and black letters, are to come to the office to change them for licenses as they are now altered. April 17, 1684."

But would a young man, on such a night, sing a ballad about a mere bandit? No! The Lieutenant was not averse to act the character of Diavolo, so far as his minstrelsy went, but he adopted one of his gentler moods. Lightly running his fingers over the strings, he began to sing of Agnese la Zitella, and how had he learned to soften his voice so? The pretty Agnes was told that she was as sweet as the Spring, and then she is made to call forth her lover because the night is so fair—so much fairer than the day—and so silent. 'Tis a pleasant barcarole, and conveys a message as well as another. But lest he should be thought too bold, probably, our Uhlan rose abruptly when he had finished the song, and said lightly, with a laugh—

"There! was not that touching enough for Diavolo? He was a very accomplished person, to have all the rough delights of a brigand, and then go about dressed as a marquis, and amuse himself with adventures. I think they treated him badly in the end, if I do remember right."

Bell did not answer. She had got back the guitar. Apparently she was looking far down over the moonlit plain—her eyes grown distant and thoughtful—and as her fingers wandered over the strings, we heard, almost as in a dream, the various careless notes shape themselves into a melody—a wild, sad melody, that seemed to breathe the tenderness and the melancholy of this still night. "Silent, O Moyle, be the sound of thy waters"—perhaps that was the air; or perhaps it was the heart-breaking "Coolin"—one could scarcely say—but when at last we heard no more of it, Tita rose and said we must go indoors. There was something quite regretful in her tone. It seemed as if she were bidding good-by to a scene not soon to be met with again.

The Lieutenant gave his hand to Bell, and assisted her down the steep bank into the road; and we passed on until the window of the inn was found glimmering red through the moonlight. We cast a passing glance around. Bourton lay beneath us, asleep. The great landscape beyond remained dark and silent under the luminous whiteness of the air. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken.

"Good night," said Tita to the Lieutenant; "I hope you have spent at least one pleasant evening with us on this journey."

"I have spent many, Madame," he said,

earnestly, "and many very pleasant mornings and days, and I hope we shall have a great many more. I do think we four ought to turn vagrants—gypsies, you call them—and go away altogether, and never go back any more to a large town."

"What do you say, Bell?" asked Tita, with a kindly, if half-mischievous look.

"I suppose we get to Worcester to-morrow," said Bell, with not much appearance of joy in her face; and then she bade good-night to us all, and left with my Lady.

"There it is," said the Lieutenant, with an impatient flinging down of his cap on the table. "That is what interferes with all our pleasure. You go away on the most delightful excursion—you have the most beautiful scenes and pleasant companions, and freedom—every thing you can wish; and then the young lady who ought to be more happy than any one—who is at the time of life to have no care but to enjoy her prettiness and her good temper, and all that—who is the pleasant ornament of the excursion, and is a great delight to all of us—then she is vexed and frightened because that this—this—this contemptible fellow threatens to meet her in one of those big towns. Sacker-rrrrrment! I do hope he will come and have it over—but if he is annoying—if he vexes her any more——"

Thus do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves in the midst of our happiest circumstances. But at last there comes a time for sleep. And soon this solitary inn on the hill was as quiet and peaceful as the great world outside, where the moonlight seemed to have hushed the very winds to rest, and where the far woods and the streams and the low hills along the edge of the land lay still and dark under the cold majesty of the stars.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Worcester on the evening of the foregoing day.*—Any comment of mine on the foregoing is at the moment unnecessary; we have other matters to engage our attention. *Arthur has come.* I can find no words to express the deep and serious annoyance which this escapade is likely to cause. All our plans may be upset; for he can scarcely explain his present wild proceedings without provoking some sort of final agreement with Bell. And suppose she should consent to be engaged to him, how are we to continue our journey? Of course he will not allow her: if he had not disliked it, he would not be here now. Certainly, I *think* Bell has acted imprudently; for I told her that if she did not answer his letter, he would be sure to imagine all manner of things, and come and see her. The consequence is that she is, I fear, in a great di-

lemma; for I do not see how she can avoid either refusing him altogether, or consenting to *every thing* that he asks. And as we can't continue our journey till Monday, he will have a whole day to persecute her into giving him an answer of some

kind; and then she is so foolishly good-hearted that, if he is only pathetic enough, she will say "yes" to *every thing*. It is *most provoking*. If we could only get this one day over, and *him back to London!*

(To be continued.)

Chambers's Journal.

THE VINTAGE IN PORTUGAL.

We stood on the deck of the Beta, bound from London to Oporto, on our way to see for the first time the mysteries of a vintage in the port-wine country. We were provided with letters of introduction to English wine-merchants in the "loyal and ever unconquered city," as it is officially designated; and we congratulated ourselves, and, as we found afterwards, with reason, on having hit upon a new and pleasant field for our autumn holiday.

We arrived off the bar of the Douro on the fifth day after leaving London; and after exchanging innumerable signals with the fort and lighthouse at the mouth of the river, we were taken in charge by a pilot, and ran safely through the dangers of the entrance.

Oporto looks bright and picturesque with its gayly-colored white, green, and yellow houses piled one over the other up the steep hillsides, and contrasting with the gloomy green of the pine-woods on the southern bank of the river. On a closer acquaintance, we found the city fresh, clean, and bright; and though the architecture of the streets is beneath criticism, the streets themselves are gay with the brightly-colored dresses of the peasant-women, with their enormous gold ornaments, ear-rings and necklaces of the most curiously solid workmanship.

We found one of the gentlemen to whose care we were recommended on the point of starting for the wine-country, it being the custom of the wine-merchants of Oporto to go to the upper country for two or three weeks every year at this season, to superintend personally the making of their wine. From Oporto to Regoa, the chief town of the wine district, is a journey of eighteen hours by "malla posta," or diligence; from Regoa onward, all traveling is done on horseback. The scenery through which the diligence road is carried is beautiful in the extreme, especially in one place, where there is an

ascent of a mountain so steep that the coach has to replace its five horses by a team of four oxen during a climb of ten miles.

At Regoa, we were met by our friend's "comissario," or agent, a Portuguese in the service of the house, who resides entirely in the wine-district, and superintends the business of the firm there. At the house of this gentleman we found (for Portugal) most comfortable quarters; and an hour after our arrival, two o'clock in the afternoon, we sat down to a dinner which would have been amply sufficient for forty hungry men, but was rather overwhelming in quantity for the four who made up our party; but we were told that, in this part of the world, hospitality is not considered to be properly shown unless the table is crowded with about a hundred times as much solid food as the guests can possibly eat, and unless they are warmly pressed by the host to partake of every dish in turn. I can not undertake to describe all the dishes on this occasion, but I remember that a sucking-pig, a roast turkey, an enormous piece of beef, a huge lump of veal, a leg of mutton, a dish of roast partridges, some rabbits, and some chickens boiled in rice, were all crowded on to a small square table at one time; and that, rather than hurt the feelings of our host, who really seemed distressed when we declined to have our plates refilled, we made the most gallant efforts to consume, at any rate, a small part of each dish.

The next morning we made an early start on horseback for the higher country, carrying a change of clothes in our saddle-bags. The roads defy description; in fact, had it not been for the stonewalls on each side, I should certainly have taken them to be rather the beds of torrents, than roads intended to be ridden over by mortal men and horses. They wind up and down the sides of almost perpendicular mountains, and are strewn with loose

stones of all sizes, and encumbered with masses of the live rock, sticking up so as to form almost impassable barriers, and often run along the edges of precipices, without the slightest parapet for protection in the case of a false step on the part of the horse, so that it requires considerable faith in one's mount to induce one to venture on them at all. The horses were little hill-ponies, badly shaped, and out of condition, but wonderfully sure-footed and willing; they are excessively ill-tempered to one another, but quiet enough to their riders, and a good deal attached to the attendants who accompany them — each horse being attended by a man on foot, who runs before him, however hot and trying the day's journey may be. Of course, trotting and cantering are out of the question on such roads; the usual pace is a peculiar one called "*furta passo*," or "stealing-step," about six miles an hour; it is easy for the rider, though not for the horse, and well adapted to long journeys over such ground.

The grooms go along gallantly, half-walking and half-running in front, swinging their arms vigorously all the time. However bad the road, no one ever seems to think of dismounting, and we found ourselves following our leader, now grasping our horses' manes as we went up a hill like the side of a house, and presently holding on to the backs of our saddles, to avoid falling forward during the descent of the other side, while all the time showers of loose stones went rattling down from under the horses' hoofs. Above and below, and on all sides, and as far as could be seen, were vines, and nothing but vines. Terraces upon terraces of them from the very edge of the Douro to the tops of the highest mountains. No villages to be seen, only here and there a white house, usually built about half-way up a mountain-side; no trees anywhere, nothing but the little terraces of yellowish-brown stone, covered at the top with yellowish-brown earth, and the little green vines like gooseberry-bushes, about three feet high, growing along them. Here and there we saw parties of men and women scattered along the terraces gathering the grapes; and we met strings of men, ragged, filthy, stained all over with wine, laboring in single file up the steep paths and awkward steps that lead from terrace to terrace; each man carrying on his head a large deep basket

filled with grapes, in a crushed unsavory-looking mass, the red juice oozing out in every direction.

Alas! for our visions of lovely, picturesque-dressed peasant-girls, such as one has seen in pictures, tripping gayly along with little white baskets poised airily on their heads, and containing half-a-dozen bunches of exquisite grapes of different colors elegantly arranged, and sometimes a few flowers or a peach or two on the top, to complete the picture! How hideous is the reality! A coal-heaver grimed with coal-dust is not a picturesque object, but he is positively beautiful as compared to a laborer in a vineyard, smeared from head to foot with dark-red grape-juice.

When we reached an "*adega*," or wine-press, we were even more disenchanted. As we drew near the evil-smelling place, we became aware of a low, monotonous sound, which we were told was the music to enliven the gang who were treading the grapes. On entering the building, as we became accustomed to the darkness, we found the interior to be almost entirely filled by three large stone cisterns, or "*lagares*," each capable of containing more than twenty pipes of wine: they were about three feet deep, and filled with a black mass of stalks, skins, and juice, which had been grapes, and would in time become wine. In this mass were slowly moving about, to the sound of the melancholy music aforesaid, and which consisted of a drum, fife, and guitar, a dozen men, dressed in ragged shirts, and their bare legs stained to a hideous red color by much soaking in grape-juice. Every thing reeked of new wine, which was splashed about in every direction. The men, moving slowly through the grape-juice, and immersed in it to above the knees, lifted their feet high at each step, so as to bruise and stir thoroughly the mass. The amount of treading necessary varies considerably, but usually lasts for from thirty to forty hours, the gangs being, of course, relieved at intervals. In this "*adega*," the men had already been for a considerable time in one of the "*lagares*," while one was yet being filled with grapes, basket after basket being brought from the vineyard, and thrown in while we were there. On our expressing a wish to taste the "*must*," the man in charge of the "*adega*" produced a white plate, and called to one of the gang in

the "lagar" to approach the side; he did so, and then, to my horror, lifting his leg in the air, he allowed the juice which streamed from it to run off over his heel on to the plate, which was held to catch it. I found afterwards that this extremely disgusting proceeding was in truth unavoidable, because the "must" sinks to the bottom of the "lagar," and could not otherwise be got at through the thick crust of skins and stalks which rises to the surface, while in this way the juice alone drains off into the plate. Mr. — and the "comissario" smelled and tasted the "must" with much care; and, after consulting together, they came to the conclusion that more treading was unnecessary, and the men were ordered to leave the "lagar."

The next operation would be to run off the wine into a vat, and add enough brandy to it to stop its further fermentation. In this vat it would remain until the beginning of the following year, when it would be drawn off into smaller casks, (pipes,) and sent down to Oporto, to be got ready for shipment to England.

We spent the rest of the day in riding along the mountain-sides; and at intervals of an hour or so, arriving at some little white-washed "adega," where Mr. — repeated the operation of tasting the "must," and discussed prices, and the prospects of the vintage, with the farmer or owner of the grapes. We were everywhere received with the greatest possible courtesy; and, indeed, the politeness of all classes of Portuguese was one of the things which most struck us during our visit; even the laborers in the vineyards, who are considered as the lowest of the low, never met us on the roads without taking off their hats, and wishing us a pleasant good-day.

We found ourselves compelled to eat half-a-dozen lunches during the day at different farmers' houses; cream-cheese, grapes, sweets, and wine of last year's vintage; and we found that our protestations, that we had already lunched, and could not by any possibility begin again, had not the slightest weight with any of our too hospitable entertainers.

The "must," in a state of fermentation, and tasted off a man's leg, is not a pleasant thing, but there seems to be no help for it, as it is of importance that it should not be too much or too little fermented,

but should be run off into the vat exactly at the proper moment. The farmer himself does not usually interfere with the regulation of this process, but leaves it to the discretion of the buyer of his wine; for the wine is very generally bought before it is made—that is to say, the merits of the different "fuintas," or vineyards, and the quantity they generally produce, being pretty well known, the English merchants, or their representatives, offer the farmers so much per pipe for the produce of the "fuintas" while the grapes are yet on the vines; if this offer be accepted, the buyers naturally exercise their right to make the wine according to their own fancy.

At length there were no more "adegas" to be visited that day, so, in the evening, we turned our horses' heads towards Mr. —'s headquarters, the house of a large farmer whose wine Mr. — had bought for many successive years. Our "arrieros," or grooms, started off again as fresh as possible, keeping their usual place, a few yards in front of us, during the couple of leagues between the last "adega" and our night-quarters, although they had been on the stretch since sunrise, their only intervals of rest being when they held our horses for a short time when we dismounted at each "adega." Considering the excessive heat, (the thermometer stood at a hundred degrees in the shade,) and the extreme steepness and roughness of the ground, it was a good exhibition of walking powers, the more so when one remembers that these men, like all of the working-class in Portugal, seldom or never taste meat, but live on a wretched diet of thin cabbage-broth and an occasional sardine, or small bit of salted cod-fish and maize-bread. Their broth is really nothing but cabbage and warm water, with a small piece of lard dipped into it, to give it a flavor!

At the "fuinta" where we were to pass the night, we met a large party assembled in honor of Mr. —, the company consisting chiefly of the owners and managers of neighboring "fuintas," pleasant and courteous, if not highly-educated men; though the excessive ceremony of Portuguese manners gave rather a constrained character to the entertainment, at any rate until after dinner. The dinner itself was an exaggeration of the profusion we had seen on the day before, the only thing worth

remarking being, that the drinking of toasts began with the dinner, and concluded when the dishes were removed. Cigarettes were smoked at intervals during dinner; and soon after it was over we voted it bedtime.

We spent a fortnight in this manner, in our saddles all day, and becoming quite learned in the varieties of "musts," and delighted with the picturesque mountain and river scenery, and constantly amused and interested by the strange characters we encountered among these dwellers in an out-of-the-way corner of the world. Sometimes in our rides we came to "fuintas," where other Englishmen from Oporto had established themselves for the vintage; when an invitation to dine and sleep seemed to follow as a matter of course, and caused us to pass many pleasant evenings.

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. — prepared to return to Oporto, his purchases being completed. Our journey on this occasion was to be made by water, and a large boat of about five tons' burden was elaborately prepared and provisioned for the voyage. The distance to Oporto was sixty or seventy miles, but had it been six or seven hundred, we need not have been better provided. I stood on the bank of the river the evening before we started, and watched with amazement the hampers of roast turkeys and partridges, the trays of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, and the jugs and bottles of wine, which we were expected to consume on the voyage. The boat was peculiar in shape, but no doubt well adapted for the passage of the dangerous rapids of the Douro: her most remarkable feature was her rudder, which was an enormous wooden beam as long as the boat herself, and projecting several yards over the stern; it had a blade at the outer end, and was managed at the other by a man standing on a small platform raised six or eight feet from the floor of the boat. This extraordinary piece of timber seems to be necessary to guide the boat in the rapids, where oars can not be used, and an ordinary rudder would have no effect, from the boat's having no steering-way through the water. The oars, four in number, are used at the bows, the men standing to row with their faces turned forwards. All the middle part of the boat was taken up by a cabin extemporized for our comfort; canes were arched across

from gunwale to gunwale, and, being covered with canvas and tarpaulin, and the floor carpeted with matting, it looked extremely snug: canvas curtains were provided at both ends, to be drawn if needful, and mattresses, and cushions, and rugs were laid down to be lounged on; round the sides were ranged the hampers and boxes of provisions. All these arrangements were completed the night before; and at half-past four the next morning we went on board, and the "arraes," or captain of the boat, standing on his high platform, gave the word to "haul in the bow-rope, in the name of God;" the current caught her bows as the rope was let go, and we started at a wonderful pace. For the first five hours of the voyage, our way lay down an almost continual succession of rapids; the river roared and foamed, and eddied round the boat as she rushed past the walls of rock, which rose in many places perpendicularly from the water's edge. The steering here is a matter of extreme nicety, the least error, causing the boat to touch the rock on either side, would be fatal, at the tremendous pace one is carried along; and in spite of all the care and skill of the "arraes," many accidents occur every year, though hardly as many as one would suppose probable from the frightful violence of the current. The men row steadily, except when in the greatest force of the rapids, when it becomes impossible to do so, and they ship their oars. It is most exciting traveling, especially when, as in this case, we shot the first half-dozen rapids by moonlight, and that so faint, that we could see little beyond the foaming water and the dark outlines of the banks on either hand. When the rapid runs in a straight channel, there is not much danger in it; but where there is a curve in the river, and the stream rebounds from side to side, it becomes more difficult to avoid coming to grief. However, we were fortunate enough to experience no more than a pleasant amount of excitement during the passage of the rapids; and we performed the whole distance to Oporto in twelve hours, getting through the day pleasantly enough between eating, sleeping, smoking, and lounging on the steering platform, admiring the beauty of the river-banks. Five o'clock in the evening found us safely moored under the bridge at Oporto, with the most pleasant remembrances of our fortnight in the wine-country.

Fraser's Magazine.

A FRENCH ANARCHIST.

WHATEVER is connected with the idea of anarchy is naturally an object of uneasy suspicion to many people, especially if it emanate from France. And when an individual is found possessing no patience, but much turbulent vigor and passion, no useful faculty of compromise, but much unselfish sincerity, he is often put down as disorderly, and is more likely to be feared than loved. When, too, he blurts out in some hour of disappointment, as if to console himself, "All that I know, I owe it to despair," he will scarcely win suffrages thereby from the more comfortable sections of society. Paul Joseph Proudhon struggled and fought against such odium as this, and with a pen, as one of his critics says, dipped in vitriol instead of ink. He had the advantage of possessing more capacity for receiving blows than most men of original and eccentric genius, and he had a marvelous faculty for giving them. And he said outright, as if to tease his persecutors, that anarchy was his creed. In spite, however, of his anarchical soul that shook off all fetters, not only of despotism, but of all authority that does not emanate from one's highest self, and in spite of his amazing egotism, Proudhon was no common disturber of the peace, and the despair which filled him was no sentimental or ignoble feeling, but one that was generated from long contemplation of wronged right and baffled justice. Since 1848, Proudhon has been a historical character, but although possessing the brawny arms of a Samson, he failed to pull down the Philistine temple wherein he never worshiped. He shook the pillars, frightened a number of foolish people, was greatly hissed at by others, and died.

In nothing is Proudhon, a Frenchman, more remarkable than in his difference from Frenchmen. Between him and his compatriots there was a great gulf fixed, so that he never passed over from his position to theirs, nor did any of them ever care or dare to come from their own side of it to him. He was too vitally and really radical for the moderates, and the scream of the volatile enthusiast without backbone only produced a sense of weariness in him. In a fit of this kind, he says petulantly, but with some sad truth of discernment, "The

Frenchman does not really want to be free. Some one has said that we are not ripe for liberty: it is inexact. We shall never be ripe; this liberty is useless to us. Provided he has the wherewithal to live, permission to rhodomontade, to jest; provided he may comment upon the Government while obeying it, the Frenchman is content." Proudhon accused the *bourgeoisie* of killing the Republic: "Disorder or Cæsarism, you have willed it," he says.

He was, too, a stern, serious man, with but little sympathy for Parisian frivolity. Here was another reason which conducted to his intellectual isolation, so that he affords us always the picture of a solitary thinker living apart in a remote corner of Paris. He looked upon every thing and every body as composed of possible humbug. He was ready to scorn his allies and snap all bonds that might seem to imply compromise of any kind whatsoever. Hence he was misunderstood and mistrusted. Sentiment to him brought with it an evil suspicion of sentimentality. "After persecutors, there is nothing I hate so much as martyrs," he says; and those who can not follow the workings of his mind are startled at his hard sayings, and hold aloof from him. He took great delight in paradoxes and seeming contradictions, but what raised the rancor of so many was his intense hostility to humbug. A man must believe, not only believe that he believes, was his creed; and he liked opinions to be "first-hand" and a part of the individual, not a garment to be put on or off at pleasure. Here are the words of the scroll affixed to his banner: "My name is Seeker of Truth; my mission is written in these words of the law—Speak without hate and without fear; say that which thou knowest." If ever man were true to the principles he professed, it was Proudhon.

Paul Joseph Proudhon was born in the Faubourg de la Mouillère, at Besançon, in January, 1809. His parents were poor, and descended from poor people; his father was a brewer's cooper. He began life as a compositor in a printing house in Besançon, and gradually worked his way up from this position to that of corrector for the press. A new edition of the *Fathers* being in course of issue by the firm

who employed him, this became the occasion of his studying Hebrew, and acquiring such technical knowledge of theology as often astonished his Catholic opponents of after life, who imagined him an escaped Seminarist.

At this period of his life, as indeed at all periods, he engaged with great earnestness in studies of many different kinds. While working as a corrector for the press he appended an essay of his own on general grammar to a work which was being reprinted. This essay he dedicated to the Academy of Besançon; and the society, recognizing the scientific merit of the work, accorded him a small pension, lasting a few years. His mental bias was even thus early declared. In the formal petition which, according to custom, was addressed to the Academy, was a passage which the secretary thought fit to strike out. It was to the effect that the writer belonged to that interesting portion of society "*décorée du nom d'ouvrière*," and that his greatest joy was to have attracted the suffrages of the Academy to that class. He expressed a lively gratitude to the Academy for enabling him to give a portion of his time to labor in philosophy and science, and promised to devote his studies to the complete enfranchisement of his brothers and companions.

While Proudhon was working as a compositor, a young man in the same trade came to Besançon seeking employment, and hoping for an immediate engagement, as he was absolutely at the end of his resources. There was no work to be had. While the young man, forty-eight hours without food, is contemplating suicide, Proudhon meets him. Learning his distress, he takes him to his own room, gives him food, clothing, lodging, all this for two months, and finally is enabled to procure work for him. "You ask me if I know Proudhon," said this young workman some time afterwards; "I owe him life: I it was whom he preserved from a leap into the river." The fact of the absolute helplessness of the working man under certain circumstances, and from no fault of his own, was thus prominently brought before Proudhon's attention, and doubtless he received an abiding impression from this incident.

Partly relying upon the small pension allowed him by the Besançon Academy, in 1832 Proudhon came to Paris. He set

himself an enormous amount of work. Besides the gaining of his living, he had to acquire culture in many branches of learning and philosophy in order to prepare himself for that rôle of a reformer which he saw clearly before him. A long-headed and a strong-headed man, he always prepared for his part as an army makes ready for battle, by accumulating ammunition, surveying the field, and calculating as well as possible for every emergency. We have quoted the words "Say that which thou knowest" as his motto. It was from his immense command of facts digested and assimilated that he was able so often to confound his antagonists. It was this sense of the solid firmness of his ground, as well as his strong belief in his own logic, that made him so often laugh to scorn a multitude of his opposers. "From 1839 to 1852," says he, "my studies have been of pure controversy; that is to say, I confined myself to investigating ideas taken in themselves, and their worth, what was their signification and bearing, in what direction they led, in what direction they did not lead; in a word, I have tried to furnish myself with exact and complete notions upon principles, institutions, and systems."

This forms the negative stage in his life; he denied much, finding that, almost universally, theories were not in accordance with their proper elements, institutions not in harmony with their object or their end, authors not sufficiently well informed, independent and logical. Alas for any conscience-driven mortal entering upon studies such as these!—he has an almost boundless despair opened before him; conventionalisms will obstruct him at every turn, the real will establish itself on that possession which is nine tenths of the law, and mock the vain struggles of the ideal to oust it; his friends who are not endowed with the same clearness of vision as himself, will look coldly on him as a theoretical dreamer, or suspiciously on him as a disturber. The world's Augean stable refuses to be cleansed, and asserts that its arrangements are perfect, and that attempts at cleansing are supererogatory. But Proudhon set himself to reform the world with a labor that never halted, and a courage that never quailed. With the whole world against him, Proudhon entered upon the combat with perfect *sang-froid*. Such is the power of faith—faith which in this instance some people would prefer to call fanaticism.

Having found that society—in appearance peaceable, regular, sure of itself—was given over to disorder and antagonism, Proudhon's studies entered upon a new stage. He began afresh the work of investigating society; but now his design was a general examination of facts, ideas, and institutions, without prejudice, and with no other rule of appreciation than pure logic; it was not till 1852 that he began to build up a system from positive studies and scientific truth. This extensive and painstaking analysis was instructive enough to Proudhon, but the public misunderstood it. They did not like to enter into a chamber of which they could not see the door of exit; they demanded what he was driving at, whither he was going; and his manner was not of a nature to bring them to an attitude of calm attention. We have spoken of him as entering upon a contest with the giant Society with absolute *sang-froid*; but he did not conduct the battle in the same spirit. He fought with vehemence. He united two qualities—a strong will and fearless sincerity; and these two elements, finding themselves in contact with the omnipresent shams and make-believes of the world, were provided with a sufficiently callous anvil to work upon—an anvil whereon an impetuous hammer might soon find itself growing hot. This element of extreme sincerity in Proudhon's nature led to his being misconstrued in many ways. He was as prompt at pointing out any contradiction amongst those who were his friends as amongst his opponents, and this in a world which is accustomed to be guided greatly by hearsay, and which does not expect a personal conviction and creed from all its individual members, and is content so long as they are not notoriously helpless or heretical. Proudhon was an anomaly. Always independent, always acting on principle, and never owning the sway of the whipper-in of any sect or party, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*; always seeking in every man's mind the interior light of pure reason as he found it shining through his own—he could not be reckoned on by any clique. So he became isolated from all, and lived always an intellectual hermit.

If he could not rule by sympathy, he could at least command attention by blows, and he soon became known and

dreaded as a terribly, hard hitter; whilst he met all the strokes that fell upon himself either with imperturbable calm, or with a tumult of redoubled vehemence. We once heard a temperance street-preacher express a desire to have the Evil upon which he was making war brought before him bodily in the form of a raging beast, to the end that he might combat with it face to face, and destroy the monster utterly. We doubted the courage of the individual making this profession, in the event of his being put to the test he appeared to be anxious for. We should not have doubted Proudhon. Had the false elements in society—the injustices and the wrongs, come before him in the form of a serpent, he would have trampled it to death, or have suffered himself to be strangled. The life through which he passed would indeed have borne most men down to earth; Proudhon gave himself up to despair, and only toiled the more desperately for it. Partly, no doubt, he grew callous and in part found a certain piquancy in the continued hostile criticism.

He has been called "Byron, turned economist and publicist; doubt and despair raised into doctrine." He worked under the stimulus, however, of other sensations besides doubt and despair. His boiling, passionate sense of justice and equality of rights, was no doubt the chief spur of his mind, and that, when beaten back, led to this despair which, as he says, brought forth the best fruits of his intellect. This unswayable sense of justice was the guiding principle of his mind; it formed the ardor of his life, and the directness of his aims. It was his religion; and those who looked upon all actions as dictated by selfish policy were confused by this man, who acted from a principle which they could not see, and who would be just as likely to be found diametrically opposed to them as on their side in any question.

Says William Blake, "Energy is eternal delight." Proudhon seems to have been endowed with vast stores of energy, that found it their delight to be constantly expending themselves in their peculiar intellectual channels. The unrequited toil, the unrelaxed struggle of year after year, the laborious energy that after all seems futile, and vain, and thrown away, would have proved an insupportable torture, and

at last death, to most men. It seems, however, to have been the natural state of Proudhon's intellectual faculties to be engaged in unending warfare for an idea ever unrealized.

A passionate sense of justice, a mighty superabundance of vital and intellectual energy, these would constitute two constant spurs to his ardor. The sense of justice produced despair at the hopeless mass of injustice around, and the masterful energy kept the mind in action without permitting it to be utterly weighed down. But there was probably a third element of strength. When an enthusiastic man gains vision, even though but a partial or obscured one, of a future that, though not heaven, shall at least bring the heavenly state a hair's breadth nearer to earth, there follows a sudden rush of enthusiasm through his soul. Should his dream be tested by his experience and his strictest faculties of logic, and be found to contain an unyielding element of reality and truth, it will often produce in him an elation of mind that laughs at opposition and despair. The despair and unbelief will recur sometimes, but the stimulus of the vision is never lost; and between these two poles of elation and despair, a fiery and powerful energy will find an unremitting spur, and will learn in time to revel in labors and contest.

Proudhon, for all his despair, had had unrolled before him some true vision of social regeneration; he looked forward to a time when it should result, not from force but from reason, "that the poor be no longer despised!" and in this hope he was glad.

He sees the growth of reason, and from that growth he deduces hope of its supremacy. He expresses his views in this form: Man living naturally in society, follows naturally a chief, the father; the patriarch, the arbitrator, (the word he makes use of is *prud'homme*, which comes near his own surname,) the sage. But the danger is that ambition places the wrong people at the head—tyrants instead of fathers. So that as man advances he seeks law; and soon law becomes for him living, visible, tangible; it is his father, his master, his king. As society grows more enlightened, royal authority proper diminishes just as the rights of force and cunning are brought under by the larger determination to justice. The sovereignty of the will yields

before the sovereignty of reason, and ends by becoming reduced into a scientific social system. But though, according to the motto prefixed to one of Proudhon's works, he believes that "order pursues disorder," yet he sees it is with pain and trouble that the process goes on; still he says, "What the fathers have sown in tears, the sons shall reap in joy." We, who see a still further sowing in sanguine tears of the land of Proudhon's hopes, are compelled to postpone that reaping in joy to a more distant generation.

The most distinctive part of Proudhon's system lies in his views on property and labor. His most notorious aphorism is the somewhat startling one, "Property is robbery." Unless we keep before us the paradoxical tendencies of its author, and go carefully through his explanation of its meaning, we are liable to fall into the general error that this maxim means to imply that all property-holders are robbers. The greatest portion of his vehemence seems to have had an escape-valve in those few words, "*La propriété c'est le vol.*" Here is a sample of his self-assertive power: "Is property just? All the world answers without hesitation: Yes, property is just. I tell all the world, for no one up to the present time seems to me to have answered with full knowledge: No." In another place he states the matter differently: "Property is the suicide of society." Endeavoring to explain the former so oft-repeated assertion, he says, "If I had to give an answer to the following question, What is slavery? and in a single word I replied, It is assassination, my thought would be at once comprehended, and I should not need a long discourse to show that the power of taking from a man thought, will, and personality, is a power of life and death, and that to make a man a slave is to assassinate him. Why then to this other query, What is property? may I not answer similarly, It is robbery? Yet there is the same certainty of being understood, although this second proposition is only the first transformed." The property Proudhon always had before his mind was of that old Roman tenure which granted "*jus utendi et abutendi re sua*," and what he really resented in property was what he considered its infractions of justice, its privilege, its monopoly, its manorial character. He lays great stress upon a quotation from Rousseau: "The rich say to no purpose,

It is I who built this wall; I have gained this land by my labor. Who has assigned you the boundaries? we may reply; and on what ground do you expect to be paid, at our expense, for a labor that we have not imposed upon you?" When subjected to judicial trial on account of one of his works on property, Proudhon addressed the jury thus: "I have written in all my life but one thing, *La propriété c'est le vol*. And do you know what I have concluded from that? This: that in order to abolish this species of property, it is necessary to universalize it. I am, you see, gentlemen of the jury, as conservative as yourselves; and whosoever shall say the contrary proves by this alone that he understands nothing of my books." The grand distinction that he made was between property and possession. He would suppress property while retaining possession, the latter being in his view in accordance with right, the former against right. Speaking about wealth, he says, "Well, yes, I am poor; a poor man's son; I have passed my life with the poor, and, according to all appearance, poor I shall die. What would you? I could ask nothing better than to gain wealth; I believe that wealth is good in its way, and that it suits every body, even the philosopher. But, I am *fastidious about the means*, and those which I should like to use are out of my reach." The love of a sensational, obscure form of casting his thoughts, which we have noticed in the famous definition of property, is also evinced in several other instances. One of his sayings was, that he was neither republican, democrat, monarchist, constitutionalist, nor aristocrat, but an *anarchist*. Anarchist in this instance meant simply that he believed in the absence of personal rule. He who had faith in reason was also the decided friend of order. On one occasion he manifested specially his sentiments in this direction. He had given his vote against the *ensemble* of the Constitution in 1848, but wished to assist at the *fête* of inauguration which was to be held in La Place de la Concorde, for he desired to state implicitly the duty of minorities, in their demands, to lean upon the constitution and the law.

Proudhon's "anarchy" is of a rare kind—so rare a kind that he ought to have given a fuller explanation of his creed. But he was careless about being misunderstood. All he sought was to state a truth barely,

even harshly, so long as it was a truth. We might almost fancy that he delighted in giving people trouble to find out his meanings. Perhaps he had a notion that a thought which has to be laboriously sought for carries an impression strong in proportion to the labor of arriving at it. He just deigned to state, as if by accident, in a note in one of his works, that disorder was a corrupted meaning of the word anarchy, which he used in its original signification of "absence of a head, a chief." His anarchy was of those who have attained the high level of being kings and priests to themselves. This in its highest sense belongs only to those who follow their own consciences without swerving, and do not permit themselves to be turned from the sincerity of their purpose by any earthly power whatever. Proudhon did follow his uncompromising star, no matter through what hardships, poverty, or obloquy his journey led him.

Our rebel against human authority does not appear as a rebel against the divine, but he is one of those who are at first sight set down as atheists. His creed would be that the nature of God and the conditions of future existence are perfectly well able to take care of themselves; that the life which is present is the true object of our highest exertions. He possessed more of reason than of that element of religion which goes by the name of faith. He had a reasonable belief in the motive power of the universe, but he kept his faith and enthusiasm for humanity. His reason accepted the human tide that throbbed at his feet as deserving the all of his service; and through all his conflicting beliefs and unbeliefs in men, the story of his life is ample evidence of a faith sufficient to make him toil unremittingly for their needs. Sayings such as "*Dieu c'est le mal*" were just those which Proudhon's enemies loved to seize upon, and twist and turn to their own uses. Such a man as this it was impossible to comprehend without study, and those who opposed him found it easier to misrepresent than to give an exposition of him. With regard to a plan brought forward for taxing incomes, M. Thiers said, "The proposition of Citizen Proudhon is immoral, unjust, factious, full of malice, perfidy, and ignorance, anti-financial, anti-social, savage, extravagant, emanating from misanthrophy, chagrin, and loneliness, an en-

"couragement to informers and civil war, an assault upon property, and tending to the abolition of the family, and atheism."

Proudhon's views on labor are these: "Labor is a condition, and not a combat; but from the moment that property, absolute, incoercible, takes to protecting itself, labor turns to a sword." He looks upon property of this kind as upon the lion in the fable:

Ego primam tollo, nominor quia leo:
Secundam, quia sum fortis, tribuetis mihi:
Tum, quia plus valeo, me sequetur tertia:
Malo adficietur, si quis quartam tetigit.

Proudhon is neither socialist nor communist in the commonly received acceptance of the terms. We should imagine him to be more in sympathy with co-operative societies; such, for instance, as the extensive one by which Rochdale has gained so much fame—a mutual association of working men, and not a mere association of capitalists borrowing only their name. Proudhon speaks of equality, but it is equality of justice. In discoursing upon an *association ouvrière*, he speaks of the division of profits as made proportionally with regard to *function*, to *grade*, etc. All he requires is the emancipation of labor. He desires no more to see individual right sacrificed to social right, than he desires society to be sacrificed under a complicated individualism. This view of distribution of profits was probably formed late in life, when he had had experience of the working of the equality system. His earlier argument ran as follows: "All capacity of labor being, just as much as every instrument of labor, an accumulated capital, a collective property; inequality of treatment and of fortune, under pretext of inequality of capacity, is injustice and robbery." His notion of capacity is, that it is a result of the capacities of humanity preceding it, and so he argues that it is in some fashion a common property. In another place he says, "All social pre-eminence accorded, or rather usurped, under pretext of superiority of talent or of service, is iniquity and brigandage. All men, say I, attest these truths in their soul; the question is only to make them perceive them." There is, doubtless, a certain ideal truth in the notion that, as no individual is responsible for his natural faculties, whether they be high or feeble, so he ought to reap no special benefit on account of what is no

merit of his own. The difficulty would not be to make men perceive this, but, under the principle of absolute equality, to prevent the finer minds from drifting into that stagnation for the prevention of which some element of emulation and reward seems to be absolutely required. The English artisan appears to have partially adopted this principle of equality of wage for a dexterous workman and a bungler. It is doubtful whether this will be his final conviction; nevertheless, it would be difficult to frame a philosophical reply to the individual of slow fingers or feeble faculties who would say, "I am not responsible for my infirmities; am I to be only half fed because I am weak? Is my brother entitled to the lion's share because he is strong, and with a strength not of his own creating?" However, natural selection is a fact, and these speculations are in the main casuistry.

It is interesting to note how Proudhon carries his theories on property and labor into the intellectual field. They run as follows: Intellectual work is not a property in the same sense as houses and lands. A writer is a producer, and his work is a product. This product is, in truth, the property of the producer, but we must not conclude from the property of the product the creation of a new species of manorial property. The work of the writer is a product in the same sense as the harvest of the peasant. Going back to the principles of this production, we arrive at two conditions of combination from which the product has resulted. On the one side, labor; on the other, a fund, (stock, soil,) which for the cultivator is the physical world, the earth; for the man of letters, the intellectual world, the spirit. What bears interest to the one is his cultivated field, to the other his cultivated spirit. From this Proudhon concludes that there should be no copyright rent to be paid perpetually to the author or his heirs. It is a rather subtle distinction to allow an author the crops of his spiritual land, but not to permit him, as it were, to put them in a barn. We are led into a somewhat obscure corner. The journalists of Paris made their own way out of it by organizing against the author of the work on Literary Property "la conspiration du silence."

In a footnote to Proudhon's work "*Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?*" we find an

observation which is interesting, as showing the closeness of his critical studies, as well as possessing a value of its own. He is comparing the charitable terms used by different races. The Hebrew would use a term equivalent to *justice*, the Greek to *compassion*, while in Latin we get *amour*, *ou charité*, in French *l'aumônier*. The degradation of the principle, he says, is perceptible through these varying forms of expression. The first designates duty; the second only sympathy; the third virtue of expediency, not of obligation; the fourth denotes mere voluntariness.

One of Proudhon's works on property was submitted by the Minister of Justice to M. Blanqui, a professor of political economy, for his decision as to whether it ought to fall under the official ban. After a long and painstaking consideration of it, M. Blanqui gave his report in its favor. He wrote also to the author, stating what he had done. "Your style," he said, "is too high ever to be of use to those madmen who discuss in the streets, with accompaniment of paving stones, the grand questions of social order." But he bade him beware lest his book should fall into the hands of some ingenious agitator, who should adapt it to the wishes of a hungry crowd. Those most bitterly opposed to Proudhon's views, and who endeavored to reconcile what they considered their atrocity with the purity and simplicity of his life, styled him the "genius incarnate of contradiction," and cried that his heart was excellent, but that all bad instincts lodged in his head. Proudhon may be supposed to retort with the lines of Béranger, which he quotes in one of his works:

Vieux soldats de plomb que nous sommes,
Au cordeau nous alignant tous ;
Si des rangs sortent quelques hommes,
Tous nous crions : A bas les fous !

When he became a celebrity, which we may suppose to have come to pass in 1848, when he was sent with nearly 80,000 votes to the National Assembly as representative of the Seine, he received daily ten or a dozen letters asking for his autograph, or a few lines written by him. Sometimes he granted the request, sometimes he politely refused it. For instance, a society of men of letters, engaged in compiling an album, in which the most famous names of the day were to figure, applied to him. Herein, according to Proudhon's creed, might lurk

some spice of vanity: he would not be guilty of such a weakness. "Let these gentlemen be told that I am not a public writer," was the reply he caused to be made to their request. He was looked upon as a bear in consequence, but it was from no want of civility that such a reply had been given: it was from that peculiar exaggeration of antipathy to conventional compliments, that shrinking from prevalent humbugs, which was a misunderstood, but not ignoble feature in his character.

On another occasion, when another man might have behaved with more rudeness, we find Proudhon most gentle and obliging. The incident is a curious one, but will certainly be evidence of his most careful conscientiousness. He received a letter, professing to come from "*une ancienne écuyère de l'Hippodrome*," and the substance of it was an appeal for advice as to a return to the path of virtue. Proudhon was suspicious about his correspondent's sincerity; but his conscience told him it was better to err on the safe side; so he wrote a long letter in reply. In this he confesses himself unable to form a judgment upon the letter he had received, "half ironical, half desolate;" but thinks it may be attributable to the insurmountable lassitude which forms the bitter compensation of the intoxications of his correspondent's state. Expressing his ignorance of the world in which she lives, he nevertheless decides to reply to the questions put, as if they were serious. She believed in the virtue of men no more than in the virtue of women, it was stated. Proudhon replies, "I am not at all astonished at it after the life you have led; but a truce to misanthropy as well as austerity. It is with virtue as with health. Virtue is just, to my thinking, nothing more than the health of the heart, as health is the virtue of the body." Then he asks, how many persons out of a hundred are there who will be found bodily sound? Not five, he answers himself, perhaps not three. From that we are not to argue, he says, that disease is our natural and normal state. And in like manner with regard to the virtue or health of the soul, because it is to be found to some degree everywhere, even though but sparse and rare, and nowhere complete, we must not deny its existence; and a very good answer to the pessimists Proudhon's argument forms. He was far too energetic himself to be a pessimist; he felt that health, and not dis-

ease, was the primal and greater law. Proudhon then proceeded to prove that his correspondent actually possessed some moral health. "The beasts," said he, "know no *ennui*, no disgust, no despair; their existence is protected by their animality. The proof that a being participating in superior life, and not following an inflexible instinct, but obeying reason, whose equilibrium is liable to be disturbed, is not wholly without moral health, is to be found in his profound sad desire to have more virtue, like a convalescent who aspires to perfect health."

Proudhon put himself to this trouble on a faint possibility that his words might be of service to an awakening conscience. We can not help a feeling of disgust when we hear that this letter to him was a hoax. The real writer was a journalist named Gabriel Vicaire, who, when he had received Proudhon's reply, took it round to the autograph merchants for sale as a curiosity. "Never let me meet M. Gabriel Vicaire," said Proudhon, when he learned how disgracefully his generosity had been abused; and the sentiment was natural. This little incident at least serves to show how deep and genuine were the courtesies and charity of the man.

Proudhon had, even in the latter years of his life, a powerful frame, an energetic mien, and a voice clear and vibrant like the sound of a bell. In Paris, so full of *ennui* and unbelief, he was always fresh-hearted and young. Every thing he did, we learn, he did with passion. He had been through many a troubled time; following the caprice of circumstances, he had been journalist, representative of the people, originator of a new species of bank, organizer of a Utopia, accused, condemned, prisoner, proscribed; he had married; he had, too, poor as he was, the responsibilities of a family; he was the willing adviser of all who came to him for guidance. He lived, we are told, a solitary thinker in one of the least noisy suburbs of Paris, writing page after page for very scanty pay, dishonored by some, abjured by others, aimed at without ceasing by the sentinels of the reigning law. How then, it is asked, had he avoided wearing himself out, as so many have done, in the strife of politics, in prison, in exile, in the disappointments of a legitimate ambition so quickly frustrated, and in the midst of petty artist life unelevated by ideas and all burdened with

ennui? And the answer which is given to this goes to the bottom of the man's character. He had lived a peasant of the Franche-Comté, (he was born at Besançon,) even in the midst of the whirl of Parisian life. He had not departed a single day from sobriety and activity. He was invited one evening to the house of a rich man, where he might expect to meet a number of the gilded youth of Paris. His reply was like a message from a simple and patriarchal world: "It is impossible for me to accept your invitation, because I have the invariable rule of going to bed every evening at nine o'clock." We can scarcely contemplate Proudhon as a Frenchman, he is so absolutely at the antipodes of the conventional ideal of the Parisian revolutionist. His face, as we find it engraved, is as that of a highly idealized, nay, of an almost angelic blacksmith; and all who were his opponents were compelled to recognize in him the existence of a fine capacity for hammering. Such occupation came natural to him: wherever he saw abuses, he was ready with his powerful right arm. Conventionalities, and shams, and things unjust, coming across his path, could not hope to escape without a mark being put upon them. He was not, however, without his own proper pride. When some one was endeavoring to demonstrate to him the advantages of the aristocratic principle, he responded, "I have fourteen quarterings of *paysannerie*; cite me a noble family counting so many in its own order."

He was more than once in prison—he was even married from thence. He was several years in exile; and while editor of the *Représentant du Peuple* in August, 1848, his journal was suspended and he condemned to a fine of 24,000 francs. On account of his work *La Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise*, he was in 1858 condemned to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 4000 francs. He fled to Brussels and remained there till 1862. Returned to Paris, he was seized in July, 1863, with physical prostration and utter loss of energy. He had but strength to crawl day by day into the Bois de Boulogne, where, lying down on the grass in the shade, he would sleep or dream for hours. From this attack he partly recovered, but only for a time. The air of his native county had proved beneficial to him; but various disorders came upon

him, under which the frame which had been the medium of so vehement an energy at length succumbed. He died in January, 1865.

Those who most severely criticise Proudhon's works assert that he is not a politician in the true sense of the word, but that he intervened in public affairs, being merely a philosopher and economist. They allow him to be a brilliant journalist, but set him down as a defective tactician—an incomplete appreciator of events; as one that regarded *ensemble* and *avenir* to the detriment of his appreciation of *détail* and *présent*. There is truth in this latter remark. Proudhon was philosopher rather than statesman, ideal rather than practically minute. What strikes us in his system is a certain unfinishedness, as if his ideas, although labored so long and so earnestly, had not reached their final cast and completeness. He is apt, too, to lean towards a certain scholasticism, and to trust overmuch in the infallibility of his logical abstractions. But there are in his works rare and noble elements; we find an unselfishness, a consecration to purpose, a devotion to an ideal and to humanity in disregard of any sacrifice it might entail—a steadiness of labor and a chastity of life that are in every way remarkable. This workman, son of a workman—this peasant of fourteen quarterings, says with even Mazzinian gravity and sternness, "To play is not the end of man." If his class could

but follow this maxim and persevere in the doctrine in spite of the allurements to which, when brought within reach, it so speedily succumbs, it would have no difficulty in becoming the dominant class and in molding the world to its designs. But for nights of study, days of care, hours of plodding labor for bread, imperviousness to scorn, charity in spite of wrongs, sympathy in spite of antipathy, patience in spite of rebuffs, energy in spite of defeat, faith in spite of despair, Proudhon is without a peer, and he must be a strong man who can support himself through and in all these. Proudhon was a strong man; but he died at fifty-six, worn out.

We may sum up his highest praise in this, that although as an isolated anarchist he was an object of misunderstanding and of suspicion, yet if his compatriots, enemies or brothers, would but follow anarchy of such an unselfish kind, his country would advance to harmony as complete as that of a bee-hive. But the corruption of the term anarchy still holds the place of the true meaning, and that absence of necessity for a ruler which is the result of a conscience which respects itself, has only yet appeared in isolated individuals. When will the time come for that orderly freedom, which is shadowed forth in the career of a few exceptional individuals, to advance to its grand completeness by being represented in the life of a nation? Not soon, to all appearance—especially in France.

Fortnightly Review.

ESTANISLAO FIGUERAS.

THE art above all others is the art of eloquence. Beyond its intrinsic qualities of thought and logic, language—like poetry, like the harmony of music, like the arts of illustration and of color, like architecture, like war strategy, like swordsmanship—is governed by supreme laws of skill and address, strict as the supreme moral rules of justice. Oratory is the richest and most varied manifestation of the human mind, and is of many degrees and qualities. Among the principal artists of language, among the most distinguished orators who do honor to our country and our Parliament, all consider Don Estanislao Figueras an inspiration of his native land, the glory of the republican party, which is indebted

to him for the direction of its campaign in the constituent Cortes—a man unexamplified for prudence and energy in our august chamber. Before analyzing the distinctive characteristics of the speeches of Figueras and of his political genius, let us give some biographical data in support of the reputation which the republican orator enjoys as a model of consistency and dignity in his glorious career.

Figueras was born in beautiful and enlightened Barcelona, on the 13th November, 1819. After having studied the humanities in the *Escuela Pia* of that city, in which he remained five years, he applied himself to philosophy at Cervera, and soon afterwards at Tarragona. He entered as

a law student in the universities of Barcelona and Valencia, terminating his education in the month of June, 1842. Even while thus engaged, he made some figure in politics, showing an extraordinary ardor in the defence of liberal principles; in 1837 he was enrolled in the ranks of the Progressist party, which then represented the most radical aspirations of the youth of his time. But his active temperament, and his ardent devotion to all that is just and noble, soon separated him from a political school which was as yet unable to satisfy the natural exigencies of a revolutionary epoch. In 1840 he joined the Republican party, being among the first who embraced their idea in Spain. After the events of 1842, which culminated in the bombardment of Barcelona, he differed from the Republicans in their appreciation of that incident. About this period he joined the editorial staff of the *Constitucional*, in connection with Mata and Ribot.

When the famous coalition occurred which threw the reins of power to General Espartero in the names of the most distinguished Liberals, he opposed that rising with all his energy, and foretold its fatal consequences. After the fall of the Regent and the acquisition of power by the moderate party, he retired to the town in which his mother resided, (Tivisa, in the province of Tarragona,) continuing his relations with the Republicans, who in 1848 appointed him their commissioner in Madrid, to organize the movements then attempted by the Liberals. The revolution, twice commenced and twice overthrown, being crushed, Figueras withdrew to Tarragona, where he established himself as an advocate in 1849. He was elected deputy in 1851 for the first district of Barcelona. In that Cortes he formed a Republican nucleus with Ortense, Lozano, and Jaen.

In 1854 he became a member of the revolutionary *junta* of Tarragona, and deputy in the Cortes for the same provinces. He was of those one-and-twenty who, on the 30th November, 1854, voted against the monarchy. Since that period Madrid has been his fixed place of residence, and there he exercises the profession of an advocate, in which he has acquired enviable notoriety, being one of the most famous lawyers in the city. In 1862 he was again elected deputy for the first district of Barcelona, and disputed with his friend Don Nicolas Maria Rivero the administration

of the Liberal Union, then in power. The retreat of the two parties, Progressist and Republican, being decided, and the movement of the 3rd of January, 1866, being overthrown, Figueras withdrew for a time from active and militant politics, notwithstanding that he maintained his relations with the most important men of his party, and labored unceasingly, although indirectly, with his counsel for the triumph of the second revolutionary attempt, which occurred in June of the same year. After that abortive revolution, the consequences of which were so fatal for the Liberal party, he threw himself resolutely into the work of conspiracy, which in correspondence with the leaders in exile was carried on in Madrid. In consequence of these labors he was arrested on the 12th of May, 1867, by order of Narvaez, and imprisoned in the Saladero, together with his friend, Don Nicolas Rivero. There he remained two days, when a commissary of police and two civil guards conducted him to Pamplona. In a short time the government ordered him to fix his residence at Aosis. He was pardoned in October of that year, when, the revolution of Aragon and Cataluña being over, the government had nothing to apprehend. Subsequently, he was appointed a member of the revolutionary junta, elected justice of the peace for the congressional district, and in the municipal elections member of the council for the district of the Hospital. In the elections for the constituent Cortes he was presented as a candidate in Barcelona, Tortosa, Vich, and Madrid; in the two first-named places he was elected.

Being now acquainted with the biography of Don Estanislao Figueras, let us proceed to regard the intellectual qualities which so greatly exalted him.

One of the two great peculiarities of our friend—perhaps the most remarkable—is his moral character. Nobody, not even his greatest enemy, can doubt the rectitude of his motives, the nobility of his soul, the integrity of his life. Beneath an exterior expressing the sweetness and docility common to benevolent natures, he conceals an indomitable energy, which has enabled him to stand erect, with a front calm and serene, here in this land where we see so much debility, so much inconsistency, only to be explained by the suggestion of qualities opposed to those which shine so brightly in Figueras—want of energy in the char-

acter or want of faith in ideas. Nothing is so difficult as to eradicate prejudices. Habits take root strongly, and remain with the people, even after the institutions have expired under whose influence they developed into existence. It is a common error in Spain to believe that malignity and falsehood are necessary elements in a political character. This may be true in the palaces of kings, where all manner of intrigue finds its natural habitation, and political immorality its familiar seat; but the proceedings of liberty, the political acts of the people, the characters of the tribunes, should be frank, loyal—in a word, most nobly moral.

The tribune of the people, like the Grecian athlete, goes forth naked to the combat. He can conceal nothing—not even those beatings of the heart that are hidden and suppressed by the jewels, the velvet, and embroidery with which courtiers are bedizened. The first quality of the popular orator should be frankness, and fidelity to the prominent virtue in his character. But if to frankness in expression, if to fidelity in the character, he unites the skill which is part of the tactics of his enemies, and can pursue them with their own arms, gathered in the same field of battle, the tribune of the people elevates himself immensely, and is formidable even under the most disadvantageous conditions. Such, then, is Estanislao Figueras—sincerity personified, fidelity complete, ability unrivaled in that chamber where so many gifted orators have shone with such extraordinary splendor.

The orator must not be judged by any one of his qualities, though he must necessarily have a facile tongue and a lively imagination. No; he must be judged by all combined—his soul, his tone, his voice, his action, for all contribute to the lustre of his eloquence. Estanislao Figueras unites great external advantages. His face gives him that oratorical expression mentioned by the ancients; the repose of his attitude adds majesty; his action, neither rapid nor measured, but always suited to the emotions of his soul, is worthy of his attitude. The unalterable serenity, the self-possession, the benevolent smile, which he does not belie even when his lips send forth darts of bitterness, the perfect calmness, which so forcibly contrasts with the excitement produced upon his hearers by his eloquence—all these qualities make

Figueras one of our greatest parliamentary orators, and his struggles in our Parliament the first glories of the Republican party. When the horizon is obscured, when the seas become boisterous, when difficulties threaten to overwhelm us, all eyes turn instinctively to Figueras, certain of security from his unequalled dexterity. If we entangle ourselves in legal problems, he lays down their solution; if we engulf ourselves in political questions, his masterly decision is in reserve, with that sense of opportunity which is the greatest of parliamentary gifts.

Never shall I forget the remarkable occasion in which the entire chamber turned against us for some words of our respected friends, Ortense and Pierrad, in the manifestation against the *Quintas*. Sagasta poured forth burning words upon our heads, Prim threatened us, Topete made those interruptions natural to his nervous temperament, the hosts of the majority insolently vociferated, threats of expulsion appeared on the brows of some of our deputies—and in all that disorder, Figueras, sure of himself, like an experienced mariner in a destroying storm, counseled the one, supported the others, with imperious gesture restrained the just anger of his party, discharging, as it were, stunning bombs in speeches brief as the lightning, and of as vivid effect on his enemies, changing into victories the greatest difficulties, tranquilizing the turbulence and confusion, and returning to us in safety, bearing his household gods and his family, as Virgil says Æneas issued from the flaming Troy.

Political eloquence has lost much in our time; now the Press contends with the Tribune, which it eclipses. The subjects discussed are in general prosaic. The apostrophe, the invocations, the appeals of Grecian eloquence, are proscribed on our Parliament, and can not be attempted save when the orator holds in his hand the heart of his audience, which in the majority is usually hostile. From the modern tribune, men can neither express their thoughts nor their passions. Compare this confined auditorium, this narrow semi-circle, with the Greek Agora, with the sea in front, like the perspective of a tragic theatre, the people around storming with anger or overflowing with enthusiasm, the green-sward adorned with statues of the gods or the sepulchres of heroes, to which

Demosthenes could extend his supplicating arms, and, remembering the days of Marathon, implore the manes which arise in majestic shades to infuse their spirit, and with their spirit their valor, into the souls of the degenerate Athenians, ready to sacrifice the country and the republic.

Thus it is that our parliamentary oratory must be sparing in adornments without declining into a school, correct without harshness, lively without passion, severe without bitterness; always prompt to attack the enemy, but never uncourteous; reasonably, but not factiously, striving with the opposition; skillful, untiring, quick to arrive at extraordinary ends with wonderful simplicity of means. The orator who rises and pushes his own ideas to extremity, being ignorant of the beneficial aspects of contrary opinions, harsh to individuals, rough, verbose, subject to that anger which breaks out in rudeness and imprecations, will never be able to follow up any parliamentary openings; neither can he advance himself in public opinion, nor acquire the social influence necessary to his party, nor utilize his own ideas, which require to be surrounded with the more precaution, especially if they are most novel or most extreme. Anger should be reserved for rare and supreme occasions, as the atmosphere holds in reserve the rays which consume the miasma. Variety is most agreeable in art, and contrast most necessary. To the sublime one may aspire but seldom, yet it is reached without premeditation; for the sublime is a bright point in the firmament of the soul, and the sentiment which inspires it resembles a shock of electricity.

In hastily writing these reflections, I think I have described the speeches of Figueras. They are sober, correct, and brilliant; earnest, courteous, calm, and reasonable; wonderfully acute, and at the same time persuasive. But when he seeks the sublime, he ascends to sublimity. We remember that night in which he pronounced his *Creo en Dios*, which for the moment converted the assembly into a temple. And when passion is necessary, he knows how to be passionate. We recollect his imprecations against the Duc de Montpensier.

But his essential quality is that delicate smile which wounds his enemies like a subtle poison. What a keen glance to divine the weak point in the armor of the enemy! What skill in sowing dis-

cord! What a prodigious memory, bringing forward those historical records which inflict such injury upon the opposition! And, above all, what sense of opportunity! He is never the victim of subterfuges. He knows how to engage in battles when his enemies are unequal to open combat. He can call up storms upon the opposition benches with the same facility with which he calms them among his own partisans. In fine, what conciseness, what rapidity! Homer named his Achilles the swift-footed, and the eloquence of Figueras we might call the light-winged, did we not see how these airy pinions can resist the tempest. In the skirmish, in the encounter, to direct a sally, to make an assault, for all that necessitates the inspiration of a moment, Figueras is unrivaled in the Spanish Parliament. He is always a combative orator, and this is the reason that in the Constituent Assembly, turned sometimes by natural skepticism from the subjects of debate into an academy, his political expositions shine less than his instantaneous passionate polemics. When the conflict comes suddenly, when he replies to a provocation, when dark clouds surprise him among intricate pathways, when the unexpected thunder rolls in his ears, and the lightning flashes before his footsteps, then all opposition invigorates him, and he becomes greater in face of difficulties.

The records of the parliamentary career of Figueras are those of the progress of the Republican idea in Spain. At the first congress in which he took part he was scarcely twenty-five years old, and he stood alone. Afterwards he had two or three companions. In 1854 twenty deputies voted against the monarchy. In 1869 seventy members voted for the Republic. When Figueras, almost a boy, entered the Chamber, with the timidity natural to one who comes for the first time to the *Córtes*, and encountered so powerful a monarchy, with a sovereign still popular, with orators who defended both throne and monarch, with generals who aided so much power—when he faced the brilliant and gilded wall of opposition, behind which lay sheltered a tradition of twenty centuries, renewed by the vigor of modern liberty—certainly none could suppose that at his advance those bulwarks would tremble, that at his voice the throne would totter, and that

Providence had destined him to be one of the first to dash down the false idol. He struck it, and thus by right became the leader of the Republican minority in the constituent field.

The Republican minority will be judged by the future; it forms a phalanx as deeply interested and no less illustrious than the men of 1812. Its enthusiasm for ideas is boundless. Its perseverance in the combat is unrivaled. To it belongs the glory of having given to the discussions that calm and manly serenity which accompanies conviction and irresistible power. It has raised the most perplexing questions and the most difficult problems to the luminous regions of science. It has always been the advocate of order, not only as a supreme necessity of the moment, but also as the essential tactics of its party. Its voice has stifled religious intolerance. Its debates have awakened in the sister land of Portugal noble republican aspirations, which our nationality must crown and bring to perfection. Its ideas have been like a ray of light penetrating into the dungeons of the oppressed people. Europe, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Grecian Seas, and from Norway to Italy, has translated in all languages the discourses which converted in so brief a space of time the Spanish tribune into a likeness of the French senate at its most exalted period, into the Mount Tabor of the human conscience.

In the labors and the direction of the Republican minority a very considerable share falls to Senor Figueras—to his eloquence, to his rectitude, to his integrity. Some appear anxious to depreciate his other qualifications, as if among the vicissitudes of humanity, in the infinite variety of its ways, there were not to be found some faculties supported at the expense of

other faculties. If in the realm of Nature you would form a perfect being, with the voice of the nightingale, the strength of the elephant, the agility of the horse, the flight of the eagle—the result would be a monster. In the mind the same thing happens. The sublime indignation of Mirabeau harmonizes not with the perfect and beautiful manner of Vergniaud; the former is great for his speeches, short as those couplets of Esquillo which inspired tragic terror, and the latter excels for his discourses complete as a tragedy of Sophocles, and faultless as a statue of Praxiteles. Fox did not fill his audience with enthusiasm without being many times hurried and confused; Chatham was not admired for his majesty without being often accused of stiffness; Burke did not radiate into sublimity without losing himself in obscurity, as if it was necessary to deepen the darkness, in order to show the greater brilliancy of the lightning. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Spanish eloquence stands as high as the first parliamentary eloquence of Europe. I do no more than repeat a universally admitted judgment in placing Senor Figueras in the immortal band of our most gifted orators. Some shine by their energy, others by the force of logic, and others by their flow of language—none so much as he for sense of opportunity, for ingenuity, for skill, for the most excellent endowments of parliamentary orators. For myself, I say that one of the greatest satisfactions of my life has been to fight by his side, and one of the most pleasing records of my memory his combats and his triumphs. Worthy of the most noble cause, worthy of the Republic, which, conquered to-day to reappear more vigorous to-morrow, will count him among its founders and its heroes.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

St. Paul's.

THE LAW AND THE LYRE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, having gone steadily through the business part of the plan of a deputation, which was to end by serenading him, sat down at the close of his speech, saying rather perfunctorily, "And now, gentlemen, I will take the music." It is the way with us English, too. When we have shut up shop, we take the music. And it is noticeable, for reasons,

that whereas at dinners, presentations, and on all manner of state or ceremonial occasions, we go grandly through a large quantity of downright self-conscious humbug, (this ugly word is, unfortunately, the only one that suits the case,) yet we are strongly suspicious of all enthusiasm in the case of music. We execute with our own pens and tongue any quantity of

"entoosy-moosy,"* in praise, loyalty, or self-magnification in other matters; and we can be very absurdly gallant; but when St. Cecilia is the lady, we are apt to introduce her name rather coldly. Thomas Hood, resenting a rudeness on the part of some fanatic of the fiddle who rebuked his indifference, retorted, that musical fervor was so far like turtle-soup that there were hundreds of gallons of the mock for one of the real. This is no more than might be said of every class fervor whatever; but it is only when Art is in question that Englishmen are contemptuous. Music, unlike painting, makes a noise, and it is a thing that women are more likely to drag men about to, whether they like it or no, and that may be part of the reason. But still there is apt to be something churlish about the way in which many Englishmen dismiss art-topics in general. If there is on the face of the earth an object ludicrously horrible, especially in a pouring rain, it is that statue of Mr. Peabody, hatless and shivering, behind the Royal Exchange. But there are comparatively few Englishmen who will join you in laughing at it. They will say or think the statue is well enough, and suspect you of simulated disgust or amusement. Men of fine culture are not exempt from this kind of weakness—the tendency to treat Art questions with brusquerie. Edward Biscuit wrote to the Club, that the first complaint Sir Roger made of being out of sorts, was "that he had lost his roast-beef stomach;" and whenever an educated Englishman stoops to admire a fiddle, he suddenly picks himself up again, as if he was afraid he had imperiled "his roast-beef stomach." Mr. Emerson says, that Mr. Carlyle told him that he believed Goethe, towards the close of his life, had begun to find out that "Kunst" was "wind-bag nonsense." This high-and-dry pococurantism, is a very different thing from the *bonhomie* of a man like Charles Lamb, in his indifference to music:

"Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.
Can not a man like free and easy,
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or through the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?

* Byron used to say Braham sang the word like that; as well he might! Let it stand for false enthusiasm.

So help me, Heaven, I hardly have;
And yet I eat and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of stake or crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer-diluvians
That lived in the unwash'd world with Jubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith Tubal
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut."

This is delicious. Beethoven would have called Charles Lamb a "dumm-kopf," as he used to do the poor music-seller;* and Lamb, with equal simplicity, says:

"Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel
Had something in them; but who's Purcell?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;"

and then, having crushed him and Weber, he mercifully refrains from stamping out Rossini:

"As for Novello, or Rossini,
I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
Because they're living; so I leave 'em."

This most felicitous poem, entitled "Free thoughts on Several Eminent Composers," would probably be valued by many an Englishman, as expressing his sentiments about music, if people capable of *consequently* snubbing Art were able to see the wonderful grace with which the sweet humorist glides from one grotesque touch to another, and winds up in a way that reminds you at once what a kindly heart he had, and that "Novello" was a member of circles in which he moved.

One more curious fact this little poem brings to the memory, namely, that poets who have been masters of the melody of words have so often been destitute, or nearly destitute, of musical sensibility. Chaucer says right out that he had at all events no *skill* in music, and he leaves us to infer that he did not care for it. Goethe was, we believe, "no great shakes" at it. Wordsworth and Scott belong to a similar, or even a lower, category, and strong living instances might be given. Now, some of Scott's songs are exquisitely musical, (e. g., "Proud Maisie," and "County Guy;") and Wordsworth, though often a lumbering fellow, can be finely musical too. On the other hand, there is Shakespeare, and then, again, Milton, and later on, Shelley and Leigh Hunt. Landor writes

* In his morning walks Beethoven used to pop his head in at the door of a music-seller who had misappreciated him, and say, "Good morning, blockhead!"

of "Paradise Lost" that it contains more music than has ever been heard on earth since the angels sang over it at the Creation. Of all critics Leigh Hunt has shown the most acute sense of the music of verse. Then it is curious that Shelley, intensely musical as his verse often is, very rarely writes *singable* lines. At the first glance, the facts just thrown together in a heap make an odd jumble, and we can not now try to assort them. But we might go on picking up odd things for ever. There is, for example, a species of musical sensibility (we have intimate personal knowledge of such cases) which constitutes the possessor a good judge of music, and that, strange to say, in proportion to its fullness of harmony, and which makes the possessor susceptible of musical emotion; and yet it is a sensibility that carries with it no aptitude for recognizing melodies, or even "learning" music. Then, again, it *looks* (though any such generalization would be hasty) as if musical talent were, more than most other kinds of talent, certain of descending until a certain climax is reached. Lastly, there is the striking fact that, while women have shown the highest executive power in music, and have, as a class, had more chances of musical culture than men, no woman ever produced any considerable musical work.*

These, and many other apparently related facts, we must leave, though they all bear upon the subject of "Music and Morals," treated by the Rev. H. R. Haweis in a most delightful book now before us. In his inaugural lecture at St. Andrews, Mr. Mill noticed with emphasis the slowness of the British mind to *conceive* even of Art as a means of culture co-ordinated with indoctrination of any kind. And the whole subject is of such a nature, that it is extremely difficult to find any thing in the average mind upon which to fix a grappling-iron of logic—while it is wofully easy to toady vulgar prejudice. How often do we find the question shelved with the remark, (which we hope no intelligent reader of this paper will pay the least attention to,) that the examples of ancient Greece and the Italy of the Renaissance prove that the deepest moral debasement may co-exist with the highest

pitch of excellence in Art! Yet the traditions of nation after nation point to the existence of some sort of *aperçu* in the mind of earlier ages upon the subject of the uses of music as a discipline. We may smile when we find Goethe calmly remarking that we ought never to pass a day without exposing ourselves to the influence of some beautiful work of art,—we may exclaim, to ourselves at least, "Namby-pamby old prig!" but not even the "roast-beef stomach," which passes for a mind with some people, will openly deny that music may have a *direct* influence upon the emotions. And every thoughtful person sees that if you persist in stimulating certain emotions, you must in time do something towards modifying the character. Only one or two words upon the more remote issues of the question can find a place here. At the root of the matter lies this all-important truth—that the influence of Art (take music as an instance) is an influence which, while it affects character and conduct, leaves the conscious will free. Its ultimate uses in Education, and culture in general, including religious culture, nobody would yet dare to put into words. But let us just look at Education for a moment. Mr. Stansfeld said the other day that he had never troubled himself about the question of compulsory education, because all Education must be compulsory. The element of absolute truth which this proposition contains is, in my opinion, limited to this,—that all the restraining or protective part of the education of the young must be compulsory. Whatever we may from time to time do as a matter of expediency in applying compulsion in the whole range of education, it is yet to be proved that we are not (except as to mere protection and restriction) on the wrong tack altogether in the teaching of the young. I have not a moment's doubt that we are, and that the ultimate way out lies in a word—Art. In other language, that the principles of which we may catch a glimpse in the kindergarten system will gradually receive extended application, until it will be seen that our present method is a mass of brutality and injustice, (like our methods everywhere else;) and that in the higher portions of our nature there are resources, of which Art holds one of the keys, and which, once drawn upon, will make the dictum that all education must

* Minor instances of musical constructiveness, such as the assistance rendered to Mendelssohn by his sister, are fully present to our mind while writing.

be compulsory, read as absurdly as the dictum—almost axiomatic to our forefathers—that all government must proceed by assuming that traitors should be disemboweled and quartered.

If Mr. Haweis had only broken ground upon the subject of "Music and Morals," in the very crudest manner, he would have deserved our thanks. But he has used with great skill and candor his large stores of general and specific culture, and some much higher matters, in the production of a book which, to use a conventionalism, is as entertaining as a novel. His acuteness, poetic sensibility, large candor, sense of literary proportion, and quick feeling for whatever things are lovely, and true, and of good report, have combined to make these chapters singularly attractive. If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, Mr. Haweis is not the man to miss an opportunity of making the reader think on these things. His book has four main divisions, Philosophical, Biographical, Instrumental, and Critical; and it must be a strange reader who can not find something to gratify him under one or other of those headings. As to the Philosophical part of the book, it is only just to remark that the rapid and vivacious manner of the author places him at some disadvantage with inattentive readers; in other words, the thought does not look as solid as it really is, and the careful implications of the phraseology run some risk of being overlooked. There is another danger against which a word of warning may be permitted. Mr. Haweis has so much glinting, darting, self-conscious humor that he sometimes *assumes* a glance of mental intelligence between himself and the reader, when duller people will unfortunately miss the twinkle in his eye. In spite of the serious intention of the writing, Mr. Haweis, it may be seen, enjoyed his (or rather his wife's, for he tells us the lady did all the drawings) "Emotional Diagram of the Man in the Desert" from a point of view not wholly philosophical.

After the philosophical portion of the book, we have a series of interesting biographies of great musicians, with facsimile scraps of their musical "copy;" essays on the violin, the piano-forte, the bells, etc., and some highly amusing sketches of professional and amateur music in England. These last constitute the

most generally entertaining portion of the book, though not a page of it is dull.

It is well known that musicians proper, and musical people in general, are very much split up into factions; and, apart from this, some of the judgments of Mr. Haweis will be challenged. I have no pretensions to his special musical culture, but it seems to me that his estimate of the Italian school is quite inadequate, if not harsh. On the other hand, I entirely share his feeling that there is an essential incongruity, from the Art point of view, in all serious Opera, (taken as represented on the stage :) but here he has an immense public against him. Personally I have laughed as much at some of the passages in "Lucrezia Borgia" as at "Box and Cox;" but my laughter fearfully scandalized the elect, and I regard myself simply as a branded heretic. Comic Opera is quite another thing.

The list of the ages at which different composers have died is very instructive. It has been said that men of genius are apt to die at thirty-seven. Of course no such empirical generalization will hold water; but in the list of Mr. Haweis there is certainly something to suggest that, accident and some special causes apart, the musicians of the most powerful genius live longest. This also is but a rough and empirical way of putting one's meaning, for you can no more deny great power to Mozart than you can to Handel. Yet one can not help recalling the old distinction, so happily put by Dr. Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," between genius which seems almost wholly a thing of receptivity and fineness of fibre,—"*moonlight*" genius, I think he calls it, or perhaps it is my fancy,—and genius of the more muscular and creative kind. It seems in the natural order of things, comparing musicians with other men of genius, that Mendelssohn should die at thirty-eight, and Chopin at thirty-nine, while Handel should live till seventy-four, and Rossini till seventy-eight. Of course, I again say, all this is very roughly put, and quite empirical. Beethoven, for instance, died at fifty-five, and in power he was second to none upon the list. But then he *looks* like an old lion, who ought, from mere force of brain and viscera, to have lived to ninety; so that we put him on the accidental list at once.

That great musicians, and musicians in

general, are not less moral than the rest of the world, or, to say the least, have no reason for being so, Mr. Haweis goes far to make out; but the collateral questions are not easy, and I can not say I think he has disposed of them quite satisfactorily. Whether or not he is inclined to depreciate a little unduly the essential *morale* of Italian music is a question. But it is not one to which any certain answer can be given by you or me—it is in its nature an open one. Not so, as it seems to me, the dispute raised on pages 84 and 85. Taking these pages together, we can not put it lower than this,—that Mr. Haweis *complains*, in what he holds to be the interest of goodness, that executive musicians are so seldom “excluded from public engagements” by the “indignant virtue” of the public when they have violated morals. Some, he says, “have left this moral country hurriedly, and under a cloud, and been rapturously welcomed back to London in the following season;” and so on. But *après*? What can we do? What is possible to be done, consistently with common justice, in these and similar matters? There are *loathsome* forms of misconduct which must, from the nature of things, shut the wrong-doer out of all society; and a reason of principle might be stated with perfect precision, though the application could never be made precise. But when once this line is passed, we not only fail to see our way; we fail to see how *any* way could be made safe or just. Nor is the executive musician, or any other artist, in a different position from, say, a great captain. Nelson was guilty of a “glaring violation of morals.” Well, what was to be done? Was he to be hissed in the streets, or what? I am not for a moment suggesting that Mr. Haweis would have any such idea—his writings are instinct with fairness, tenderness, and the kind of humor without which it is so hard to be even just; I am only illustrating the difficulty of the question. But Mr. Haweis himself helps us to come much closer. He tells us with much candor the story of George Sand and Chopin. It would be easy to tell it in another way, which should make out Chopin to be the sole author of his own misfortune, and George Sand to have been both wise and self-sacrificing. It is certain that Chopin was, in American slang, already “shot;” and also that

George Sand was his patient and faithful nurse long (I think for three years) after fidelity to her convictions had led her to reduce the friendship to those terms. All the world knows what those convictions are; they have often been held and acted upon by men of admitted conscientiousness, piety, and purity, and they are practically legalized in Protestant Germany. Here, then, we have this “large-brained woman and large-hearted man,” as Mrs. Browning called her; on the whole, the greatest woman of genius known in Europe; a woman of a most serious and thoughtful character, abundantly capable of nearly all that makes human beings loved; loved in *fact*; and admittedly doing much good;—and she is deliberately guilty of violations of the received morality of her own country and ours—that is to say, of certain rules and customs by which it is attempted to promote the cultivation of a social ideal which is as much honored and aspired to by George Sand as by the Archbishop of Paris. If you asked her about it, she would make answer: “I am very sorry to have to do this, but my conscience will not let me do otherwise.” Now, what is to be done? Is any body to hiss the friend of Mazzini, and Lamennais, the authoress of “Consuelo” and “La Petite Fadette” in the street? or to burn her books? or what? Again I say, Mr. Haweis would be the very last man in creation to hint at any thing ever so faintly or remotely resembling this, any thing so absurd. But that is not the point—I am trying to see my way out. In what particular is the position of this lady distinguished from that of any “executive musician” whose violations of morality the public condones? In one way, it may perhaps be said—she does not intend to do wrong; she thinks she is right; and she is not guilty of any obvious act of mere self-indulgence. But this distinction will not carry us far. Possibly a moral critic like (say) Canon Liddon would affirm that in a case like that of George Sand there was as much self-indulgence as in that of an “executive artist,” who is in my mind just now, and was probably in that of Mr. Haweis when he wrote the pages in question—only that it was more refined. Nor is that all, or half. For just think of hissing an “executive artist” for a sudden offence of coarse, or even, if you please, perfidious

gallantry; and, on the other hand, receiving with an applause another "executive artist" who was quite incapable of any such fault as that, but who was shamefully guilty of the sin of "covetousness, which is idolatry," and letting his old mother languish in an almshouse! In fact, if the public—the *public*, ye gods! what an interference that would be!—is to interfere in such matters it must come to this:—that no person shall receive money, applause, or sympathy for singing, playing, writing acting, engineering, fighting, legislating, or whatnot, unless he or she comes up to the moral standard of — And there we must stop, for the blank could never be filled up. I am not writing all this to Mr. Haweis. He is far too honest and acute a man not to feel this difficulty, and to see and admit, when challenged, that there is no "standard" anywhere existing with which we could possibly finish the sentence.

The reader will, however, take my word for nothing, but will go to the work itself. Personally, however, I have long ago thought out these questions, and concluded that the most correct *épiciers* going must take the "artist" with all his drawbacks, just as the *épicier* takes *him*. On the whole, the artistic temperament must be expected to carry with it a tendency to dislike of mechanism of all kinds, and we have no more right to insist that John Clare shall have all the citizen virtues of John Gilpin than that John Gilpin shall write poems like John Clare's; nay, it is a very good thing in the interest, not only of charitable constructions, but of the higher ethics, that there are corners of life, in which the foregone conclusions of the correct *épiciers* are quoted at some discount.

The mention of John Gilpin's name reminds me of one point more. Mr. Haweis, in writing of the uses of music in public worship, has the following characteristic passage:

"One day, noticing a very poor and aged woman in tears during the service, I spoke to her at the close, and inquired the cause of her grief. "Oh, sir," she replied, "that blessed, blessed song in the

middle of the prayers!" She could say no more; but she was alluding to an anthem by Professor Sterndale Bennett—"O Lord, thou hast searched me out." The function of anthems is no doubt quite different from that of psalms or hymns. It is greatly to be wished that the congregation would never attempt to join in the anthem, nor even in the chorus, strong as the temptation may sometimes be. Above all, let not people with musical ears sing fancy parts to their own edification and the great distress of their fellow-worshippers. The strength of the congregation during the anthem is emphatically to sit, or at all events to stand still. They need lose nothing by their silence, for, rightly understood, it may be quite as blessed a thing to allow music to flow into the soul as to pour forth actively songs of praise. This is hardly a popular view of the subject. In every church where an anthem is sung, the majority of the congregation seems to belong to one of two classes—those who look upon the anthem as an unwarrantable interloper, and those who regard it simply in the light of a show-off for the choir. Need we observe that neither of these two views is the correct one?"

Sir John Lubbock says, there is no finer fun than a contested election. Perhaps not. I never stood for anywhere; but it would have been fine fun, also, to lay the above anecdote and comments before the poet who wrote the couplet:

"Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman or a fiddling priest,"

and then to make him turn to those pages of the book of Mr. Haweis, which inevitably suggest that this human, thoughtful, and highly cultivated clergyman is capable of being as "deeply, darkly in love" with a fiddle as any musical *enragé* that ever rosined a bow. Was it not Themistocles who said he couldn't play the fiddle, but he could turn a small city into a large one? Mr. Haweis has done fine service in writing this volume; but he is doing still finer service in another kind, and much more of it is to be looked for from him.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

Temple Bar.

M A R I E .

WHAT of the night, Marie?—

“Never a time to pray,
Never a time to woful be,
Whatever the good ones say.
Go to: let them pray and sleep.
I pray? when men pray to me,
With pleading, passionate, deep—
Me, their god, their ‘own little Marie!’
Night is a time to be laid—
Away from the lights and the flowers,
From the throng, where love’s prelude was played—
Laid warm through the dim dreamy hours.”

What of the morn, Marie?—

“Morn? is it morn so soon?
Nay, get you gone; let us be—
Leave us to sleep till noon.
What?—the world long awake?
And men gone forth to their toil?
Let them go, let them toil, and take
The fruits of their toil and the soil.
We have not wherefore to rise,
No taskwork for hand or brain:
Shut out the light from our eyes,
Leave us to dream night again.”

What of the eve, Marie?—

“Set these flowers in my hair.
Ay, but my lovers shall see
I am comely and fair;
Comely: my hair is fine gold,
My breasts are as rose-tinged snow,
All men shall crave to behold
My beauty. Forth let us go.
. . . . Here will we sit in the glare,
While the music surges and dies:
Darling, am I not fair?—
Am I not sweet in your eyes?”

What of the past, Marie?—

“You speak of the long-dead days,
Or ever men knew of me,
Or ever they loved to praise
The glorious gold of my hair,
(Their words, not mine;)—you mean
Long ago. Ah, I never dare
To think of what might have been.
‘Chose it myself?’ may be:
Sometimes I wish . . . but nay,
Nought else could have been for me
So utterly sweet and gay.”

What of the end, Marie?—

“When I am gray and old?

When my beauty is gone from me?

When my lovers are all grown cold?

I shall die before these things be.

And what of the end? Shall we weep?

Soon we must tire of the glee,

Soon we shall fain find sleep.

One day we must all lie low;

But we shall have had our spell.

Tush—never speak of death now.

. . . . Ay, but if death means hell?”

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

Temple Bar.

MODERN MANNERS.

THE difficulty of defining a gentleman has long been keenly felt and never been wholly overcome; but if we search deeply into the causes which have created the perplexity we shall find that they spring mainly from the repugnance experienced by most people to acknowledge that there may be, not only a distinction, but a positive antagonism, between good manners and good morals. Yet every attempt to make external deportment dependent upon interior virtue has ended in failure; and every impartial person will admit that a monstrous villain may be a man of consummate address, whilst a paragon and pattern of goodness may possibly offend even ordinarily sensitive eyes and ears by awkward actions and untimely observations. This is to put the case extremely; but it is equally true that average instances of imperfection in outward behavior and fundamental conduct establish the same conclusion. Is it invariably the most agreeable person that we most respect? And are we for ever seeking the society of individuals for whom we are always ready to profess sincere reverence? It will be admitted by all Englishmen that the highest of all virtues is truthfulness, taking the word in its most comprehensive signification. For see what truthfulness implies! It implies sincerity, simplicity, courage, absence of self-interest, and a belief in the possession by others of the same lofty qualities. Yet is it possible to be always and uncompromisingly truthful, and yet to be a “perfect gentleman?” We do not speak of gratuitous plain-speaking, which a spirit of truthfulness never exacts; but there are a thousand occasions when regard for the

feelings and conveniences of others compel a man who otherwise loves to speak the truth, more or less to deviate from it. No doubt these deviations, so harmless in themselves, are completely condoned by the charity of the motive and the excellence of the result; but they are deviations from the truth none the less. Hence we may observe without surprise, that the most truth-telling nations are the least polite, and the least truth-telling nations the most pleasing in their manners. We have only to compare Englishmen with Irishmen or Frenchmen, Germans with Italians, and the European with the Asiatic, to be convinced of the accuracy of the dictum, laid down by way of generalization. It is often observed that the French people are rapidly ceasing to deserve the character they have long arrogated to themselves of being the most polite people in the world; but those who make the observation are acquainted only with Paris and a few other large towns, in which democracy is the watchword and mentor of the majority. When a Parisian shopman, waiter, or cabman is rude, it is because he does not wish to lose the opportunity of conveying to you the fact that he is just as good as you are, and that you and he are and must remain on terms of perfect equality. But the “just as good as you” doctrine, when carried into practice in this conscious direct way, must necessarily be the death of all good manners. It induces men to arrogate what they ought to be content to receive, and to refuse what they would be wise to give. It is to overlook the obvious truth, that if two people treat each other with reciprocal deference their equality will

be established in the same way that occurs when a couple of rival political candidates vote each for his opponent. On the "just as good as you" principle the weaker is sure to go to the wall, and the contention which underlies all intercourse based upon such a system can be ended only by one of the rivals succeeding in being more rude or more arrogant than the other. This incidentally, though by no means irrelevantly. But we see here, as in prior instances, that it is the wish to be frank and truthful that spoils the French democrat's manners. Every traveler in Oriental countries has come away impressed with the superiority of Asiatic politeness, but at the same time insists with equal zeal on Asiatic duplicity. Amongst Europeans, diplomatists are generally supposed to have and to require the finest manners. It is scarcely necessary to point out what it is that renders these fine manners indispensable. When we say that a person would never do for a court, we again imply that his candor would shock its well-bred atmosphere of dissimulation.

It does not at all follow from the above unavoidable concessions that the greatest liar will be the most polished gentleman, or indeed that disingenuousness of any serious kind is required in a gentleman at all. But it rids us of the supposition that perfect virtue and perfect manners are strictly convertible terms, and forces us to look elsewhere than in morality—at least as that word is generally understood—for the secret and soul of gentlemanliness. We believe they are to be found in what may be called the half-way house between a systematic frankness and bluntness of speech, and conscious insincerity. Nothing can be more opposed to our idea of active truthfulness than reticence or reserve; yet no discriminating person would confound them with real disingenuousness. Now, from what do reticence in speech and reserve in manner spring, so long indeed as they are not carried to an extreme and do not raise the notion of shyness or excessive caution? We think the answer that ascribes them to self-respect united with a respect for others will commend itself to most people. Respect for one's self, which is not complemented by reverence for one's neighbors, will more generally be known by another name, and be justly stigmatized by the opprobrious epithet of pride; whilst respect for others which does not commence at home is sure to be attributed to

an inherent spirit or an acquired habit of servility. But regard that looks both ways, that is careful not to offend, and does any thing but invite offense, will be misconstrued only by those who are not initiated into its invaluable properties as the guide and guardian of social intercourse.

It will be evident that nothing is so incompatible with the good manners which, as we now see, mainly depend on a certain fine reserve and a certain judicious and instinctive reticence, whilst these again spring from a reciprocal respect and consideration, than what is colloquially known as familiarity. It is in this sense that we are to read the wise old maxim, that familiarity breeds contempt. Many, alas! have construed it in a more literal sense, and this adherence to the letter has chilled and killed various promising friendships. Ours would be a world not worth living in if it were once established beyond contradiction that the more intimate we become with each other the less likely to endure will be our esteem and affection. Closeness of intercourse and thorough knowledge constitute the only true basis of perfect love and regard. But perfect love and regard are never familiar, in the sense in which the cited saw warns all of us against being. To permit one's self to be thus familiar is to permit one's self to take liberties, and to take them is to provoke them. Every man who respects himself strongly objects to be the object of them, and he would therefore never dream of subjecting to them any one he revered or was attached to.

Slowly, but we trust surely, we have thus arrived at the heart of our subject, which is, modern manners. We are not much afraid of contradiction when we say that modern manners unfortunately are not good; and we expect to have the whole world on our side when we add that they are nearly always excessively, and in many instances intolerably, familiar. We heard it remarked only the other day that there are but few gentlemen in England and none out of it. The observation is too epigrammatical to be quite accurate, but it contains an element of truth. We are dealing only with English modern manners, and shall therefore be spared any invidious comparison with the manners of other countries, save in so far as they may incidentally illustrate our meaning; but we fear that it is no exaggeration to say that fine manners exist among us almost exclusively as

a tradition. A few old people linger here and there to deepen the contrast between what was once an acknowledged standard of deportment and the various self-constituted types of free-and-easy behavior which represent the younger ideas of social address. But these octogenarians are, in their quiet way, the most severe critics of habits utterly alien to their prior experience, and do but confirm the estimate we have formed. It is in a thousand ways that this hideous familiarity, this want of reserve, of self-respect, and of respect for others, is manifested; but never is it more noticeable than in conversation. Listening has long been pronounced, in modern phraseology, a bore; and one of the most striking features of modern politeness is a readiness to know all you are going to say before you have said it. One is constantly prohibited, in practice, from finishing one's sentences. They are finished by proxy, or suppressed in order to give way to a premature rejoinder. Another respectable element of conversation is now regarded as a "bore;" and that is, seriousness. The only persons who are considered duly qualified to converse are the persons who can be unflaggingly jocose; witty we do not say, for wit presupposes gravity and reflection, whilst any fool can be funny. Funny fools are at present much in request and their particular vocation absolves them from all obligation to be either reticent or respectful. They may say any thing provided it raises a laugh, and take any name in vain so only it conduce to our merriment. Every man of spirit now aspires to be a chartered libertine in the matter of speech; and the unhappy individuals whose tongues are restrained by old-fashioned prejudices are driven into a cold and silent corner, whence they contemplate the lively sallies of unchastened humor with an amazement not always unembittered by chagrin. In the very highest society these phenomena may be witnessed; indeed they obtrude themselves upon our notice. Nor, even in the matter of dress, in which men of fashion are supposed to be so particular, are signs wanting that here too the familiar non-respectful spirit is gaining an entrance. In London, where carelessness in such a matter is practically impossible, and where indeed there is no temptation to it, inasmuch as a man must be prepared, morning, noon, and night, for the presence of strangers by whom he

would on no account be caught off his guard, no complaint can be urged. But truly good manners, like charity, begin at home; and politeness will not forget its duties even in the country, and when a mother, sister, or aunt is the only judge. Yet we have heard the finest ladies complain that their sons, brothers, and nephews pronounce it to be "a bore" to don the dress which we have agreed to consider appropriate for dinner, when they are strictly in the bosom of their family and not in London; and we have ourselves been invited "not to bother," but to present ourselves in costume that prophesied an evening in the smoking or billiard room rather than in the drawing-room. By some people this will be regarded as a small matter, and especially by those among whom, as we can well understand, what is called evening dress is not habitually put on. When it is not expected, the omission of it can give no offense and presumes no familiarity. But when it has long been rigorously insisted on, to pretermit the custom on certain exceptional occasions, because "it is a bore," is surely no unimportant sign of the times.

The influence of women upon manners has long been notorious; and painful as it may be, it is our duty to charge upon women a large portion of the responsibility for modern manners being what they are. It is they who not only tolerate, but encourage and abet, the laxity of which we have so much to complain. A hideous word, representing a hideous thing, has found its way into our language. Purists might well object when they heard of fast men; but criticism was stupefied when it was invited to contemplate fast women. A fast woman, to a person accustomed to hold by the niceties of language, sounds like a perverse paradox: is a contradiction in terms, *nigroque simillima cygno*. Many impossibilities, however, have become glaring facts in these wonderful days; and we do possess, there can be no doubt of it, both black swans and fast women. Whether snow will, by the law of progress, soon be black too, we must wait and see. Meanwhile, a woman, and even a girl, who is not just a trifle fast is a poor creature; fit for a rural rectory, a Quaker hearth, to be a Dorothea Casaubon, if one likes, but utterly disqualified from passing the very portals of polite life. The very basis of fastness is to be familiar; and we must

protest that were Polonius living now he would never dream of directing us to be "familiar, but by no means vulgar." Any reserve of manner or any reticence of speech savors so insufferably of slowness, that to say every thing and do just as you like are two golden rules. Distance no longer lends enchantment to a woman's view of man; the less deference or hesitation he displays in his manner, the more closely and the more rapidly he approaches her, the better chance has he of conciliating her favor. The surest path to her partiality is to treat her as a "good fellow;" and whilst—*credite posteris*!—she will not hesitate playfully to assure him that he is a "pig," and that somebody else is a "beast," the highest compliment he can pay her in return is to inform her that she is a "brick." Is it our boast that we are no longer a pastoral people. Is it on that account that the Damon and Amaryllis of Mayfair exchange amenities in a language borrowed from the vocabulary of Arcadia? With such evidences of reciprocal respect, we can not be surprised if, in speaking of their male acquaintances, young ladies no longer think it worth while to retain titles of courtesy, to be burdened with the prefix of Mr., but give the surname *tout bonnement*, and not unoften the Christian name, again abbreviated or travestied with all the felicitous familiarity of the play-ground. They themselves often delight in nicknames, for which a male acquaintance is usually sponsor. It would be unreasonable to expect under such circumstances that manner would be better than matter; and the women who permit themselves all these liberties of speech are not afraid of being overheard. A voice gentle and low is no longer deemed excellent. They have been converted by the legal maxim, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, and take care therefore to be, in their own sweet language, "well to the fore." None of their observations are thrown away, and they are more anxious to parade and proclaim their nonsense even than a person of judgment is to whisper his wit. They would stare a *roué* of the last century out of countenance, and if they do not understand *doubles entendres* that would do credit to Congreve, their simulation of intelligence does them gross injustice.

Now it is quite impossible that women should thus forget what is due to them,

from themselves and from others, without the manners of the men who associate with them being mischievously affected. The society of women ought to be a school of manners for the other sex. Men come from school impudent, and from college awkward; it is in the drawing-room that they should learn to be easy yet respectful. Shyness is painful; but to behold a person who is always "at home" is offensive and insufferable. When a gentleman addresses a barmaid he accommodates himself to her intelligence and tastes by a directness and familiarity that even then are not admirable, but may be pardoned. To judge by the way in which most men nowadays address many ladies, one would conclude that the counter was the school of true deportment. Ladies are addressed and looked at as though they were barmaids, and ladies do not resent it. It would be strange if men who show no deference to the other sex manifested any in dealing with their own. It would seem monstrous to treat a man and a brother with a consideration greater than is extended to his sister or his bride. Men advanced in life who refrain from this easy mode of address escape censure, for they are too old to be censured and their demeanor becomes them. But woe to the young man who acts as though he thought a fair young maiden is as holy as a shrine, or who appears before a comely matron with somewhat of the deferential diffidence that a well-bred junior counsel will display before a court of justice. He will be deemed a spiritless fellow, ludicrously sheepish, and, don't you know? not *quite* a gentleman.

It would perhaps be immaterial in a democratic age that what is still called aristocracy should be so indifferent about losing one of its most valuable and distinctive badges, if there were any hopeful signs that the leveling principles which are afloat will bring their own law of politeness with them. As we have already intimated however, the doctrine of equality, when actively employed as a creed, and the watchword of a social crusade, must be fatal to good manners. The very soul of politeness consists in giving every thing and exacting nothing; though it will be obvious that the consequence of such a principle, when put in practice, is, that every body gets as much as he deserves and most people much more. This is as it should be. The really distinguished, meritorious, and

great, should receive from all a measure of deference commensurate with their merits; and the poorer creatures of life should be made comfortable in it and led to forget their inferiority by a share of consideration utterly out of proportion to their deserts. This, it will be seen, is the very opposite of "the weakest to the wall" result, which, we noted, necessarily ensues from the assertion of the "just as good as you" doctrine. There is no merit in deferring to the exalted and the powerful; our refusal of deference would be of mighty little consequence. But there is something eminently pathetic in the extension of consideration to those by whom the withholding it would be keenly felt. It is not because women are superior to men—we do not mean to imply that they are inferior—that precedence is universally allowed to them, but because if it came to a rough vulgar scramble they would fare the worst. Therefore are they put in the front rank. Tenderness for children and for animals is based upon the same proper feeling, which is the sentiment of true politeness, and eternally opposed to the "just as good as you" dogma. Politeness knows nothing of better or worse; and the polite person never assigns inferiority to any one but himself. This has nothing to do with those conventional laws of precedence which are made for our convenience, and which no sane man regards as any thing more than symbols.

But there are other active reasons for the inability we remark in democratic principles to further the cause of good manners, over and above the fatal assertion of personal equality. The democratic spirit, as we are now considering it—and we need scarcely tell our readers that we are not talking politics, but are occupied solely with the matter as an ethical and social one—is the most disingenuous of all forms of egotism. It does not mean what it professes. Far from really seeking to obtain the social and individual equality, of which it prates so fervently, it gives rise to endless ambitions, personal rivalries, and acute struggles. As far as the democratic spirit, socially considered, has manifested itself among Englishmen or Americans, it inculcates the habit of what is called "getting on" above every other virtue and obligation. Its ideal seems to be that life is a ladder, and that every body should try to mount to the highest rung—we need scarce-

ly add, by means which are certain to prevent every body at least from attaining that lofty position. The operation, when successful, is attended with considerable contempt for those who do not attempt it, or attempting, fail. One of the immediate consequences of this soaring state is, that in those classes which are now so numerous, and who may be described as people whose material possessions are out of all proportion to their education, culture, or refinement, children have generally a profound contempt for their parents and are not slow to exhibit it. Here, good manners are tarnished at their very source; and the reverence which young men and women should entertain for their father and mother, and which leads to reverence for all recognized, if but conventional, superiority, is exchanged for pity, sometimes tinged with shame. The parents have been highly successful, but still remain simple and unpretending folks, and very likely lack the acquirements or finish which would enable them to play a spirited part in society. This is highly distasteful to the younger generation, who, seeing themselves in possession of as good a roof, as good a cook, as good a stable, and as good a cellar, as the squire over the way or the Queen's Counsel round the corner, are impatient to cut as telling a figure as their neighbors. The inferiority in accomplishments, and probably in manners, of their parents is obvious, though perhaps to none so much as to their own children; and the latter appear to be of opinion that they can escape being deemed to share in the parental shortcomings only by showing how thoroughly they are aware and ashamed of them. The result is usually something very lamentable. The parents may possibly not be drawing-room ladies and gentlemen; but the sons, who fancy themselves to have walked out of the family, are downright cads, and the daughters are an affliction of the flesh to those who, seeing fine feathers, expect fine birds. There is no such offensive class of people as this. Modesty, naturalness, simplicity, were all or nearly all the sins of the generation to which success has come with such rapidity. Impudence, affectation, and vulgarity stamp the next one, whose members opine that they can become persons of fashion as expeditiously as their parents became persons of wealth. This is not always the case; and the fact that people have become rich

suddenly—if honestly—is all in their favor, if the material transformation be accompanied by a transformation of mind and manner. Unfortunately, society is much too tolerant in this respect, and tolerant from the worst of motives. Nothing could be more meritorious in persons of refinement than to admit to their society persons who are wanting in refinement, in the hope that we might see the reverse of that which is said to take place when evil communications corrupt good manners. But it is a matter of notoriety that a wish to partake of the vulgar advantages of this rapidly-got wealth is the ruling and indeed the only reason why people who ought to be above such sordid motives admit to their houses men and women who are little better than well-dressed bores. It is not to be supposed that the individuals thus made free of the best society attribute their admission exclusively to their money. People rarely fail to find more flattering explanations of their own successes. The line where the influence of wealth ends and that of personal merit begins must necessarily be vague; and it is not wonderful if people who are very wealthy, and not otherwise meritorious at all, reverse the ratio of those elements which constitute their visible influence. People so warmly welcomed by an old and would-be aristocratic society may be forgiven if they conclude that they are amply qualified to move in it, and have nothing to learn from its breeding, bearing, language, or reticence. Folks affecting to be studiously fastidious, begin by eating their suppers and end by adopting their manners. Thus the proper *roles* are precisely reversed; and the vulgarian, whom it would have been a kindness and a charitable action to teach, silently becomes a pedagogue and a pattern. He is familiar because he knows no better; and people who once knew better, end in adopting something of the deportment they at first intended, from interested motives, only to tolerate. Man is such a monkey that it is impossible for him to consort often and long with persons of inferior manners without his own manners, if originally good, becoming deteriorated. It is possible that the person who inspires him in the matter he slightly improves. But a slight improvement in so delicate a thing as good manners is not of much consequence; whilst a slight deterioration is disastrous.

At the same time all public discussion and criticism conspire toward the same end. Want of reverence, want of consideration, which, we have seen, is the cause of the sad falling-off in our manners, is not a little promoted by that in many respects useful and certainly necessary institution, the Press. To be a public man is to be pelted; and even to be a private one is not always to escape the mud that is perpetually flying about. Nothing is sacred. Ridicule is the weapon ready to every one's hand, and you are much more likely to hit somebody if you aim at the biggest people you see. There is a weekly journal which has for the last fifteen years maintained notoriety and profit by the systematic depreciation of every body and every thing that have won the respect of any portion of the community. To lead us to despise men in public life and to despise women in private life has been the main object of its energy. Such a task demands no great ability, though no doubt it requires a certain fertility in thinking evil. But the chief requisite for this sort of thing is, to be wholly free from the sense or obligation of good manners, to think truth a poor thing compared with a good or even with a bad joke, and to esteem no person's character, no matter how exalted he be, of any consequence, if, by depreciating or ridiculing it, the public can be amused.

If then good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women will end by behaving with politeness towards each other. *Hauteur* always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "*graciousness*." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real, or well-assumed. In a self-making age we can not be surprised at

meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be com-

plete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

Chambers's Journal.

THE SHORE AND THE GLACIER.

IN the magnificent spectacle which the ocean presents, one of the features which is most pleasing, and leaves a durable impression on the mind, is the harmonious curve which is formed by the shore. These lines softly bent inward are marked by a marvelous beauty which rests and rejoices the eye; they carry it on into space by the natural grace of their geometrical development; and in contemplating them there is an instinctive sensation of pleasure, which renders the cadenced movement of the waves still softer as they break upon the coast. On every shore there is the great curve of sand, bathed by the waves, following a regular profile, more or less distant, to the point where the breakers surge; beyond the advanced angle is another equally graceful bay, and in the further distance a succession of others, dimly vanishing away. It is this harmony which gives a charm to the most monotonous coast; we recognize the power of that mighty laborer, the ocean; and are confounded in thinking of the centuries that the forces of nature must have employed in establishing so perfect a relation between the wave and the shore, the sea and the continent. Under the incessant action of the water, the outline of the land has been sculptured afresh, and curved into regular undulations, often compared to a garland suspended from column to column. Every bay reproduces on a large scale the form of the wave as it unfurls, marking on the sands an elliptical curve of foam.

The coasts of most mountainous countries, beaten for ages past by the sea, are no less gracefully designed than the lower lands. Remarkable examples of this may be seen on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, in Spain, in Provence, in Liguria, and in Greece. There, every promontory, the remains of an old chain of hills carried away by the sea, rises in a high cliff; every valley which descends to the sea ends in a tract of fine sand of a perfectly rounded curve. Abrupt rocks and softly-inclined valleys alternate thus on the

shore; whilst, in the interior, the summits and the slopes of mountains, the cultivated fields below, the towns scattered on the heights, and the ever-changing flow of the rivers to the sea, introduce the most charming variety into the landscape.

Then comes the consideration, how did the arc of a circle become the unvarying form of the bay; and why does the land divide to left and right into innumerable lateral valleys? We may observe how, by a rapid rise of the waters of the sea to some hundreds of feet above their level, it would inundate the low grounds and streams far into the interior, quickly forming deep gulfs in the depressions of the continent, and changing the lateral gorges into bays. Then the work would begin in an inverse sense as soon as this change in the profile of the shore was accomplished; the rivers bringing the alluvium down, would gradually fill up the higher valleys, and by degrees narrow the conquests of the sea. On the other side, the ocean would do its work by drawing its coast-line, its reaches of sand or pebbles, and thus dividing from its surface all the new bays which the sudden swell of its waters had made. After the indeterminate lapse of ages, the shore would recover the softly undulated form of the present period.

There are still, however, many countries where this double work of inland waters and the ocean has but just begun. These shores preserving their early form, and cut into deep clefts, are in every case situated far from the equator, and within or near to the polar zones. In Europe, the western coasts of Scandinavia, from the promontory of Lindesnæs to that of the North Cape, are marked out by a series of *fjords*, or ramified gulfs; and not only is the shore of the continent, but also all the islands which form a sort of chain parallel to the Norwegian plateaux, fringed with peninsulas and carved into smaller fjords which may be likened to immense avenues. They double in length the coast-line, and give a border of endless points of land, more or

less in a straight line, some bearing a uniform aspect, and resembling deep ditches dug out of the thickness of the continent, others dividing into lateral fiords, which make the interior of the country a labyrinth, almost inextricable, of straits, canals, and bays. By these indentations, Norway has its coast so far increased as to be thirteen times the length that it would be if the line were straight; and were every one to be sailed round, the voyage would be the same as from here to Japan. The hills which surround these dark defiles are almost all very steep; there are some which rise like perpendicular walls; others overhang, serving as a pedestal to high mountains. Thorsnuten, situated to the south of Bergen, on the edge of the Hardanger Fiord, reaches an elevation of more than eighteen hundred yards within a few miles of the coast. In many a bay of Western Norway, the cascades leap from the cliffs in a single jet to the sea, so that boats can glide between the wall of rock and the roaring cataract. Beneath the water, the steep rocks are carried to a great depth, so that in some defiles, where the width is but two or three hundred yards, the sounding-line will descend to six hundred yards before it reaches the bottom. The Lyse Fiord may be mentioned as one of the most frightful among these dark clefts, where not a ray of the sun can fall, by reason of the high rocks which inclose it. With an almost perfect regularity, it penetrates some twenty or thirty miles into the interior of the continent, though in some places it does not exceed seven hundred yards in width, and its rocky walls rise to the height of twelve hundred yards.

The islands of Spitzbergen, Farøe, and Shetland present the spectacle of innumerable fiords similar to those of Scandinavia. The shores of Scotland also, on the western side only, are deeply cut out; where the islands produce in miniature the labyrinth of promontories and bays of the neighboring continent. That part of Ireland which lies towards the Atlantic develops itself into a series of rocky peninsulas, separated by narrow gulfs; whilst at the south and east, the coasts of Great Britain are much less marked in form, and, for the most part, display the regular curves before spoken of. In France there is scarcely a trace of these deep cuttings, excepting at the extremity of the coast of Brittany; on the other hand, Iceland, Labrador, and

Western Greenland, the islands of the Polar Archipelago, the American shore of the Pacific, from the long peninsula of Alaska to the labyrinth of Vancouver's Island, are not less rich in the form which we call fiords. They do not recommence until the long uniform coast of Chili has been passed, then come the island of Chiloe with its numerous bays, and the network of straits of Magellan and Tierra del Fuego. The southern hemisphere is the only region of the globe where may be seen the extraordinary phenomenon of winding and deep valleys filled with sea-water.

This examination of the shores of different countries leads us to a confirmation of the fact, that fiords are only met with in cold countries, and much more numerous on the side turned towards the west than the east. Why is this strange geographical contrast produced according to the position which they occupy? And why have the coasts enjoying a warm or temperate climate been molded into the gentle undulating form which we so commonly see? whilst the plateaux of Scandinavia and other lands have preserved their primitive form. One part of the solution of this question, operating in the same way at the extremities of the two continents in the icy regions of Magellanic islands and the north of Europe, may be found in the great geological change which has passed over the world during past ages of our planet. This is none other than the extreme cold which was formerly felt on the surface of the globe, and transformed the summits of the mountains into streams of ice. It thus becomes clear how the fiords, these ancient clefts in the shore, have been maintained in their primitive state by the prolonged continuance of the glaciers. The period of cold, unequivocal testimonies of which are still seen even in the tropics, under the equator, at the foot of the Andes, and in the valley of the Amazon, has naturally lasted much longer in the neighborhood of the poles than under the torrid or even the temperate regions. This glacial period, which probably terminated millions of ages ago on the burning shores of Brazil and Colombia, has ceased in France and England at a relatively recent time.

Let us glance at the effects of this in England, and realize some of the wonderful changes thus brought about. From the north of Scotland to the latitude of

London, our whole country is covered with the strata which has been brought by the glaciers, and which geologists term drift; the southern counties from Cornwall to Kent are the only ones unwrapped by this enveloping crust, all the materials of which are foreign to the soil where they rest. This phenomenon is much complicated, owing to the subsidence of the land, as geologists are of opinion that we then belonged to one great continent with France and Germany, and were only separated from Norway by a narrow channel. At this epoch, continental vegetation invaded for the first time the greater part of our islands. Forests like those of Germany covered our coasts. The lignite or forest-bed of Cromer, traceable along the whole coast of Norfolk, shows the remains of this primitive vegetation. At a low tide, and after violent storms, the trunks of trees may still be seen standing with their roots plunged into the ancient soil. Among these trees, some specimens of the pine are only indigenous to Scotland; another, the fir-tree, is a complete stranger to England. The remains of aquatic plants prove these forests to have been marshy; the white and yellow water-lilies have been abundant. The bones of animals resemble those of Switzerland at the same period; the mammoth, two kinds of elephants, a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, a large kind of stag, the common wolf, the wild boar, and the beaver.

Continuing the examination of the shore where these layers of lignite form the base, there have been collected the remains of large marine animals, such as the morse or sea-horse, the narwhal, the backbone of the larger kinds of whale, and the shells of molluscs, both marine and fresh water. Above these is a bank of clay, commonly called boulder clay, as it is full of sharp pebbles, often rubbed or striped, and accompanied by erratic blocks of syenite, granite, and porphyry, coming from the mountains of Norway, evidently the deposit of a glacier. These cliffs of Norfolk are full of valuable teaching; they show us that at a certain epoch the soil of England was raised at least two hundred yards, and made a part of the European continent. To this succeeded a period of subsidence; the portions of land which had emerged from the sea, sank slowly and insensibly, and at the end of ages which the imagination dare not compute, England,

Scotland, and Ireland again became islands. It was during this time that the boulder-clay strata spoken of above were formed; and from the position in the hills where sea-water shells are found, the subsidence must have been about five hundred yards. The mountains of Scotland, Wales, Cumberland, and Ireland were the only portions above water; and the British Isles were reduced to an archipelago composed of four large islands and a number of small ones. Legions of floating masses detached from the glaciers of Greenland and Norway floated on to our coasts, and brought the *débris* and blocks fallen from the northern mountains. The icy sea nourished the shells of those regions; the flora had completely disappeared, except those vegetables which could bear the cold, and with a few animals lived on the high ground still above water.

After this first epoch of cold, the land rose once more, the islands were reunited to each other, and vegetation was again active on the emerged portions. The researches near Blair-Drummond, by Mr. Jamieson, show a regular succession of strata, which it would not be interesting to the general reader to specify, but which clearly prove that the land was very much above its ordinary level, and was a second time united to the continent. The land being higher, it was consequently colder; the glaciers descended from the mountains, and filled the valleys that the sea had vacated: this was the second period of terrestrial glaciers, in opposition to that of the floating icebergs, which have been already described. Geologists have found traces in the valleys of Scotland of polished and striated rocks, and striped stones, the certain signs of ancient glaciers. Around Edinburgh, on the Pentland Hills and Arthur's Seat, are the traces of one which descended into the Firth of Forth. The moraines are few, and not very marked, but the erratic blocks have evidently come from great distances.

Another curious trace of the passage of these glaciers over our islands may be found, it having for a long period excited the imagination of the people, and the astonishment of the wise. In Western Scotland, not far from Ben Nevis, and near the Caledonian Canal, is Glenroy; through its whole length there are three terraces perfectly horizontal, and corresponding on each side of the valley. In the eyes of

the mountaineers, they were the roads traced by Fingal and his followers, the more easily to hunt the stag. The researches of geologists have established the fact, that they were the ancient shores of dried-up lakes; but they were at a loss how to explain the existence of these successive levels. The total absence of shells, the presence of small, well-defined deltas, excluded the idea of their having been the sea-shore, formed during the subsidence of Scotland, and afterwards emerged from the ocean. Buckland and Agassiz agreed that there was but one solution—that glaciers had successively closed one or the other end of the valley, and the streams flowing from them had formed the terrace. Agassiz recognized the marked stones and ancient moraines which he had studied so thoroughly in the Alps; and since then, Mr. Jamieson has completely confirmed his views. The formation of these parallel roads may be referred to the close of the second glacial period, and are due to the oscillation of glaciers descending from Ben Nevis and the surrounding mountains. The waters arrested in their passage formed lakes of different levels, each determined by the height of the hill which closed the extremity of the valley opposite to that barred by the glacier.

Returning now to a period nearer to historic times, we can trace in the fiords of Norway what has passed long ago in our own islands. There are still countries in the antarctic regions where the streams of ice descend into the sea and spread over the gulfs. The glacier of the Bay of Madeline projects far into the fiord, and the terminal cliff of ice, pushed forward by the weight of the higher snows, shows a curved line turning its convexity towards the open sea. On the colder shores of Greenland, the bays are even filled with ice, and form a regular profile along the coast; the waves beat against these crystal walls, but the icy deposits disguise the real form of the architecture of these continents; and when, in a future age of geology, the ice has disappeared, the deep cuttings will in their turn become fiords. At the time when the Norwegian bays were filled in this way with ice, large blocks of stone, and masses of pebbles and earth, carried away during the thaw from the sides of the mountains, formed moraines such as are now seen at the foot of every glacier. They floated to the open sea at

the mouth of the fiord, and settled down in the midst of the waves with detached masses of ice. The successive deposits by degrees raised them so that they are found in all Scandinavian fiords, rising like a rampart out of the deep water. The Norwegian sailors give the name of "sea-bridges" to these bars of nature, which show the limit of the ancient glaciers, and form a meeting-place for the fish of the neighboring seas to assemble in great numbers. On the western coast of Scotland, and in the smaller bays of Finisterre, chains of submarine banks and reefs may be found, which are probably the remains of old glacial moraines.

After the period of cold which existed in our globe, the Scandinavian glaciers drew back by degrees into the interior of the fiords, then ceased to touch the level of the sea, and rose higher and higher into the open valleys on the side of the mountains. The immense geological work of the filling up of the bays began for the torrents and the sea; the fresh-water streams brought their alluvium, and left it on the strand at the foot of the hills, whilst the sea spread the sand and mud thrown up by its waves. In many fiords, this transformation into land has made sensible progress; and if the rate of increase of the continent were known, it would be possible to calculate the epoch when the valleys would be freed from ice. On the eastern side, a similar work is going on; there the glaciers have been replaced by lakes, which are lessening as the streams and waterfalls pour their débris into them. The same process may be seen in the chain of the Swiss Alps; many deep depressions which were formerly the beds of large glaciers, have become a kind of continental fiord, such as the Lago Maggiore, Lugano, Como, and Garda. The lacustrine basins are closed towards the south by large moraines like the sea-bridges of Norway, and their waters will in time be filled up by the alluvium of Alpine streams.

The Scotch bays were no doubt freed from ice long before those to the north, owing to the warm stream which flows from the Antilles; still earlier have the shores of Ireland and Brittany ceased to serve as beds for solid snow. The eastern side of the English coast was first disembarassed, owing to the fact, that the west and south winds blowing from the Atlantic were laden with the humidity necessary

for the formation of the glaciers. Thus, in South America, the rains being much more abundant on the western side of Patagonia, the glaciers have descended lower into the valleys, and the fiords maintained by the ice in their primitive state make a perfect labyrinth of the shore. It is by the atmosphere that the form of the continents has to be explained. After the glaciers have disappeared, the leveling of the coast goes on with more or less rapidity, according to the form of the continent, the depth of the fiords, and various geographical phenomena. In some countries where the rivers are of small importance, such as Denmark and Mecklenburg, the fiords be-

come long narrow lagoons, separated from the sea by sandy plains.

Whatever may be the diversity of means employed by nature to fill up former bays, it is certain that in the equatorial regions the curves of the shore have an ever-increasing regularity. Instead of the innumerable ports which offer a safe shelter in our latitudes, the sea-board of the south becomes more and more inhospitable for the want of indentations where a ship can take refuge, and there are hundreds of leagues in the torrid zone without such a shelter. South America, Africa, and Australia possess the greatest uniformity of coastline and the fewest bays.

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Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

MOMENTOUS as the immediate effects of Prince Bismarck's policy—the union of Germany, the readjustment of external power, and the defeat of internal foes—indisputably are, there is an ulterior consequence of that régime the indications of whose approach are daily becoming more apparent. There can be little doubt that the German Empire is at present, on the whole, steering in the right course both for its own benefit and without prejudice to its neighbors. As yet, however, the world has received little surety that this course will be persevered in. The recent history of Prussia has brought painfully under our notice the fact that the boasted Constitution of that country is capable of being twisted and turned by a resolute Minister in any way that may suit his ends. And as long as this state of things continues, as long as Government remains to all intents and purposes absolute, the creation of a strong military power in the centre of Europe must remain a source of apprehension rather than of comfort. The Prussian Constitution has hardly been modified to such a degree since the period of the "conflict" as to destroy the possibility of a return of abuses; and the Prime Minister's declaration a few weeks ago, that, under circumstances, he would still "find it in him to rule against the will of a majority," is not calculated to allay apprehension.

It is plain that in a nation of as stable a character as the German, constitutional government is the surest safeguard of

peace to its neighbors, and also the best foundation of internal welfare. To obtain such constitutional government the German people has long made strenuous efforts, without, however, achieving much of its ambition except on paper. Since the recent victorious wars Prussian influence has become paramount in the Empire, and it is Prussia which has in constitutional respects been numbered hitherto among the most backward of German States. Leaving out of account the personal inclinations of its rulers and their Ministers, the country's traditions and its history are based entirely on military enterprise, and its natural wealth has been drawn mainly from agriculture, which is still for the most part in the hands of a class of proprietors whose interest and natural bent are opposed to constitutional progress. We may broadly divide the German people into two classes. On the one hand, there is the nobility, a large and powerful class, Conservative in its principles almost to a man, military in its leanings, almost to the exclusion of any other calling, and cherishing traditions of past and visions of future martial glory. The influence of this class is the more patent since its special characteristics have hitherto been largely shared by the Crown. On the other hand, there are the Germans of whom we know many living all over the world, not exempt indeed from national failings, but eminently peaceful, honest, and possessing an unquestioned solidity of character. There are the men of letters and

of commerce, among whom the Liberal principle is strong. The two classes have until recently been socially and politically divided by a strong barrier, and it is mainly owing to the force of public sentiment evinced in the late wars, and partly to the course of Prince Bismarck adopted in the Chamber, that the barrier has been partially withdrawn, and shows signs of falling altogether.

Notwithstanding the numerous aspersions cast upon the Liberals by their foes, their aspirations and demands are in reality limited only to such constitutional principles as the staunchest Tory among us would not consent to renounce. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have until quite recently possessed no independent ground to stand upon, and have recognized no principle but absolute obedience to the Crown, which they regarded as the front of their privileges, and consequently entitled to their unshrinking support. The interests of these two dominant elements have been identical so long that separation would involve a social revolution. As long as Liberalism stood opposed to so overwhelming a force as the two combined, its chances were naturally poor. In what activity the old view of things is still preserved by Government, Prince Bismarck's recent speeches in the Upper House—the recognized heart and centre of Prussian Conservatism—and the comments passed upon the conduct of that assembly by the official press, plainly denote. Prince Bismarck had on a former occasion been at pains to impress upon the First Chamber that it is not a House of Lords in the English sense of the word, but merely a House of Royal nominees. In his latest speeches he again told the members in plain words that, as Government considered the obnoxious Schools Inspection Bill indispensable, their obvious duty was to pass it. The *Provinzial Correspondenz*, the most favored of official prints, in a long article of unquestionably official character, improves upon this text, using these words: "According to natural presumption, the *à priori* claim was justified that that portion of the Legislature which is preëminently called to support the power and prestige of Government should not join the opponents of a bill laid before the Diet at the express desire of the King and designated by Government as an indispensable weapon

of defence against dangerous schemes." But, however little we may side with the Prussian Upper House, its attempt to assert an independent opinion is by no means an unhopeful sign for Germany. Apart from the consideration that whatever weakens its alliance with Government must be of benefit to the Liberal principle, the emancipation of a party from servile subjection unquestionably marks an advance towards a state of balance between the rival parties, which is far preferable to the previous solidarity of one of them with the Crown, making a fair contest impossible, and securing to the Conservative party an unchallengeable monopoly of government.

Though Prince Bismarck has undoubtedly raised the Liberal party into credit, it would be a mistake to consider him a convert to its principles except in a very limited sense. In taking up the formerly neglected side he has rather used it to push to further lengths his own personal authority under Liberal colors. His jealous interference in the framing of the Constitution, and his prompt and decided veto on points of the most vital significance though claimed by an overwhelming majority, prove that he is still loth to part with any more power than he can strictly help. The history of Prince Bismarck's connection with the Liberal party is interesting in many respects. It began in a pet with the Conservatives, the forerunner of the present wider rupture. Some of our readers may remember the surprise with which Germany greeted the announcement of the then unnatural alliance Bismarck-Lasker, the union of supposed irreconcilable foes. The bargain having been struck, it was hardly possible that the union should not become closer from day to day. Familiarity did not in this instance breed contempt, but served to convince the Conservative Minister of the justice of many claims advanced by his new friends, which under the sway of class and party prejudices he had failed to detect. The brilliant display of public feeling by the Liberal classes in the great wars could not but elevate this nascent approbation into a sort of admiration, the effect of which the Prince declared in his well-known exclamation—evidencing his own surprise at the fact—that "every war had made more of a Liberal of him." It is impossible that the union bearing such

fruit should not have involved some yielding of principle, but we are probably right in attributing its favor with the Prussian Premier mainly to the recognition of its practical merits. Having tried unpopular government for some years with very unsatisfactory results, the creation of a powerful majority at his back must have appeared a most appreciable advantage to the Minister. The terms of the contract have also hitherto proved easy. The alliance split the Liberals in two, leaving the former foe of Government, the Progressists, in a decided minority, and uniting the national Liberals and Liberal Conservatives in overwhelming numbers in what is really a personal party of the Premier, whose allegiance to their chief has been pretty absolute, though they have been required to forego several favorite objects of ambition. The creation, first of the North German Confederation, and later of the German Empire, must also be taken into account, as almost necessitating Prince Bismarck's propitiation of Liberal opinion, since only on that basis could the new institutions, by his own confession, hope to stand. The few important concessions made, such, for instance, as the privilege of free speech in Parliament—were created by that necessity, which was, however, turned to very little account by the Liberals. With this exception, constitutional progress has in substance been very small. Government was befriended in this respect by circumstances which removed for the time all constitutional questions into the background, by concentrating the efforts of the Empire on the creation of a strong central Government with the requisite administrative machinery, and on the suppression of Ultramontane opposition.

Though Prince Bismarck can not expect to be looked upon as a Liberal, even though he has placed himself at the head of the Liberal party, it must be admitted that he has paved the way for the succession of constitutional government. It is not only by breaking up the old connection between Government and the Conservatives, nor by raising the Liberals to temporary ascendancy, that he has achieved this object; it is chiefly and mainly by the very length to which he has

pushed his personal government. To a statesman enjoying the popularity of Prince Bismarck there is little that a grateful country would not yield, but by his successes he has made the personality of government attach more to himself than to the Crown. There is no second man in Germany who can claim the same consideration from his country or aspire to the same popularity; there is absolutely no man who remotely approaches the present Chancellor in personal prestige. It is consequently not imaginable that his successor should be listened to and obeyed with the same deference and submission. When such an event as the Chancellor's death or retirement comes to pass, the Chancellorship will be robbed of its vast power, but the strong party now at its back will have acquired an independent prestige which it is not unreasonable to expect will be turned to account for its own ends. Its office now is to obey, but when its present head is gone it will have to think for itself, and then it can hardly forbear reverting to its former programme, which has never been renounced, for constitutional government. We have had opportunities to note a growing feeling, tending towards this end, twice in the present session—first in the discussion of the bill providing for the abolishment of the grist tax, the partial abolishment of the slaughter tax, and the reform of the income tax; and next in the more recent debate on the Municipal Administration Bill. With both of these measures the Premier had nothing to do: the former the Government was compelled by the Liberal majority to withdraw; the latter it is wisely amending, in deference to Liberal opinion.

It is not only from interest in the Constitutional cause that we must rejoice at the change of which we notice the first symptoms; we are bound to accord it our sympathy because of our solicitude for peace. Constitutional government is unfavorable to indulgence in war; and if adopted in Germany at its fullest scope must serve to allay the apprehensions to which a constant accumulation of military power gives rise. It is also the friend of commerce; and on these accounts especially we record with satisfaction the earnest of its introduction in the new empire.

HAMILTON FISH.

HAMILTON FISH, of whom we give a fine portrait in our present number, is the son of Colonel Nicholas Fish, and was born in New-York City in 1809. He was educated at Columbia College, where he graduated creditably in 1827, and three years later was admitted to the bar and commenced a lucrative practice. In 1837 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was in Congress from 1843 to 1845. He was Lieutenant Governor of New-York from 1847 to 1849, Governor from 1849 to 1851, and United States Senator from 1851 to 1857; so it will be seen that he has filled nearly every office in the gift of the people. On the accession of General Grant to the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1869,

Mr. Fish was selected for the post of Secretary of State, and has conducted the affairs of that Department during one of the most difficult and critical periods in the history of our foreign relations in a manner which has reflected honor upon himself and upon the nation. At no time in the history of our country has the Department of State assumed such importance as during the past few years, and in his administration of it so far Mr. Fish has made a record of which any statesman might be proud.

Mr. Fish is a man of considerable attainments, has been president of the New-York Historical Society, and is specially well versed in foreign affairs and international law.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Three Centuries of English Literature. By Prof. CHARLES DUKE YONGE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

THIS book is in substance a series of lectures on English literature, delivered by Professor Yonge, before a class of students in Queen's College, Belfast, which seem to have been very little changed from their original form in being prepared for the press. It addresses itself more especially to that large class of "average readers," who, as the author says, "seek literature rather as a recreation than as a pursuit," and it scarcely appeals in any sense to the scholar or the critic, to whom indeed it will afford but little satisfaction. We ourselves have read the greater part of it with considerable interest, more from a desire to strengthen our memory of certain details than with the expectation, after the first few chapters, of finding any thing very original, or very valuable if it were. Professor Yonge seldom ventures upon independent criticism, and never attempts to add any thing to the subject under discussion; but he is thoroughly versed in what has already been written, and he is useful to this extent, that he is a perfectly safe reflex of the most generally accepted criticism upon the age, the literature, and the writers whose outline he endeavors to give.

Viewed then as a compilation, rather than an attempt to advance our knowledge of literature, the book is a really valuable one, and seems to us very likely to fulfill the objects which the author explains himself as having in view. Notwithstanding its defects, inherent in the very nature of an attempt to compress the three most important centuries of English literature within the limits of a single volume, it is lucid and accurate, and will, doubtless, be both instructive and entertaining to the mass of casual readers who would never undertake the more critical and ponderous manuals.

Professor Yonge's plan especially is excellent, and commends itself to critic and reader alike. "Writers," he says, "may be classed in two ways—according to their style and subject, or according to the periods in which they lived. In

other words, we may divide them into writers of prose, and writers of poetry; and again, we may subdivide the first into historians, orators, essayists, and novelists, and the second into epic poets, dramatists, lyric poets, didactic poets; or we may arrange them with reference to the eras in which they lived, as the authors of the reign of Elizabeth, or of Anne, or of George III. It is well to keep both classifications in mind, and to a certain extent to employ both. And, therefore, I propose to divide the authors, whose works we are about to examine, into seven classes: dramatists in verse and prose; poets, whom again I shall subdivide into two classes, so as to take lyric poetry separately from that of other kinds; historians, essayists, orators, both in the senate and in the pulpit; and novelists; while the writers in each class I shall take in chronological order." Such is the Professor's plan, and taking Shakespeare, with whom his "three centuries of English literature" commence, he gives a brief sketch of his life, so far as we have any authentic record of it, a general statement of the estimation in which he is held by the critics and readers of all nations, and a series of quotations from his plays designed to illustrate his various excellencies. All this is done in a judicious and spirited though very hasty manner; and with no great effort of attention or expenditure of time the reader will find himself possessed of a tolerably fair idea of the leading English writers, from Shakespeare and Bacon to Dickens and Thackeray.

At the close of the volume there is an appendix, which gives more appreciative sketches of Chaucer and Spenser than we had expected of Professor Yonge, after the rather ill-considered remarks in his introductory chapter.

To conclude, while commending this book to those who go to literature simply and entirely for recreation, we may add that it should only serve to whet the appetite of those whose knowledge of literature would be otherwise than of the most superficial character.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley.
By REV. L. TYERMAN. New-York: Harper & Bros. Vols. I and II.

WITH two volumes before us of the three of which the present work is to consist, it is possible to form a pretty correct estimate of the whole, and to pronounce the opinion without hesitation that Mr. Tyerman has given us a biography of Wesley compared with which all previous biographies are hasty, imperfect, and inadequate sketches. He has had command of materials to which no previous biographer seems to have had access; a Wesleyan divine of the more enlightened sort, his work has evidently been a work of love, and he has had the patience to spend a longer time in the collection and preparation of his materials than most men are willing to devote to the most elaborate work. In addition to this, he seems to have a clear perception of the demands of his subject, and to be able to be guided by that perception, yet notwithstanding it all, some defter hand will have to shape his treasures before this biography can become a popular one. Though fortified at every point with facts, many of them new, and some of them very suggestive, though copious and methodical almost to a fault, and though dealing with one of the most inspiring themes that ever claimed the pen of the Christian annalist, the narrative is cold and lifeless to the point of dullness, and utterly destitute of literary charms. That it is so of set purpose would seem to be indicated by one or two passages in the Introduction and in other parts of the work, Mr. Tyerman being careful to reiterate that he declines to "philosophize" or point the moral of Wesley's life, but desires only to possess the reader with facts. One difficulty which is always inseparable from a plan like this is that facts are not less important in their relations than in themselves, and that it is as much the part of the true biographer to draw the lesson of his facts as it is to collate and narrate them. Independent of this, moreover, the most rigid annalist is not called upon to be dull, and the difficulty with these volumes is that the most patient reader will find it a task to get through them. This is the more unfortunate, because to most minds a true conception of the Great Reformer would be a genuine revelation, no prominent man of modern times having been more generally misunderstood and misrepresented.

Mr. Tyerman has written what will undoubtedly for years to come be the standard life of Wesley, and has made a great contribution to the literature of Methodism; but he has written for students rather than for readers, and for a popular life of Wesley—popular in the sense of being attractive—there is yet room in literature.

Each of the volumes issued contains a portrait of Wesley, and the second one closes with his sixty-fourth year.

Around the World. By E. D. G. PRIME, D.D. New-York: Harper & Bros. 1872.

ONE of the results of the great extension of railroads, and of steam communication generally during recent years, has been a large increase in the number of casual circumnavigators and a special tendency to "swing round the circle" on the part of that class of writers who see a possible article or book in every thing that is novel or off the ordinary. There has consequently been no lack of volumes describing trips around the

world, trips to the East, trips to Egypt, and the like; but our impression is that in the present volume Dr. Prime has given us the most attractive record of such a trip that we have yet read. Of course, a journey round the world made within the limits of a single year could hardly afford much valuable material, except in the way of sight-seeing, but Dr. Prime seems to have planned his tour with exceptional forethought and intelligence, he has proved himself unusually susceptible to impressions, and he uses the skill of a practiced writer in bringing these impressions vividly before the reader.

In commencing his journey, Dr. Prime followed the example of Columbus, and started westward in search of the East. He visited the Yo Semite Valley and the Big Trees, both of which he describes in a rather commonplace and mechanical manner, made the usual excursions through China and Japan, traveled quite extensively through India, and journeyed homeward through Egypt and Europe. From the time he touches Japan, the narrative becomes interesting, and the interest is well maintained throughout, but we found the chapters on India the most attractive portion of the book. Here, the travelers seem to have gotten rather off the beaten track, and the descriptions of the Taj, of Agra, the city of Delhi, and all the interior cities, are as spirited as any we have read, and rather more satisfactory, while a good deal of information is conveyed in an unaffected and acceptable manner.

Nothing is more pleasing about Dr. Prime's book than the straightforward ease of his narrative, and the absence of that affectation of briskness and of cyclopedic knowledge which are generally characteristic of this style of composition. His sketches are those of a cultured and appreciative traveler with trained powers of observation, and a mind not constantly bent on book-making. If there be one thing *outré* about the narrative, it is the tendency which it indicates on the part of the ladies in the Doctor's company to break forth into singing. The regularity with which "singing" was indulged in by them leads one to infer that the chief conviction on their part was that there is no scene in nature and no achievement in art whose impressiveness would not be heightened by singing a hymn.

The volume is copiously illustrated, contains a great many details useful to travelers, and we advise all who are contemplating a similar tour to put it in their carpet-sack within easy reach.

Within and Without. By GEORGE MACDONALD. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

MOST American readers doubtless will make their first acquaintance with Mr. Macdonald as a poet through the medium of this little volume. Whether the poem which it contains is the best that could have been selected for the purpose of introduction will perhaps be questioned by his admirers, though all will concede that it is one of the finest of his productions, and, in an eminent degree, characteristic of the author.

"Within and Without" is dramatic in form, but that form seems to have been adopted rather than the mechanical assistance which it affords than from any special adaptation to the subject; for, like every thing, whether prose or verse, which Mr. Macdonald writes, the poem is a subtle psychological study into the more emotional and re-

flective aspects of the human mind. Its object seems to be to show that "things are not what they seem;" that the within is seldom in harmony with its outside aspects, while man is closed in with "this muddy vesture of decay." In working out this idea, the poet takes a man of high-wrought, imaginative, and devotional temperament, marries him to a woman whom he loves devotedly and who loves him, but under circumstances which almost inevitably generate alienation and distrust. The result is a long series of melancholy experiences and misunderstandings, culminating finally in a tragedy, which the author manages with exquisite pathos and effect. Unlike most tragedies, however, it carries us into the hereafter, and the last few scenes are conjointly upon earth and among the disembodied spirits, ending at last in Paradise.

There are passages of marvelously fine verse in the poem, and whole pages of sustained and lofty eloquence; but as two thirds of it is composed of soliloquies from the mouth of one person, the effect is, on the whole, monotonous. The author seems to have felt this, and toward the last interpolates the sweetest and most musical of lyrics at frequent intervals, but they are too foreign to the movement of the story to materially lighten the general effect, and the reader will hardly give them the attention which they deserve.

As a specimen of the poem at its best, and to whet our readers' appetite for more, we quote the following passage from pages 186-7:

SCENE XIX.—A Country Church-yard. JULIAN seated on a tombstone.

Julian. O soft place of the Earth! down-pillowed couch,
Made ready for the weary! Everywhere,
O earth, thou hast one gift for thy poor children—
Room to lie down, leave to cease standing up,
Leave to return to thee, and in thy bosom
Lie in the luxury of primal peace,
Fearless of any morn; as a new babe
Lies nestling in its mother's arms in bed;
That home of blessedness is all there is;
He never feels the silent rushing tide,
Strong setting for the sea, which bears him on,
Unconscious, helpless, to wide consciousness.
But thou, thank God, hast this warm bed at last
Ready for him when weary: well the green
Close-matted coverlid shuts out the dawn.
O Lilia, would it were our wedding-bed
To which I bore thee with a nobler joy!
Alas! there's no such rest: I only dream
Poor pagan dreams with a tired Christian brain.
How couldst thou leave me, my poor child? my heart
Was all so tender to thee! But I fear
My face was not. Alas! I was perplexed
With questions to be solved, before my face
Could turn to thee in peace: thy part in me
Fared ill in troubled workings of the brain.
Ah, now I know I did not well for thee
In making thee my wife. I should have gone
Alone into eternity. I was
Too rough for thee, for any tender woman—
Other I had not loved—so full of fancies!
Too given to meditation. A deed of love
Is stronger than a metaphysical truth;
Smiles better teachers than the mightiest words.

Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

This Memoir is not only one of the most entertaining volumes of literary reminiscences that the press has recently given forth, but it is valuable as a record that can be relied on of two of the most remarkable men that have ever connected their names with periodical literature. That this is not too much to claim for William and Robert Chambers will be generally conceded, we think,

when it is recollected that they are the founders of *Chambers's Journal* and the originators in fact of the kind of literature, which has attained such vast proportions in our day, of which that journal is the type. It is just forty years now since *Chambers's Journal* was started, and it is a grand tribute to the ability and sagacity of the two young men who linked their fortunes to it that it has filled its special field so entirely as to stand to-day absolutely without a competitor.

Robert Chambers, the younger of the brothers, died last year, and it was this event, together with "the numerous biographic sketches of him that appeared in Great Britain and the United States, all of them kind and complimentary, but in many cases imperfect or erroneous as regards certain leading details," which, as explained in the preface, called forth the present volume. It relates, in a modest, frank, and straightforward way the early struggles, the difficulties, and the final triumph and reward of both the brothers, dwelling more especially on the career of Robert; and though there is nothing striking or picturesque about the story, little even that is off the ordinary course of human life, there is a singular charm about the pages. It is the charm perhaps of being brought in close contact with two elevated and noble characters who "piously in their daily life" performed the duties which were set before them, and the narrative is one which it would be specially appropriate to place in the hands of the youth of the country.

The volume itself is from the famous Riverside press, and is a model of typographical neatness and elegance.

A Treatise on the Common and Civil Law, as Embraced in the Jurisprudence of the United States. By WM. ARCHER COCKE. New-York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.

THE author sends us this handsome volume, and though we are not sufficiently learned in the law to pronounce upon it critically, it discusses a most important subject and ought to be useful to the profession. Judge Cocke writes with great force and elegance, seems to be thoroughly conversant with whatever has been written on similar topics, and weighs his arguments with judicial calmness and precision. In these days when our traditional reverence for the law is fast dying out, it is pleasant to find an author who is so impressed with the dignity of his theme, and who writes with the enthusiasm and almost with the eloquence of a William Kent.

SCIENCE.

The Hassler Expedition.—Another Letter from Professor Agassiz.—(The following letter has been received by Professor Peirce of Harvard College from Professor Agassiz, giving interesting details respecting some of the results of the researches of the Hassler Expedition.)

RIO, ON BOARD THE HASSLER, Feb. 13, 1872.

MY DEAR PEIRCE: On January 18, Pourtales dredged to a very late hour during the night, the weather being more favorable for this kind of work than it had been at any previous time since we left Boston. As I did not dare to remain exposed to the dew, I missed the most interesting part of the proceedings, about which Pourtales will report himself. The next morning, however,

I had an opportunity of overhauling the specimens brought up by the dredge, and to my great delight I discovered among them another of those types of past ages, only found nowadays in deep water. The case is entirely new, as the specimen in question belongs to the Pectinidae, a family the relations of which to earlier geological formations have thus far presented nothing especially interesting or instructive, except perhaps the fact that the type of neither is exclusively cretaceous. I wish I had within my reach the means of making a full statement of the facts; but I have not the necessary books of reference, and must in this case trust entirely to my memory.

Among the most remarkable species of Pecten, there is a very small one, figured in Goldfuss under the name of *Pecten paradoxus*, if I remember rightly, and found in the Lias of Germany, which I have always been inclined to consider as the type of a distinct genus on account of its structural peculiarities. As yet nothing like it has been made known among the living shells. Now, among the few specimens dredged on this occasion in 500 fathoms depth, off the mouth of the Rio Doce, there was one living specimen of the same type as the *Pecten paradoxus*, showing particularly, and very distinctly, the prominent radiating ribs rising on the inner surface of the shallow valve to which the fossil is indebted for its specific name. Like the fossil, the living species is of small dimensions, measuring hardly two-thirds of an inch. I hope I may be able to dissect the animal, at some future time, and work out the anatomical character of this exceptional type. With it a few other shells, already known to us, from deep waters, were also found; among them, two beautiful species of *Pleuratoma*, identical with species found in Florida, off Barbadoes.

In my first letter to you concerning deep-sea dredgings, you may have noticed the paragraph concerning crustacea, in which it is stated that among these animals we may expect "genera reminding us of some Amphipods and Isopods appearing still more closely the Trilobites than *Serolis*." A specimen answering fully to this statement has actually been dredged in 45 fathoms, about 40 miles east of Cape Frio. It is a most curious animal. At first sight it looks like an ordinary Isopod, with a broad, short, flat body. Tested by the character assigned to the leading groups of crustacea, whether we follow Milne Edwards or Dana's classification, it can, however, be referred to no one of their orders or families. As I have not the works of these authors before me, I shall have to verify more carefully these statements hereafter, but I believe I can trust my first inspection. The general appearance of my new crustacean is very like that of *Serolis*, with this marked difference, however, that the thoracic rings are much more numerous and the abdomen or pygidium is much smaller. It can not be referred to the Podophthalmarians of Milne Edwards, (which correspond to the Decapods of Dana,) because it has neither the structure of the mouth, nor the gills, nor the legs, nor the pedunculated eyes of this highest type of the crustacea; nor can it be referred to the Tetracapods of Dana, (which embrace Milne Edwards's Amphipods and Isopods,) because it has more than seven pairs of thoracic limbs; it can not be referred to the Entomostraca, because the thoracic are all provided with locomotive appendages of the same kind. But it has a very striking resem-

blance to the Trilobites; it is in fact, like the latter, one of those types, combining the characteristic structural features of other independent groups which I have first distinguished under the name of synthetic types. Its resemblance to the Trilobites is unmistakable, and very striking. In the first place the head stands out distinct from the thoracic regions, as the buckler of Trilobites; and the large, kidney-shaped faceted eyes recall those of Calymene; moreover, there is a facial suture across the cheeks, as in Trilobites, so that, were it not for the presence of the antennae which project from the lower side of the anterior margin of the buckler, in two unequal pairs, these resemblances would amount to an absolute identity of structure. As it is, the presence of an hypostome, in the same position as that piece of the mouth is found in Trilobites, renders the similarity of this extinct type of crustacea still more striking, while the antennae exhibit an unmistakable resemblance to the Isopods.

In a view of the synthetic character of these structural features it should not be overlooked that the buckler of our new crustacean, for which I propose the name of *Tomocaris Peircei*, extends sideways into a tapering point, curved backward over the first thoracic ring, as is the case with a great many Trilobites. The thorax consists of nine rings, seven of which have prominent lateral points, curved backward, like the pleural of *Olenus*, *Lichas*, etc. The sixth ring is almost concealed between the fifth and seven, and is destitute of lateral projections, as is also the ninth. These rings are distinctly divided into three nearly equal lobes by a fold or bend on each side of the middle region, so that the thorax has the characteristic appearance of that of the Trilobites, to which the latter owes its name. The legs are very slender, and resemble more those of the Copepods and Ostracoids than those of any other crustacea. There are nine pairs of them, all alike in structure, six of which, however, the anterior ones, are larger than the three last which are also more approximated to each other. Besides the legs, there is a pair of maxillipeds attached to that part of the buckler which extends back of the facial suture. These maxillipeds resemble the claw of a Cyclops. All these appendages are inserted in that part of the rings corresponding to the bend of the thoracic lobes; so that, if there exists a real affinity between the Trilobites and our little crustacean, and their resemblance is not simply a case of analogy, we ought hereafter to look to a corresponding position for the insertion of the limbs of Trilobites. I do not remember with sufficient precision what Billings, Dana, and Verrill have lately published concerning the limbs of Trilobites to say now what bearing the facts described above may have upon the subject, as lately discussed in *The Journal of Science*. But of one thing I am satisfied, since I have examined the *Tomocaris Peircei*—that Trilobites are not any more closely related to the Phyllopoidea than to any other Entomostraca, or to the Isopods. In reality, the Trilobites are, like *Tomocaris*, a synthetic type, in which structural features of the Tetracapods are combined with characters of Entomostraca and other peculiarities essentially their own.

The pygidium or abdomen of *Tomocaris* is very like the abdomen of the ordinary Isopods with an articulated oar attached sideways and leaf-like respiratory organs upon the under side. The whole

pygidium is embraced between the last curved points of the side of the thorax. Owing to these various combinations, I would expect in Trilobites phyllopod-like respiratory appendages under the pygidium only, and slender, articulated legs, with lateral bristles under the thorax, so thin and articulated by so narrow a joint as easily to break off without leaving more than a puncture as an indication of their former presence. It is impossible to study carefully the synthetic types without casting a side glance at those natural groups, which, without being strictly synthetic themselves, have nevertheless characters capable of throwing light upon the whole subject. And in this connection I would say a few words of *Apus* and *Limulus*. If I remember rightly, Milne Edwards considers the shield of *Limulus* as a cephalo-thorax in which the function of chewing is devolved upon the legs, while he regards the middle region as an abdomen, and the sword-like tail as an appendage *sui generis*. In the light of what proceeds, I am rather inclined to consider the cephalic shield of *Limulus* as a buckler homologous to that of the Trilobites and the middle region as a thorax in which the rings show unquestionably signs of a division into lobes as in Trilobites. The tail would then answer to the pygidium. *Apus* should be compared with the other crustacea, upon the same assumptions as *Limulus*. Every truly your friend,

L. AGASSIZ.

Experiments with Alcohol.—A paper "On the Elimination of Alcohol," by Dr. Dupré, Lecturer on Chemistry at Westminster Hospital, has been read before the Royal Society. It is important, inasmuch as it sets aside a conclusion originated by French experimentalists, that alcohol when taken into the body, is not consumed or assimilated, but is passed off, scarcely altered in quality or diminished in quantity. Dr. Dupré's experiments show that the reverse is the fact, and that the quantity of alcohol actually eliminated by the breath and in other ways is but "a minute fraction only of the whole amount of alcohol which has been swallowed." Thus chemists and physiologists will have to revert to the view announced many years ago by Liebig—that alcohol when taken into the body is for the most part oxidized, in other words, that it is in some way converted into heat and force. But it does not follow from this fact that spirit-drinking is beneficial.

Dr. Dupré mentions a remarkable fact which he discovered in the course of his experiments: there is in the breath and other excretions of persons who drink no alcohol for weeks, and even of teetotallers, a substance so much like alcohol, that when treated chemically it gives the same reactions as alcohol itself. He thinks that there is an apparent connection between this substance and alcohol, and that a careful study thereof might throw some light on the physiological action of alcohol.

Geological History of the Gulf of Mexico.—Professor Hilgard is studying the geological history of the Gulf of Mexico, and his observations lead him to infer that before the period of the Drift, the gulf was, by some means, cut off from the Atlantic Ocean, or that, at least, the communication between the two was so imperfect that the gulf had more the character of a brackish or fresh-water lake, than of a salt sea. This would account for the absence of marine deposits in the

strata which now form the shores of the gulf. There are many clever geologists in the United States who will most likely have something to say upon this question.

Disturbances in the Sun.—As our readers are aware, scientific men have of late bestowed great attention upon the sun. An observer in this country was looking through his telespectroscope at a large hydrogen cloud that hung quietly for a long time at about 15,000 miles above the sun's surface, when, after an interval of repose, the whole cloud was blown to shreds by some inconceivable uprush, and the air was filled with flying filaments, which continued an upward flight, perceptible to the eye, until the uppermost were 200,000 miles distant from the sun. The rate of ascent was 166 miles in a second, and after the films had reached their greatest height, they gradually faded away. While this was going on, a small dull-looking cloud, resting apparently on the edge of the sun, swelled wonderfully in size, and became a mass of rolling and changeable flame, forming at times huge heaps on the sun's surface, then shooting up somewhat in the shape of a pyramid to a height of 50,000 miles. Shortly afterward, its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads, which presently rolled curiously backward, and were turned down like the volutes of an Ionic capital. These strange appearances (and it must be understood that they are spoken of only as appearances) then faded away as the other above described. From all this we learn that very interesting phenomena take place in the sun's chromosphere, such as no one can read about without a lively desire for fuller knowledge. The present supposition is, that they are caused by explosions or eruptions; but how these originate is as yet a mystery. It has been suggested that there was some relation between these outbursts and the brilliant aurora which was seen in Massachusetts on the evening of the same day.

Volcanoes in the Hawaii.—By news from Hawaii we learn that the great volcanoes, Mauna Loa and Kilauea, continue in activity, with at times fearful eruptions; and that the sinking of the shore which took place in 1868, still continues. The natives who used to live on the border of the sea have had to rebuild their houses from half a mile to two miles inland; and where they formerly grew vegetables and grazed their horses, they now catch fish. The Hawaiian group are likely to become of more importance now that a steam mail-service is established between San Francisco and Japan and Australia. A small group, known as Midway Islands, have been recently surveyed by United States vessels, with a view to use them as coaling stations.

True Civilization.—In the opinion of many persons, all our material and mechanical improvements are signs of civilization; but there is something to be said on the other side which is worth consideration, and as the Rev. Canon Kingsley spoke something to the purpose in an address to a Scientific Association in Devonshire, we quote a few words to indicate what the other side is. In the canon's view, morality and civilization must be coupled, because he attaches a different meaning to civilization from that which most people now attach to it. With some, he says, "railways and penny posts are now the great marks of civilization, just as billiard-rooms

and the ballet are with others. But these are at best only the tools of civilization, and may become hereafter the tools of barbarism. Do not be startled," adds Mr. Kingsley. "The civilization of a people is as independent of its steam-engines and its iron-work as it is of the cut of its clothes, or even of its wearing any clothes at all. Civilization is not of the outer, but of the inner, man. The old Hebrew Patriarchs were—according to the records—more civilized men than an average Parisian. Homer's heroes, a thousand years before the Christian era, were more civilized men than their so-called descendants of the Greek Empire, a thousand years after the Christian era. Civilization, I repeat, is within a man, and from within a man; and he might be just as civilized as at present if the two arts of steam and billiards had never been discovered." Here are suggestions also worth thinking about.

The Telegraph Conference.—The Triennial Telegraph Conference has been held in Rome, where many interesting questions were debated; the sending of "packed" messages—that is, messages in which one word stands for ten or twenty words; the sending of messages in cipher; the claims of rival companies; and, not least, a proposition was made that private (and of course innocent) messages should not be suppressed or hindered in time of war. This last exemplifies the growing conviction that peaceful folk ought not to be molested in time of war; and though the proposition was not agreed to at Rome, who knows whether it may not be received with acclamation if put forward at St. Petersburg when the Conference meets there in May, 1875? By that time, we may believe, there will be two or three round-the-world telegraphs; and some progress will have been made with the "new route of commerce," as it is called—namely a straight line from Liverpool to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from the farther side of which another straight line will present the shortest route to Australia.

ART.

About Violins.—In the year 1644, there was born at Cremona a son and heir to the ancient house of Stradivarius, who was christened Antoine. For more than one hundred years the Amatis had made violins, and at this time Nicholas, the most celebrated of the family, was turning out from his quaint old workshop those marvels of sweetness which have made his name famous the world over. While the boy Antoine was growing into a tall, thin young man, he used to linger, day after day, around Amati's doorway, never so happy as when handling and intently studying the master's handiwork. He set his heart on being a violin maker, and so persistently urged his father's consent that it was not only given, but Nicholas Amati was induced to receive him as his pupil. The master must have recognized something beyond the common in the boy, for he took him into his confidence, and taught him those secrets of shaping and coloring which have been lost so many years. With all our boasted tools and experience, no master-workman's violin of our day can compare with the handiwork of those simple men, whose religion found expression in the care and love with which they labored. Antoine continued to work in Amati's shop until

he was 26 years old, and it was not until the year 1690 that he ventured to change the model his old master taught him. Then he began to make his instruments larger, the form of arching somewhat flatter, the thickness greater toward the centre to support the more firmly the pressure of the bridge under the tension of the strings, and gradually thinner toward the sides to give all the necessary vibration. The Amati violins have a pure, sweet tone, but not much power; the first and second strings are brilliant and clear in tone; the third round and mellow with power, and the fourth dry and feeble, owing to the narrowness and shortness of the instruments in comparison with their thickness. Stradivarius gave his violins a rich and powerful tone, each string being of equal beauty, and carved the scroll more finely than his master. He chose figured maple for his wood, and varnished his instruments a warm reddish or yellowish color. After the year 1725, his violins are said to have fallen off in workmanship; the arching became a little more raised, the varnish of a browner hue, and the tone less brilliant. He had become an aged man, and doubtless left the work to his sons, only giving them directions. He died at Cremona in 1737, having attained the great age of 93. The ticket which accompanied his instruments commonly bore the inscription, "Antonius Stradivarius Cremona faciebat anno—." There is a vast difference between four louis d'or, the usual price of a violin then, and one thousand dollars, the sum the same instrument would bring now. And yet three times this amount has several times been paid for a genuine Stradivarius, while one thousand guineas, it is said, were once refused for one. The most wonderful price ever paid, taken at its present value, was given for a Steiner violin—1500 acres of land, on which a large part of the city of Pittsburgh now stands, were exchanged for one in the early part of this century. The Steiner violins are noted for their sparkling, flute-like quality of tone, especially on the first string. They are of German manufacture, and are made in Tyrol. Jacob Steiner in his old age retired to a Benedictine monastery, where, it is said, he lost his reason, from mortification at having sold his violins too cheap. However that may be, his most famous instruments were made during the latter part of his life; one of these, known as "Steiner's Elector," from his having made one for each of the twelve electors, brought (in the year 1771) no less than 3500 florins. The 17th century produced almost all the great violin makers, and next, perhaps, to Stradivarius, ranks his pupil, Guarnerius, sometimes called "del Jesu," on account of the "I. H. S." often marked on his tickets. He worked at Cremona in 1745, the year of his death. Unfortunately, in his latest days, he became careless and addicted to drink. For a long time he was imprisoned; but the jailor's daughter fell in love with him, and brought him materials to make his violins, selling them for him when finished. In his best days he was most fastidious in the choice of his wood and varnish, which was a brownish red. Paganini used to play on one of his violins; and Spohr said, of another, that it was the finest instrument in the world.—*The Aldine.*

Heliotype.—Heliotype, the new process for printing photographs in a permanent form, appears likely to become a permanent branch of trade as well as of art. In that interesting periodical, *Art,*

Pictorial and Industrial, may be seen admirable specimens of what can be accomplished by this new process, which is already one that has been largely improved by time and experience. Among its latest achievements is a reproduction of Terburg's celebrated picture, "The Congress of Münster," which can be bought for one shilling. Heliotype reproduces every line and touch of the originals, and thus is perhaps the best method that could be used for making true art popular.

At a recent sale in Paris some of the pictures sold for enormous prices. A work by Rosa Bonheur, "Landscape and Sheep," brought 34,800 francs; "War Scene," by Delacroix, 21,000 francs; "Interior," by the late Baron Leys, 27,000 francs; "Landscape," "Sheep, and Goats," by Troyon, respectively, 20,100 and 8400 francs; "Market Scene," (size 10x14,) by Pettenkofen, 5700 francs; three water-color drawings by Decamp, respectively, 11,600, 5750 and 4000 francs; and "Cattle," by Brascassat, 10,100 francs. At the same sale an old clock sold for 3600 francs. A collection of old line engravings, sold by auction a short time since at Berlin, brought 17,000 Prussian thalers. Some prints sold for 120, 125 and 250 thalers, and upwards. A portrait by Rembrandt sold for 360 thalers, and a very bad copy of the 100-gilder Rembrandt brought the same amount.

A painting was recently discovered at Pompeii, from which it appears that even in those days men knew what good living was. Here is a neat substantial dinner of three courses, which the painting portrays. An immense dish containing four peacocks stands in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in his claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of grasshoppers. This tempting dish would probably answer to our "roast." At the bottom of the table are four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. Entrees, no doubt. The whole is encircled by a sort of German sausage, apparently; and then come a row of yolks of eggs, a row of peaches, melons, and cherries; and lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. Dessert.

In the competition recently concluded between architects for prizes for designs adapted to the reconstruction of the Temple-Neuf at Strasbourg, which was burnt by the besiegers of the city, the results, although French, German, and English architects appeared in the field, were entirely favorable to French design. Of five prizes, three fell to the pupils of M. Questel; the first prize was awarded to the work of MM. J. Bernard, H. Motte, and A. Tournade.

Mr. J. H. Parker, whose excavations in Rome have already led to valuable discoveries, is endeavoring to form a company, with £50,000 capital for purchasing land in Rome, exploring it thoroughly, and then re-selling it perhaps at a profit, for building purposes. He has no less than thirty explorations already in view, before the formation of the company. After the organization is effected, the field of labor will be almost unlimited.

The great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons, if any body wants to know. According to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. To show the mechanical value of modern improvements, Dr. Lardner affirms

that 480 tons of coal with an engine and hoisting-machine, would have raised every stone to its position.

It is reported that a picture by Titian, styled "La Vierge au Voile," has been discovered in an old house at Turin, where it is said to have been removed soon after the taking of Rome by the Comte de Bourbon, since which event it has been lost sight of.

VARIETIES.

Liebig's Extract of Beef.—The last example of the power of chemistry will be found in the immense prairies of La Plata and Australia. Here wander innumerable flocks of sheep and cattle; a vigorous vegetation, favored by a warm climate and the humid salt emanations from the sea, provides abundance of nourishment; animals prosper and multiply amazingly. The South American hunters are numerous also; and the number of cattle killed every month may be counted by hundreds of thousands, so that the wonder is that they do not wholly disappear. In former days, this rough sport was carried on for the sake of the hides and wool only; the flesh, bones, and sinews were too difficult to transport and preservation for this rudimentary trade, and lay abandoned on the spot. Some persons interested themselves to utilize more fully these waifs and strays of the chase. At first, it was proposed to export the bones to England and France. In civilized countries they have acquired a commercial value which covers the price of the freight; they are largely used by the cutlers; gelatine is extracted from them; by burning them, the substance is obtained which clarifies sugar; phosphorus is made from them, and lastly, they furnish the most valuable manure for the agriculturist.

As for the skins, the country not offering the necessary resources for the establishment of tanneries, they were exported in a fresh state. A new agent, phenic acid, preserved them from any alteration during the voyage. It is the best antiseptic known; there is no animal fermentation which can resist it, no putrefaction that it does not arrest. After this, there only remained the flesh to perish for want of suitable means of preservation. The employment of phenic acid could not be thought of; excellent as it is for the purification of stables, houses, and hospitals, it does not answer for articles of food. Though it has been purified so as to obtain colorless crystals, it always has an odor of the coal-tar from which it is extracted, which gives a flavor to the meat. In default of a modern antiseptic, another was tried, less efficacious, and as old as civilization—common salt; but no decisive result was obtained: it did not give complete security, and it did not yet appear possible economically to preserve the meat which was left to perish.

The well-known chemist, Dr. Liebig, directed his researches in another way; instead of exporting the flesh, he wished to concentrate on the spot, and in small compass, the principal nutritive elements; to obtain an extract of meat, which, when it reached England, might be weakened by thirty times its weight of water, and give a liquid having all the essential qualities of ordinary beef-tea. This new commercial production has been largely consumed in England and Germany; it is used in the navy, and in distant colonies where

food is difficult to obtain; but in France, where refinement of taste is greater, the success has not been so general. This is the manner in which it is prepared; the process is very simple, and suited to the primitive state of the country: After the animal is killed, the meat is cut very small, and steeped in an equal quantity of water; this is boiled for a quarter of an hour, when the whole is thrown into a linen cloth, and the liquid which passes through is the beef-tea in its normal state. There is, however, too large a proportion of water, and some fat, which would interfere with its keeping. The hydraulic-press is applied to the mass of meat which is left after straining; and thus pressed it forms a sort of cake, which is considered to be exhausted of all eatable particles; a residue which at some future time will probably be turned to a useful purpose. The liquid is again heated, and the fat being carefully skimmed off the top, it is boiled down to one sixth of its original volume, and brought to the consistency of extract, keeping it from all contact with the air in a vessel where a vacuum has been made by means of a pneumatic pump. Nothing more is wanting but to pour it into jars hermetically closed, and sealed with a leaden seal, to preserve them from adulteration.—*Chambers's Journal*.

SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose his cloudless white,
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,—
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison-bars!"

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that satisfies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrunk away from her afraid;
But still she held me and would still abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day.
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden
strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angels stood, at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
Knowing the pain he sends more precious far,
More beautiful, than they.
—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The Prussian System in Germany.—The consequences of the extension of the Prussian military system over the whole of Germany are beginning to make themselves felt in the smaller States. Already taxation is growing at an alarmingly rapid

rate, and is beginning to give rise to a demand for greater centralization. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that the income tax is now greater by a third in the Grand Duchy of Coburg and Gotha than in Prussia, and as the only apparent means of keeping down the expenditure is to get rid of some of the multitude of officials rendered necessary by the minute subdivision of the territory between the petty principalities, a strong desire is growing up for a consolidation of jurisdictions. The left side of the town of Ruhla, for instance, with 5000 inhabitants, belongs to the duchy of Saxe-Gotha, whereas the right side belongs to the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar; and each half has its own independent officials—administrators of justice, clergymen, school-teachers, and so forth. It is expected that in compliance with the general desire negotiations will be set on foot to bring all Ruhla under a common government. Should this be effected, it will not only result in a considerable reduction of expense, but it will in many other ways be productive of benefit to the town. At present, if any one wishes to sue a resident of the left side of the street he must do so in Gotha; but if he has recourse to law against a resident on the right side, then he must take proceedings at Eisenach.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Origin of Public Gaming Tables in Paris.—In a book called "La Police de Paris Devoilée," a curious sketch is given of the origin of public gaming tables in the capital and the corruption they encouraged. They were first started by M. de Sartines, Minister of Police under Louis XV., whose valet, the author takes occasion to inform us, had 40,000*fr.* a year. M. de Sartines established these seductive caverns, as they were called, on the specious pretext of assembling all the *chevaliers d'industrie*, so that they might be well known to his agents. A number of women of loose morality purchased the privilege of keeping these *tripots*; there was Latour, the daughter of the President d'Aligre's lackey; Cardonne, a washerwoman from Versailles, who was a mother at thirteen years of age; Dufrène, a flower girl from Lyons, and other ladies of the kind, who used to share the spoil with the "executioners," as the sharpers were then termed. There were fifteen of these caverns in various quarters of Paris; each table, "to give it an appearance of respectability," paid 3000*fr.* per month to the poor, and the houses were under the control of a cashier-general called Gombeau. Before these *tripots* had been long at work ladies of every rank solicited the privilege of setting up an establishment, and the ambassador of Venice, taking advantage of his inviolability, kept a very productive *tripot* in his private hotel. The working-classes, adds the author, were received and played in a place appropriately called *l'enfer*. The houses authorized by M. de Sartines remained open till the Revolution, and they were re-established by Napoleon, for what purpose may be easily imagined. That they improved the general morality of the country in the days of Louis XV. is very doubtful, notwithstanding that the tables passed into the possession of ladies of rank who worked them by means of agents.

February—Pairing-day.—"I have searched the legend of St. Valentine," says Brand, ("Popular Antiquities") "but think there is no occurrence in his life that could have given rise to this cere-

mony," that, namely, of "drawing valentines;" and there is quite as little in the way of authority or tradition for assigning the 14th of February to "the fowles" as a paring-day. It may be there is a sort of rough and ready attempt to date a proceeding which takes place, in the general, about or soon after mid-February, and that the 14th, being St. Valentine's Day, affords a handy peg to hang the tally to. Certainly there is no sort of literal foundation for assigning even the liberal date of "about the middle of February" for the alleged proceeding. Nay, there is very great difficulty about alleging that it takes place at any given time, if the allegation is to be made with a view of fixing a date as applicable to any single species of birds. Thus I have continually met with proofs that a few pairs of grouse have gone through the "proposing" and the "accepting" stages before the 10th of December; and again and again I have seen the contentions between the males, consequent on the paying of the previous attentions to the females, going on all over the moor for several days before that date. But all depends very much on the nature of the season. This year—there being as I write, on the 21st of November, several inches of snow on the moors, which has been there for a week, and looks like lying a good deal longer yet—I do not suppose it is the least likely there will be any pairing this side of Christmas. And it is the same with partridges. I have often seen them, in a few instances out of the general number, paired before the end of January; not often much before. But very often in sharp and lengthened winters I have seen them in their coveys still many days after the 14th of February. As to other birds, there is no doubt that pairing takes place in many instances, in the case of a few couples, days or weeks before the generality of the same species unite. Last year, for instance, as noticed in a previous page of this magazine, two pairs of blackbirds and two pairs of robins were noticed in my garden, day by day, all through the winter. Ringdoves, again, I have reason to think, occasionally pair very early; so also do hedge-sparrows. About the house or common sparrow it is difficult to come to a conclusion from their gregarious habits and greater numbers. The golden plover I have never known to form a very early evident union, nor the lapwing either; and yet, with respect to the latter, it may be quite possible that the courtship is over and the union arranged much sooner than there is any ocular evidence for; because, on arrival at their nesting quarters, the work of the breeding season seems to begin at once. With respect to the golden plover, I have often seen a solitary pair about while the bulk of the species are still in the unbroken flock. And yet, on one occasion, when I had killed five out of a large flock in March, by one discharge of my gun, I found in one of them an egg so far ready for extrusion that it was already vividly colored. The fact is, we want more facts touching the pairing of birds, and, besides, we want more observation. Depending, however upon the season, upon its being early, open, and mild, or upon the winter being long and protracted, the general pairing will be arranged a

week or two sooner or a week or two later; and, if we were to attempt to "name the day" for the generality of birds, our first proviso would be "tide and weather permitting," and then we would specify the latter end of February rather than the exact middle. Exceptional marriages, which have been most evidently "made in haste," will be noticed every year; but there is no such thing known among the bird community at large as "repenting at leisure" on that ground.—*People's Magazine*.

The Augsburg Gazette for February 1, 2, gives an interesting account of the *interieur* of the venerable Austrian poet Grillparzer, who died on the 20th of January, and was buried four days later with great solemnity and a funeral oration by Heinrich Laube. Grillparzer, we are told, was watched over through life and tended in death by three domestic Graces; their names are Netti, Kathi, and Peppi Fröhlich, and the story of their connection with the poet is simple and very innocent. They were children when Franz Grillparzer got his first government appointment and wrote his first verses; their father was kind to the youth, and he gradually became almost a member of the Fröhlich household; he was generally expected to marry the eldest daughter when she was old enough, but whether it was that he wished to marry all three; or, as some say, that he preferred the second and did not like to disappoint the others, or perhaps that he thought his little idyl would lose its bloom in vulgar matrimony, years went on, and he did not propose. The three Graces gave lessons in music and languages, and the poet was not well able to meet the expenses of a household; but when in course of time Counsellor Fröhlich and his wife died, it seemed to all parties right and natural that Grillparzer should take up his abode with the orphans as their "Zimmerherr." All ideas of marriage were given up, and the middle sister, Kathi, remained his *liebe Braut* to the end; for the last twenty-two years of his life he called her so from habit and without disguise, and she inherits all his literary and other property; but this is a mere formality, for the sisters scarcely have a separate existence.

ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.



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CARL SCHURZ.

